

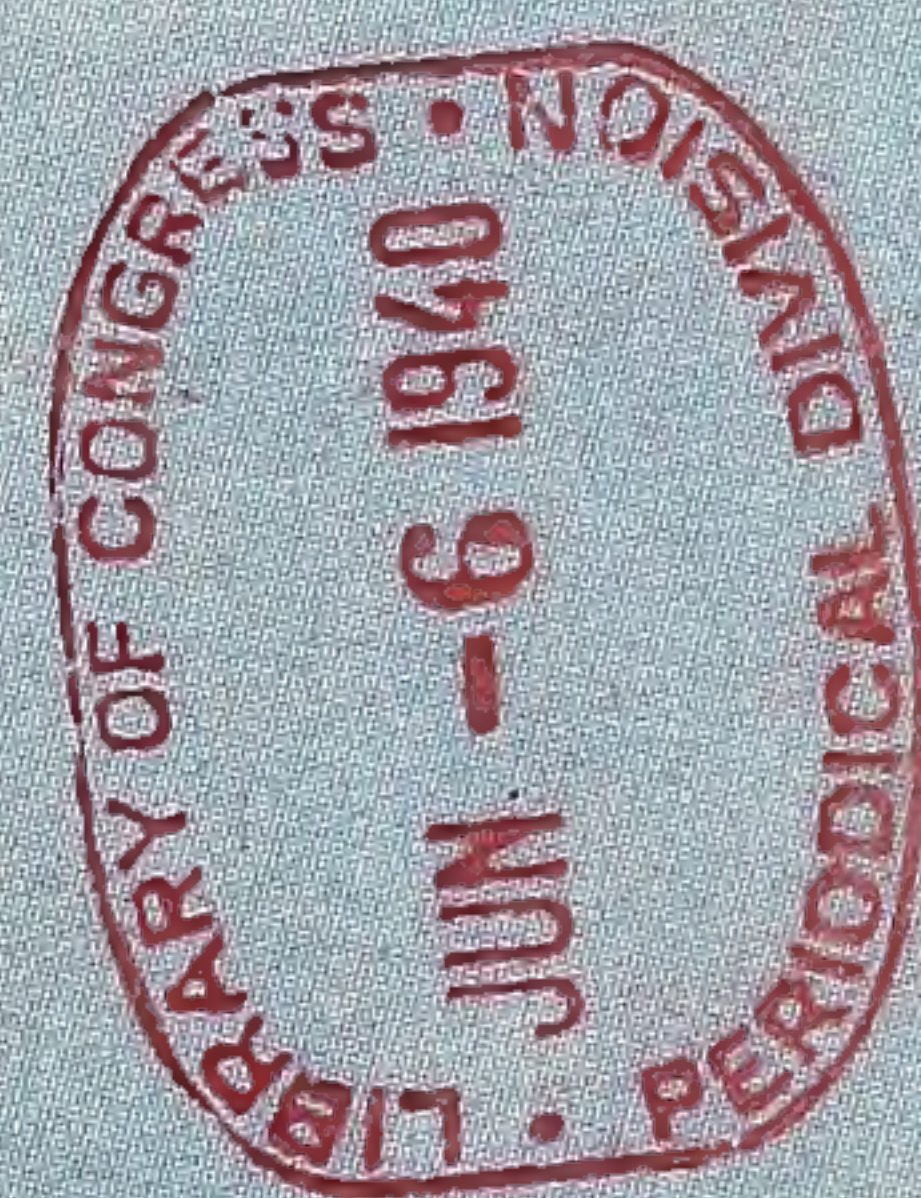
# MODERN SCREEN

THE LARGEST  
CIRCULATION  
OF ANY SCREEN  
MAGAZINE

JULY



ENTS



ANN  
HERFORD

**THE AWFUL  
TRUTH ABOUT  
GLAMOUR GIRLS**



*"I prefer a mild  
cigarette—so of  
course I smoke  
Camels!"*

MRS. ALEXANDER COCHRANE FORBES,  
*international figure in embassy circles*

Her name is "Sunny" Forbes. The daughter of a diplomat, she is at home with world notables...speaks five languages fluently. She was educated in Rome, made her New York debut at the Tuxedo Ball, was later presented at the Court of St. James...



Now, in her Manhattan apartment, Mrs. Forbes entertains famous personalities with casual teas and buffet suppers...



"And I wouldn't think of entertaining," she says, "without having a carton of Camels handy. My friends are as Camel-conscious as I am. They evidently enjoy Camels, too."



She likes to wear colorless polish on her nails...do her own marketing...make needlepoint seat-covers for her Chippendale chairs...collect Lowestoft china...go to concerts...



One of those charming people who are "asked everywhere"—to attend a party for visiting royalty, to hunt in Virginia, to swim in Bermuda—she says:



"I see Camels everywhere I go. Nobody has to tell me that Camels are 'extra cool, extra mild, and have extra flavor.' I *know*—I smoke Camels. They're my favorite. Positively the grandest-tasting cigarette I could ever want."

**THE CIGARETTE OF  
COSTLIER TOBACCOS!**

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



*A few of the many other  
distinguished women  
who prefer Camel's mildness  
and delicate taste:*

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*  
Mrs. Gail Borden, *Chicago*  
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*  
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *Philadelphia*  
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2ND, *Boston*  
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3RD, *Philadelphia*  
Mrs. Nicholas Griffith Penniman III, *Baltimore*  
Mrs. Thomas Edison Sloane, *New York*  
Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, *Pasadena*  
Mrs. Oliver De Gray Vanderbilt III, *Cincinnati*  
Mrs. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer, *New York*

In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to



**5  
EXTRA  
SMOKES  
PER PACK!**

*Slower-burning Camels give you—*

**EXTRA MILDNESS**

**EXTRA COOLNESS**

**EXTRA FLAVOR**





● Peppermint candy stripes in a new cotton beach frock with shirtwaist top, flaring "ballerina" skirt.

# Her "Ballerina" Beach Suit held His Glance —but Her Smile ran away with His Heart!



**Never, never neglect your precious smile!  
Help guard its charm with Ipana and massage!**

**I**F MEN beg for an introduction, but never ask you for a date, it may be your smile that's turning love away!

For alluring and smart as your clothes may be, if you let your smile become dull and dingy... if you ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush"... you lose one of the most precious charms a girl can possess!

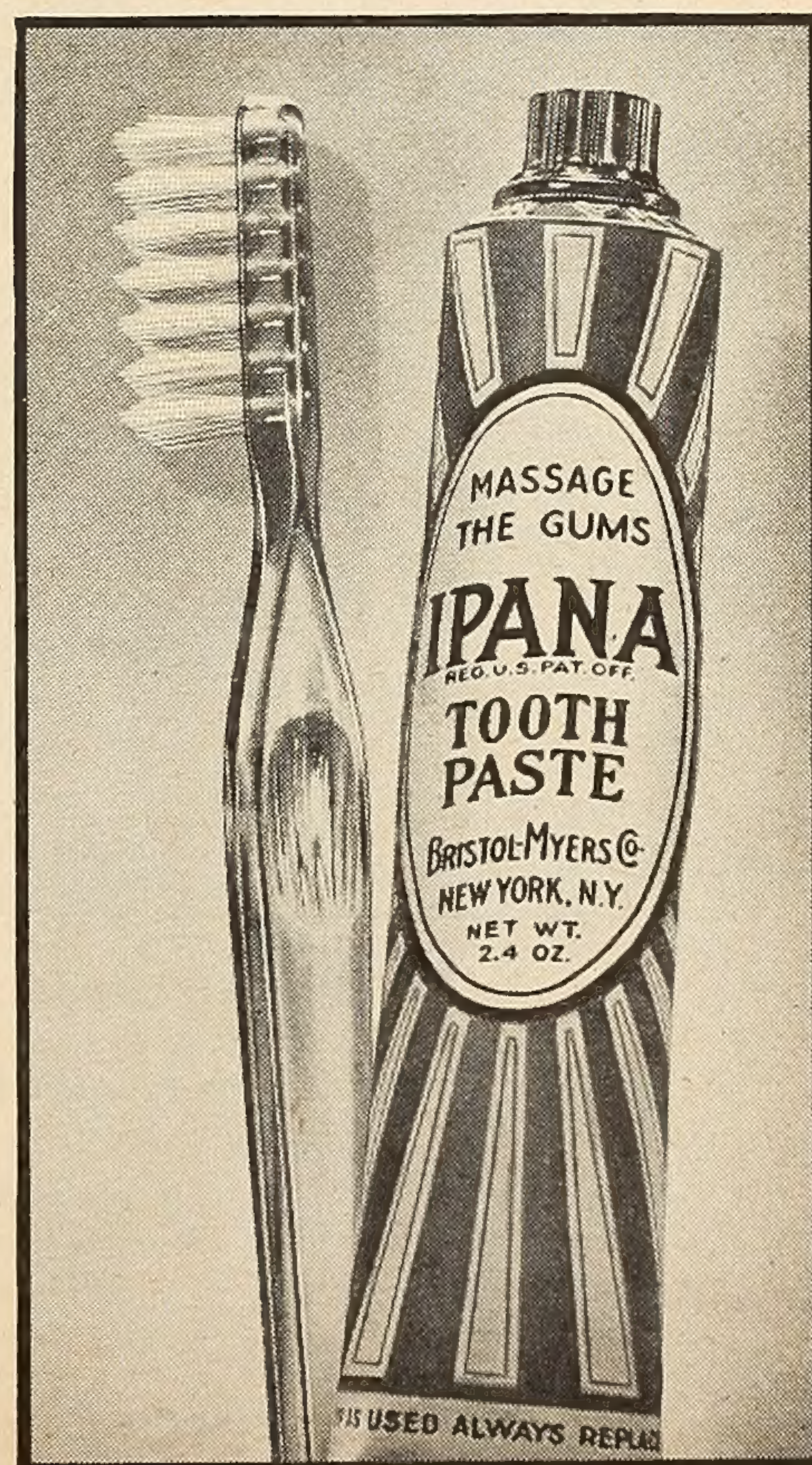
## "Pink Tooth Brush" a warning signal

If ever you see "pink" on your tooth brush... see your dentist! It may mean nothing serious... but let him decide! Very likely, his opinion will be that your gums need more exercise... need stimulation they don't get from today's soft, creamy foods! Then, like so many dentists these days, he may

suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage!"

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the gums to health. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that refreshing "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It tells you that circulation is awakening in the gum tissues... helping to make the gums firmer and healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. And start now to let Ipana and massage help you to have brighter, more sparkling teeth... a lovelier, more charming smile!



# IPANA TOOTH PASTE



# MODERN SCREEN FOR JULY

PEARL H. FINLEY, Editor

ZAILA SEGUIN, Associate Editor

LOIS SVENSRUD, Hollywood Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

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# Lovely Women Welcome this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!



MILLIONS of women have tried this wonderful new Camay. And everywhere they're thrilled to find a soap whose greater mildness, and more abundant lather can help them in their search for loveliness!

A woman's delicate skin needs the right care. Famous skin specialists have told us that proper cleansing with a fine, mild soap will help to keep it lovely.

That's why many women who feel that their skin is sensitive like Camay. It is milder than other leading beauty soaps... proved by tests against six of the best-selling beauty soaps there are!

Start using this wonderful new Camay, yourself. Feel how your skin responds.



At your dealer's now  
—no change in wrapper!

### GREATER MILDNESS



New Camay is milder than other leading beauty soaps. We proved this by actual tests against the 6 best-selling beauty soaps of other makers!

### MORE ABUNDANT LATHER



New Camay gives more abundant lather in a short time than other leading beauty soaps. Proved by tests against 6 best-selling beauty soaps!

### NEW, WINNING FRAGRANCE



Camay has a new, long-lasting fragrance. Almost 2 out of every 3 women we asked voted it more pleasing than that of these other soaps!

THE BEAUTY NEWS OF 1940 IS THE NEW CAMAY



# "The Mortal Storm"



## The MORTAL STORM by PHYLLIS BOTTOME

It had to be told! Millions demanded that the fiery pages of this best-selling novel be dramatized on the screen.

It is an unforgettable motion picture. Tensely it tells of youthful love... the courage of men and women whose brave heriment of world-shaking events just as they happened in screaming newspaper headlines... and with powerful performances by a cast as brilliant as the mighty story they tell...

STARRING

**SULLIVAN** *James* **STEWART** *Robert* **YOUNG** *Frank* **MORGAN**

with ROBERT STACK • BONITA GRANVILLE • IRENE RICH

WILLIAM T. ORR • MARIA OUSPENSKAYA • GENE REYNOLDS

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Screen Play by CLAUDINE WEST • ANDERSEN ELLIS  
and GEORGE FROESCHEL • Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE





# INFORMATION DESK

CURIOSITY NEVER KILLS OUR FRIENDS. WE SATISFY AND BRING THEM BACK FOR MORE

NOTE: If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

**Helen Goldberg**, Brooklyn, N. Y. Just write to our Subscription Department, enclosing ten cents, and ask for our February, 1940, issue. That's the one that carried the first part of the chart.

**Carol Wagner**, Indianapolis, Indiana. Tom Neal was born in Evanston, Ill., on January 28, and he's around twenty-eight years old. His first contact with the limelight came while he was a student at Lake Forest Academy. There he won twenty athletic letters, and captained the baseball, basketball, swimming and football teams. At Northwestern, he further distinguished himself, making the varsity football team as a sophomore, and being chosen All-Big-Ten Halfback for three seasons. Tom was even mentioned on several All-American squads. After finishing college, he joined a semi-professional ice hockey team, "The Chicago Seals," winding up the season in the hospital with a dislocated hip. The excitement of his first job completely spoiled him for anything as routine as a business career, but the glamorous lights of Broadway appealed to him no end. He hounded the producers for a job, and—with no experience back of him at all—he landed the lead in "If This Be Treason," just on the strength of his rugged appearance. He went on to other plays and was really on his way to the Broadway big time, when his roommate, a trapeze artist, was hurt in a fall and ordered to California for a rest. Tom went along, visualizing the studios duelling for his services. Unfortunately, the only job he was offered was that of assistant in a bakery. Even this petered out after a while, and when his capital was down to \$2.07, his movie break came in the form of a role in "Out West With The Hardys." The tall dark youngster with the broad smile and wonderful sense of humor may be reached at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

**P. J. Cervo**, New Haven, Conn. Deanna Durbin certainly is far from paralyzed. Haven't you noticed her very graceful arm movements? Take a good look next time you see her in the movies, and your doubts will be dispelled. Gene Autry and Richard Greene are two stars who are very conscientious about their fan mail. However, all the stars make a real effort to answer as much of their mail as warrants a reply.

**An Errol Flynn Fan**, Mason City, Iowa. Errol gets lots and lots of fan mail, and is one of the most popular stars at Warner Brothers. Yes, "The Sea Hawk," his next picture, was adapted from the book of the same name by Rafael Sabatini. There has been a good bit of discussion about Flynn starring in "The

White Rajah," which he himself wrote, but so far, no definite plans have been made for its production.

**Janis Brodt**, Pleasant Ridge, Mich. Dalies Frantz, who by the way pronounces his first name Daleez, has had a typically American career in spite of his foreign name. He was born in Lafayette, Colorado, on January 9. He was educated at the local schools until he was thirteen, studied music under vigorous protest and got in and out of all the usual scrapes. Upon graduation from Huntington Prep School in Boston, he went on to the University of Michigan, then to the University of Washington, starring on the swimming teams in all of these schools. Dalies inherits his musical talent from his mother, Amalia, a noted singer, and it was she who encouraged him to go abroad for further study. He made three trips to Europe and upon his return, in 1934, made his debut with Stokowski in New York. Several coast-to-coast concert tours eventually brought him to Hollywood's attention, and in 1938, he appeared briefly in "Sweethearts," with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. Since then M-G-M has been grooming him for featured roles and his latest appearance was in "I Take This Woman." He is six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds and has blonde hair and blue-green eyes. Says his favorite actress is Olive Oyl, and is heart-broken that Popeye has the inside track. He is unmarried, but confides that he prefers a good sport to a glamour girl, any day.

**Rose D.**, Cleveland, Ohio. Yes, indeed, you'll soon be seeing your favorite, John Carroll again. He's working in "Susan and God" right now, so keep a weather eye out for it. John's real name is Julian La Faye, and he was born in Mandeville, Louisiana, on July 17, 1912. Six feet one in height, he has black hair and brown eyes. He was what is known as a problem child, and at the age of twelve ran away from home, having decided to see the world. He saw it all right—has circled the globe no less than three times, in various capacities ranging from window wiper to ship's cook. Returning to New Orleans years later, Victor Chesnais, a voice coach, encouraged him to go to Italy and study singing. Nothing would have pleased the roving Carroll more, the only drawback being an acute case of financial embarrassment. Chesnais secured \$25,000 from a music-loving philanthropist, and John was on the high seas once more. He acquired a

broad reputation in European musical circles, and gave concerts in Berlin, Vienna, Budapest and Paris, before deciding that the singing business was much too tame for him. He came back to America, and after a checkered career of deep-sea diving, steeple-jacking, riding the range and doing trick flying he found his way to Hollywood, where his versatility was rewarded. He played in every sort (Continued on page 15)

## HOLLYWOOD SLANGUAGE



IF YOU were visiting a movie set and heard "Take the clothes off that broad!" fly through the air with the greatest of ease, would your face be red? If someone roared out, "Slap a barn door over a barrel!" would you run for cover? Well, lads and lassies, relax for you'd be as safe as in your own little beds. What sounds to you like rough and tough words are merely everyday terms of endearment to movie folk. We'll let you in on a few and what they mean:

1. "Take the clothes off that broad"—make the lights brighter.
2. "Kill the headlights"—remove flashy ring from player's finger.
3. "Flaunt the ghost"—set up a tent on location.
4. "It's a polly"—because of an echo, the scene must be reshot.
5. "Monkey"—the man handling the microphone.
6. "Slap a barn door over a barrel"—put a shade over a powerful light shaped like a beer barrel.
7. "Loused up"—a scene in which an actor plays badly or forgets his lines.
8. "M.O.S."—a silent shot (Mit out sound).
9. "Walla-walla"—crowd background noise.
10. "Kill the baby"—turn off the small light.
11. "One-eyed Connolly"—one who crashes a set where pretty chorus girls are working.
12. "Juicer"—studio electrician.
13. "Grips"—stage hands.
14. "You've got egg on your face"—what a director says to an actor who muddles lines.
15. "Roll 'em," "Turn 'em,"—start the cameras.



# "The Summer Sun has changed your skin —why not change the shade of your Face Powder?"

[FIND YOUR LUCKY SUMMER SHADE—  
AND GET IT IN MY GRIT-FREE POWDER]

says *Lady Esther*



Slowly, subtly—the sun has deepened your skin tones, making them richer—more vibrant. But... are you innocently spoiling your skin's sun-tinted warmth with a *too light* shade of powder? It's so important to change to a warmer, richer shade—a shade that will harmonize with your skin tones *as they are now!*



Find out now which is your most flattering shade! But remember, even a richer shade won't help... if your powder is *too coarse* for your skin! For the deeper the shade, the more important that your powder should be *free from grit!*



**Make my famous "Bite Test"!** Put a pinch of your present powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly. If your powder contains grit, your teeth instantly detect it. But how easily Lady Esther Powder *passes the same test!* Your teeth will find *no grit!*



**Lady Esther Face Powder** is so smooth it clings for 4 long hours! Put it on after dinner—say at eight—and at midnight it will still flatter your skin. No coarse particles ruin its perfect blending... or give you a harsh, "powdery" look!

## Get your lucky shade in my GRIT-FREE Powder!

You can't judge powder shades by the appearance of the powder in the box. To find the most flattering shade for the new, warmer tones of *your* complexion... try each shade of my powder *on your own skin*... at my expense!

Mail me the coupon, and there will come to you ten new shades of my grit-free powder—brunette shades, rachels, rose tones. Try each shade on your own face. Find the one that is just right *for you!* And as you try on these lovely shades...

notice how *smooth* my powder is. Don't mistakenly believe a high price means a grit-free face powder.

*Impartial laboratory tests showed that many expensive powders—costing \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00 and even more—contained up to 20.44% grit.*

Find your lucky shade of my grit-free powder, and wear it confidently. No coarse particles will streak or fade your powder... or give your skin a harsh, "powdery" look. You cannot find a finer, higher quality powder. So mail the coupon now!

### ★ 10 shades free! ★

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (57)  
7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.



# MOVIE REVIEWS



Dottie Lamour and Ty Power confer with Lawyer Charley Grapewin in a scene from "Johnny Apollo."



Pat O'Brien, Merle Oberon and George Brent make "'Til We Meet Again" a thrilling experience.



Anna Neagle's the Irish Cinderella and Ray Milland, her pursuer in the Technicolor "Irene."



Movie of the Pulitzer Prize play, "Saturday's Children," teams John Garfield with Anne Shirley.

## ★★★ Johnny Apollo

Tyrone Power scores a success in this, enacting a spoiled college youth who can't take the disgrace of his father's imprisonment, denies their relationship and sets out to make a name for himself. But he discovers the world has no place for a soft guy, and drifts into underworld rackets, becoming so deeply involved that he finally lands in the same penitentiary as his father. The climax comes with a prison break, and Ty still trying to outsmart justice by escaping. His father is wounded while trying to prevent the escape and this brings the youth to his senses. It's harrowing screen fare, but so powerfully enacted by the principal characters that it is at all times convincing. Edward Arnold as the father gives an excellent account of himself, and highly commendable is the work of Lloyd Nolan, the racketeer who leads Tyrone astray.

Charley Grapewin, as the lawyer, chalks up one of the finest characterizations of his career. Lionel Atwill, Selmar Jackson and Charles Trowbridge give creditable performances in minor roles. As the romantic interest, Dorothy Lamour is satisfactory. She has a chance for a song or two which will, no doubt, keep the Lamour fans happy, and manages to be decorative without a sarong in sight. Directed by Henry Hathaway.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

## ★★★ 'Til We Meet Again

"'Til We Meet Again" is the familiar story of two doomed people meeting briefly, falling in love and passing on to their tragically separate dooms. The people are Merle Oberon, with incurable heart disease, and George Brent with a death rap hanging over him back at San Quentin.

In the movies, police departments do not merely function municipally: they dispatch their men to all corners of the habitable globe on the best ships to capture and bring back to justice charming rogues like Mr. Brent. Pat O'Brien is the policeman, and San Francisco's is the department whose badges are promptly honored in public arrests even by the constabulary of picturesque Hong Kong.

Bulldog O'Brien is waiting to clap the cuffs on George as he leaves the bar where he and Merle have just picked each other up, shared a "Paradise" cocktail (recipe on request), looked deep into each other's eyes, smashed the glasses and crossed the stems dramatically on the bar. Of course, they meet again on the boat, but don't forget that little ceremony at the bar in Hong Kong, because it is destined to be repeated under rather spooky circumstances as a tearful finale to the picture.

For all of his underworld connections, George, it seems, is really too noble for his own good. Twice he could have made good his escape: Once in the harbor, when he swam back to rescue the drowning Pat, and again in Honolulu, when he could not bear to escape on that chartered freighter and disappoint Merle, who was counting on a drive into the

mountains. Mr. Brent and Miss Oberon perform bravely, considering what they face. Mr. O'Brien, Geraldine Fitzgerald and Binnie Barnes shine in lesser roles. But Frank McHugh, as a drunken cardsharp and thief, is the one really amusing passenger. Directed by Edmund Goulding.—*Warner Brothers.*

## ★★★ Irene

"Irene" serves to introduce a new Anna Neagle to the motion picture audience—with a combination of Ginger Rogers' dancing ability and a personality as distinct as the famous Alice blue gown worn in the film. For good measure, Miss Neagle sings with the aptitude of a modern crooner.

Though the story is not too rich in plot, it is cleverly and amusingly written. Irene (Miss Neagle) is a wisp of an Irish lassie, with the fiery temper England has been aware of for years. At the start of the film, she is a poor working girl, eating ham sandwiches for lunch and Irish stew for dinner; at the end, she is the most famous mannequin in all New York, and about to wed a wealthy playboy.

Such a story, of course, is impossible any place but on the silver screen. But it's an acceptable story, and one that will keep you entertained throughout. Miss Neagle is adorable as the Cinderella model, while Ray Milland gives the exact impression you would expect of a millionaire socialite. Roland Young, Billie Burke, May Robson and Arthur Treacher are responsible for innumerable laughs. Alan Marshal, as the rival of Milland, is excellent, too.

The Alice blue gown sequence in Technicolor is truly beautiful, and the burlesque of that number will shake your sides with laughter. Directed by Herbert Wilcox.—*RKO-Radio.*

## ★★½ Saturday's Children

Maxwell Anderson's Pulitzer Prize play has been brought to the screen with considerable success. The homely little story of two young people (Anne Shirley and John Garfield) who marry with little else except high hopes, is presented with a sincerity and adeptness of performance and direction that makes it a worthwhile picture.

Anne Shirley, as the young wife, invests the role with understanding and charm; Garfield, as the idealistic husband whose dreams of great success are blasted by cruel misfortune, is always convincing; Lee Patrick, the elder sister who aids and abets Anne Shirley in her matrimonial snaring, is especially entertaining.

Claude Rains, again the sweet-natured father whose daughters cause him no end of worry, is his usual likable self, while Roscoe Karns, a son-in-law, adds considerably to the entertainment value of the picture. Dennie Moore and George Tobias contribute a good share of the comedy and Elizabeth Risdon is admirable as the mother. Directed by Vincent Sherman.—*Warner Brothers.*



## ★★½★ It All Came True

Except for two or three amusing cracks from Humphrey Bogart, this one may be dismissed as a rather conspicuously unsuccessful attempt at gangster-comedy, in the style of "A Slight Case of Murder." Humphrey also affords a charmingly sentimental variation on his usual underworld characterization by letting a group of hard-up vaudevillians, including one who mothers him in spite of his radical attitude, get under his skin to such an extent that he starts a night club to provide an outlet for their quaint, old-world talents. But the sentimental crack-up seems forced, and it is difficult to believe that whatever passes with Humphrey for a heart—granite, flint, or carborundum—was really in it.

There are other, less original, novelties. There is Jeffrey Lynn, who smuggles Mr. Bogart into his mama's old-fashioned boarding house because Mr. B. "has something on him." Then there is Ann Sheridan, revealing the fact that she has a short-range but not unpleasing contralto voice, as well as the other usual things appertaining to "oomph." Zasu Pitts, Una O'Connor, Jessie Bailey, John Litel, Grant Mitchell, Felix Bressart and the others do their best for a generally losing cause. It all turns out happily, except for Mr. Bogart, who magnanimously takes his own "rap" instead of foisting it on Jeffrey. Directed by Lewis Seiler.—Warner Brothers.

## ★★½★ Safari

Organized for no particular reason, except possibly to prove that a baron with a yacht, a taste for big-game hunting and an accent like Tullio Carminati's is more than apt to be a heel, this ill-timed expedition follows too closely on the heels of Universal's "Green Hell" (also with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a pith helmet) not to come as a rather unpleasant reminder. With an unusually active process screen, a flock of black bearers, a little river steamer, and Madeleine Carroll without one bead of perspiration, the picture—without a semblance of plot—moves clumsily into the Los Angeles yeldt and clumsily out again. Tullio loses Madeleine to Douglas, the white or, at any rate, untanned hunter, while Lynne Overman, undisguised with a beard and a synthetic Scotch dialect, suddenly applauds. That's positively all there is to it.

Well, perhaps we ought to mention that Madeleine and Douglas take an airplane flight and have to spend a stormy night in a hollow tree, that Tullio deliberately wounds a lion just to prove to himself that Madeleine loves Douglas, and that Douglas is clawed by the enraged beast when he dutifully enters the jungle to put the poor thing out of its misery. All this causes Madeleine to decide not to go back on Tullio's yacht and that means, of course, that Mr. Fairbanks must do the devoir at the fadeout. Madeleine, who is in excellent face, if slightly more figure than heretofore, looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth, though it is obvious that she has been traveling around on a yacht with a low-principled baron. Directed by Edward H. Griffith.—Paramount.

## ★★½★ Two Girls on Broadway

Though a remake of the first "Broadway Melody," "Two Girls on Broadway" retains the same refreshing tang, mainly through the talents of the capable cast. (Continued on page 12)

# Just a Pretty Stranger —in her own Home Town



**No girl need risk popularity! MUM every day  
prevents underarm odor — guards charm!**

PEG couldn't help being envious—they were having such fun, and she was so lonely. So many girls who weren't as pretty as Peg, had dates. "I'll leave this old town, *then* I'll be popular," thought Peg. But Peg, others will neglect you wherever you go—if you neglect underarm odor.

Like Peg, we seldom know when we are guilty of underarm odor. How much wiser to play safe—each day—with Mum! Don't rely on a bath alone to guard your charm. A bath removes *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents *future* odor.

Wherever there is social life, you will find popular girls use Mum. And *more*

use Mum than any other deodorant.

**MUM SAVES TIME!** Just 30 seconds, and underarms are fresh all day.

**MUM SAVES CLOTHES!** The American Laundry Institute Seal tells you Mum won't harm any fabric. Safe for skin, too—even after underarm shaving!

**MUM SAVES CHARM!** Mum makes odor impossible—not by attempting to prevent perspiration—but by *neutralizing the odor* before it starts. Get Mum at your druggist's today. More women (and more men) make a habit of Mum because Mum keeps you "in right" everywhere—with *everyone!*

### POPULAR GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM



**For Sanitary Napkins, Too—**

*No need to worry about Sanitary Napkins if you remember Mum will keep you fresh. Mum is so safe... so gentle... thousands use it this way!*

# MUM

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**



**"IF I HAD MY WAY," SAYS GLORIA JEAN, "I'D HAVE IT FOR BREAKFAST, LUNCH AND DINNER"**



# ICE CREAM—AND HOW!

By **Marjorie Deen**



Gloria Jean's mother always scores a hit when she tops off a meal with the favorite All-American dessert.



Not a race—just the Schoonover kids, Lois, Gloria and Baby Bonnie let loose with a "special" treat.

IT WILL not surprise you one bit, I imagine, to learn that Bing Crosby's new little leading lady, twelve-year-old Gloria Jean, is "simply crazy" about ice cream. In fact, she holds the title, "Ice Cream Enthusiast Extraordinary" as a result of the number of ice cream cones she can consume in a single day. Why, when Gloria's teacher asked her to define the word "tragedy," Gloria replied, "being allergic to ice cream!"

At home, too, they tease Gloria about this fondness for frozen desserts. Her father solemnly declares that he is thinking of having her inoculated against it. Her sister, Lois, who is her stand-in; Sally, who is a publicity-hating high-school student; and Baby Bonnie, all share Gloria's enthusiasm, knowing their dad too well to put any stock in his dire threat. And besides they know their mother considers ice cream one of the most healthful and nutritious of desserts, as well as one of the easiest to serve. So ice cream makes frequent appearances as the featured dessert on the Schoonover family table. (That's Gloria's real name, you know.)

Gloria's mother admits that, these days, she doesn't often find time to prepare home-made treats. She really loves to cook and still does a major part of it, but spends most of her time at the studio with her daughter. Nor does the one maid they employ for their nine-room house have much time for fancy desserts. As a result, their ice cream is more frequently bought than made at home. With modern refrigerators to keep it "just right for serving" there no longer is the problem of having to run out for it the last minute. To add to its festive appearance, sometimes it's topped with a fresh fruit sauce such as strawberries, raspberries or sliced peaches, which Mrs. Schoonover often sweetens with honey. These same fruits also come in "quick-frozen" style and, in season or out, provide a fine substitute that needs no sweetening or other preparation.

Once in a while a chocolate or caramel sauce is served at Gloria's house. Not frequently though, because Mrs. Schoonover sets a simple table with mostly fruit, vegetable and milk dishes and does not approve of really rich desserts. On special occasions such as holidays, birthdays and party days, she sees to it that they have a special home-made frozen dessert, or else store ice cream fixed up in particularly fine style. She described some of these "specialties" as we sat out in the lovely patio overlooking the San Fernando Valley, and the gay children's voices interrupted us with insistent demands for samples of the topic



of conversation. In the end, they got their ice cream and I came away with many fine ideas and recipes.

Remember, these ideas can be carried out with extra-special pride when you make your own ice cream. There are any number of fine ice cream "mixes" on the market for use in automatic refrigerators and loads of recipes available-for-the-asking from gelatin and marshmallow manufacturers. These two products serve as "stabilizers," and add to your cream's smoothness by preventing the formation of large ice crystals.

But whether you make or buy your ice cream, you'll find that the children in your family will be as thrilled with these serving suggestions as are Gloria Jean and her three sisters.

## GIANT FIRECRACKERS

Every year, when the Glorious Fourth comes around, these appear at Gloria's special request. Why don't you feature them this year, too? Be sure to save these directions—Independence Day will soon be here! To make the "crackers" cut red blotting paper or heavy red decorating paper into pieces approximately 10 inches long and as wide as the height of your thin parfait glasses—or for that matter any other tall thin glasses you may plan to use. Roll the red paper lengthwise into cylinders—each large enough to slip over the glass and to mask it completely. Fasten cylinders together down the side with paste or Scotch tape. At serving time, place each firecracker-covered glass on a small plate, then fill glasses carefully—so as not to stain paper—with any desired ice cream or mousse. Top each serving with a fresh or maraschino cherry which still has a stem on it. Have stem extending upwards to resemble a firecracker's fuse.

## HONEY BALLS

Your own particular Bonnie Baby will welcome this one with squeals of delighted recognition. Heat rice krispies in oven with the door left open. While they are still hot add just enough honey to coat them slightly, mixing them lightly with a fork. Spread this mixture on a sheet of waxed paper. Roll balls of ice cream\* in this mixture until well coated. Serve one of these coated balls to each person with a side serving of sliced bananas or fresh berries. A perfect—and a healthful—supper suggestion for the "small fry," as Bing would say!

## CIRCUS CLOWNS

Cut home made or store sponge cake into ¼ inch thick slices, then cut these slices into circles with a doughnut cutter. Place one of these cake circles on each serving plate. Top each with a round ball of ice cream\*. (The hole in the center of the circle will help keep ice cream in place.) The round ball of ice cream represents the clown's head. His features should be made with raisins. Now top each ball with an inverted ice cream cone—to look like a clown's hat.

\*If you are having your ice cream delivered ask to have it shaped into balls instead of in bricks or cartons. However, if you are making your own ice cream, you can shape it pretty well with large round-bowled serving spoons; or better still get one of those chrome-finished ice cream scoops. They come in various sizes, cost under two dollars and are also fine for serving cottage cheese, rice, mashed potatoes and other mashed vegetables. (Continued on page 82)

HEDY LAMARR, M-G-M FILM STAR, NOW APPEARING IN "BOOM TOWN"



The American Pace taught  
**HEDY LAMARR**  
the need for a  
**Woodbury**  
**Beauty Nightcap**

How Hollywood's Number  
One Glamour Girl of the  
Screen took to famous  
Woodbury Cold Cream in a  
crisis, as told to

**Louella Parsons**  
Popular Movie Columnist



**1. Hedy told me** about the time she was late for the shooting of a big love scene. When she rushed on the set, the director shouted, "You're forty minutes late for that kiss, and it's costing us plenty of dough!"



**2. In Hollywood** they expect stars to be beautiful, but spare them little time for their complexions. A friend advised Hedy, "Take a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap. Woodbury Cold Cream is like three creams in one."



**3. Soon Hedy learned** that Woodbury cleanses with germ-free purity, softens skin, and brings a special Vitamin to help invigorate tired skin while you sleep. Now the director never has to scold Hedy for being late.

### Refresh Your Skin At Night This Way

A single fine beauty cream, Woodbury Cold Cream... performs three services for beauty. 1. It *cleanses* safely... it's germ-free. 2. It *lubricates* profusely... smooths dry skin. 3. It *invigorates*... contains a skin-invigorating Vitamin. Every night, cleanse first with Woodbury. Then leave on a greaseless film all night while you sleep. Get a jar today. \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



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(Paste on Penny Postcard)

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6615 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio  
(In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

Please send me, free and postpaid, a generous-size tube of 3-Way Woodbury Cold Cream. Also 8 smart shades of exquisite Woodbury Powder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_



(Continued from page 9)

### ★★½★ Dark Command

Though the story is not too strong, it does have an authentic backstage flavor. Lana Turner and Joan Blondell, playing the parts of the two Mahoney sisters, "bus" their way to New York to crash the not-so-easy doors of the stage. There, they meet George Murphy, Joan's fiancé and dancing partner, who has begged an audition for them with a crack musical comedy producer. To add impetus to the triangle, Lana and George bag parts in the revue, while Joan has to be content strolling through a night club as a cigarette girl. Then, to complicate matters, George and Lana fall in love, and Joan, being the good-hearted gal in the film, gives them her blessing.

All three principals turn in top-notch performances. You'll appreciate Lana Turner, who adds a winsome freshness to her role. Joan Blondell gives a highly sympathetic portrayal, while George Murphy scintillates personality plus excellent Terpsichorean technique. Wallace Ford and Kent Taylor play their parts with understanding, and the direction, by S. Sylvan Simon, is paced at top speed, which zips the picture up considerably. —Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Ever since "Stagecoach" was a surprise hit a year ago, the film industry has been trying to produce a movie with the same punch and suspense. In "Dark Command," Republic borrows Claire Trevor and Walter Pidgeon, adds John Wayne, and turns out another smashing wild western.

Though the plot is the usual triangle affair, the setting and situations make the picture as good as it is. Based on historical incidents, it presents Walter Pidgeon as Cantrell, the evil plunderer and guerrilla warrior in Kansas during the Civil War; Claire Trevor as Mary McCloud, the beauteous frontier woman who loved two men; and John Wayne as Bob Seton, the ignorant but trustworthy marshal.

Both Miss Trevor and Wayne turn in excellent performances; Pidgeon, as the meek school teacher by day and ruthless bandit by night, is fairly well cast; Roy Rogers, who plays the young brother of Mary McCloud, is exceptionally good, and you'll fall in love with ole Doc Grunch, portrayed by George Hayes.

The cops and robbers scenes (in this case two plunderers and one militia) are thrilling, and they'll make you wonder if you weren't born too soon. The story and direction help, too, to make the picture one of the best westerns produced this year. If all doses of history were as easy to take as this, there would be fewer children playing hooky from school—and more adults reading history books. Directed by Raoul Walsh.—Republic.

### ★★½★ Forty Little Mothers

Eddie Cantor has seen to it that all the good old hokum is included in his newest screen offering. There are girls galore—forty of them, to be exact—plenty of good gags and lots of heart-warming interest resulting from a deserted baby which he adopts. Eddie, himself, is in top form, so your entertainment is cinched if the aforementioned ingredients for film fare suit your fancy.

The story concerns a college prof (Eddie Cantor) in an exclusive girls' school who suddenly finds himself the secret custodian of a baby. The infant presents an embarrassing problem, par-





ticularly since the head schoolmarm, Judith Anderson and Nydia Westman, are suspicious of all the poor prof's actions. It's pretty tough sledding for Eddie at first, since the beauteous bevy of school-girls try everything they can think of to get the mild-mannered new teacher discharged. However, when they learn why he is harboring the baby, all is changed. Then, of course, the mother shows up, and romance comes into the picture. Rita Johnson, as the mother, gives a creditable performance; Bonita Granville, as the leader of the girls, is adequate, and Judith Anderson, the principal, is good in her role. Most amusing member of the cast is Nydia Westman who always complicates things considerably. But the real out-and-out star is Baby Quintanilla, the most intelligent and entrancing youngster to reach the screen in many a day. Directed by Busby Berkeley.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★½★ Dr. Kildare's Strange Case

The Blair General Hospital, teeming with human drama, is brought to the

screen again in "Dr. Kildare's Strange Case." With Lew Ayres and Lionel Barrymore still heading the staff, the film compares more than favorably with its predecessors in both story interest and acting.

This time young Interne Kildare, with the aid of Laraine Day, his nurse and heart interest, risks his reputation and career on a gamble to save a man from certain insanity and a fellow-doctor from disgrace. The gamble involves the wisdom of administering insulin shock to the mentally deranged, and furnishes the excuse for several of the most stirring medical scenes ever brought to the screen. The delicate brain operations, though overflowing with technical language, will leave you gasping in your seat like an oxygen machine!

If you aren't already an ardent Dr. Kildare rooter, you will be after seeing his latest picture! Directed by Harold S. Bucquet.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★½★ And One Was Beautiful

"And One Was Beautiful", as you've probably guessed, is the ancient story of two sisters—one pretty, the other an ugly

duckling. Polished up, the tale emerges a gay and amusing picture, and puts another acting feather in the cap of Laraine Day.

As the younger sister, who is more interested in tinkering with motor cars than in charming men, Miss Day is in direct contrast to Jean Muir, who is cast as the comely, but scheming, older sister. Miss Muir, besides winning your antagonism with her unsympathetic role, earns your greater dislike with her failure to act well. Robert Cummings, portraying the handsome hero, makes his role hold water, despite the fact that his part calls for a complete reversal of character in the middle of the film. Billie Burke, the mother of the two girls, has only a small part, but is a standout in all her scenes. Bit roles performed by Rand Brooks, Ann Morriss, Esther Dale, Paul Stanton and little Ruth Tobey are handled capably.

Based on the original story by Alice Duer Miller, the screen play would have benefited by the removal of several stilted speeches, but the clever direction of Robert B. Sinclair, under producer Frederick Stephani, helped to overcome this defect.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

# CHARLES BOYER

## ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO

From the World-Applauded Novel By

*Rachel Field*

IN ALL ITS GLORY, with the full fire of its deep-stirring story, this beloved best-seller sweeps to the summit of screen achievement! And *never* have its stars come to you so immeasurably magnificent, or brought you a drama that touches so close to your heart. You will, of course, see it!

*Especially distinguished in the supporting cast of this new WARNER BROS. Success, are*

JEFFREY LYNN  
BARBARA O'NEIL

Virginia Weidler • Henry Daniell  
Walter Hampden • George Coulouris

AN ANATOLE LITVAK  
PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Casey Robinson • Music by Max Steiner  
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture





Swimming  
can't Spoil my  
Make-up

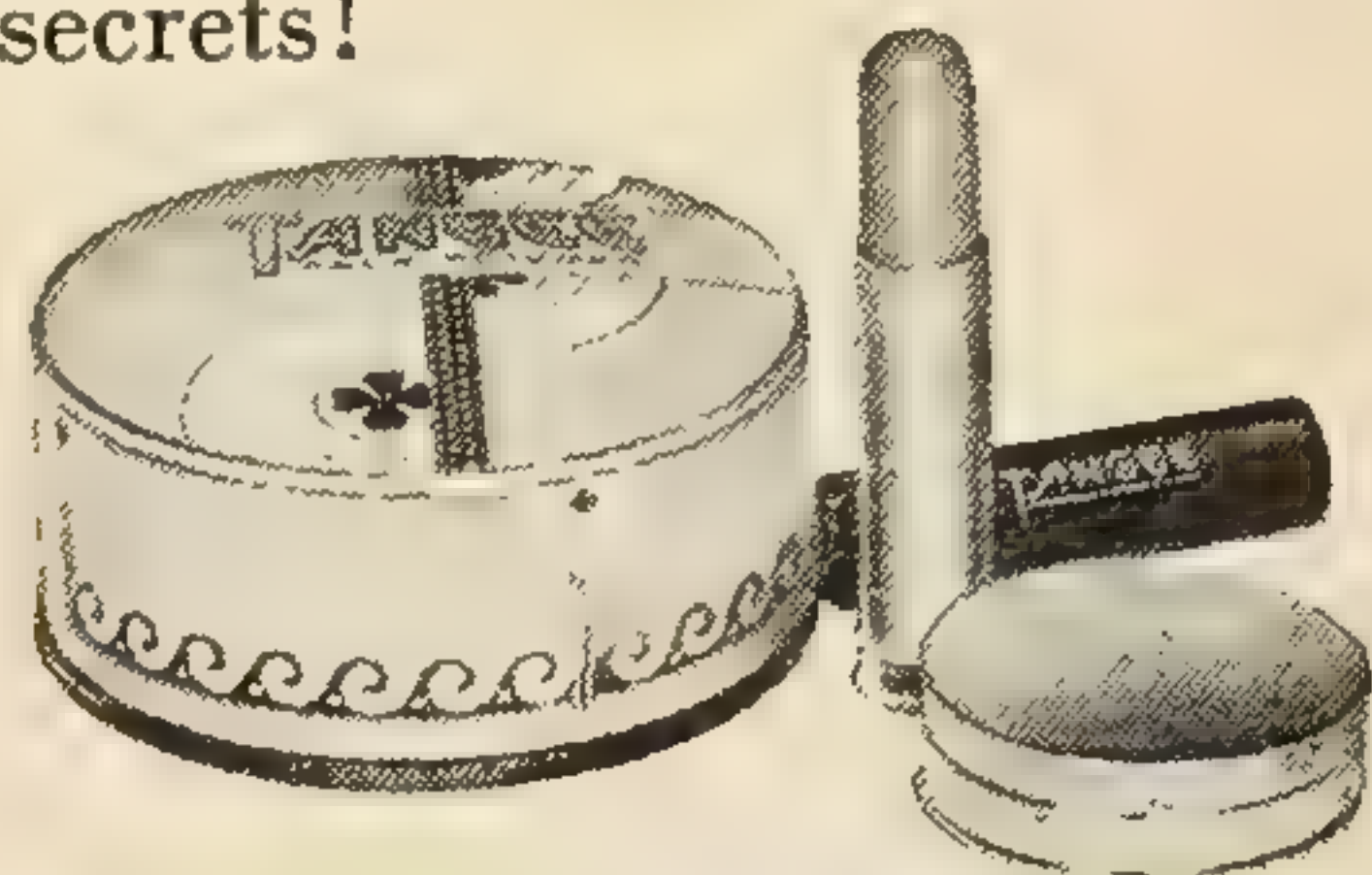


Yes, you can dive in...and come up smiling, with lips and cheeks still colorfully fresh—perfectly made-up.

For Tangee Natural Lipstick and Tangee Natural Creme Rouge are waterproof and swimproof. They really stay on! And they're not affected by hot-weather perspiration, either!

Why not test Tangee's exclusive scientific principle yourself? Why not give *your* lips and *your* cheeks the soft, lovely color that has made Tangee the choice of beautiful women all over the world? Just send the coupon below, with 10¢, for a smart little make-up kit that's just as handy for purse and guestroom as it is for beach use.

And, we'll also include a sensational new 40-page booklet, entitled, "Make Up and Live", in which 10 of America's leading beauty editors tell you their priceless beauty secrets!



World's Most Famous Lipstick  
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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

#### SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City  
Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

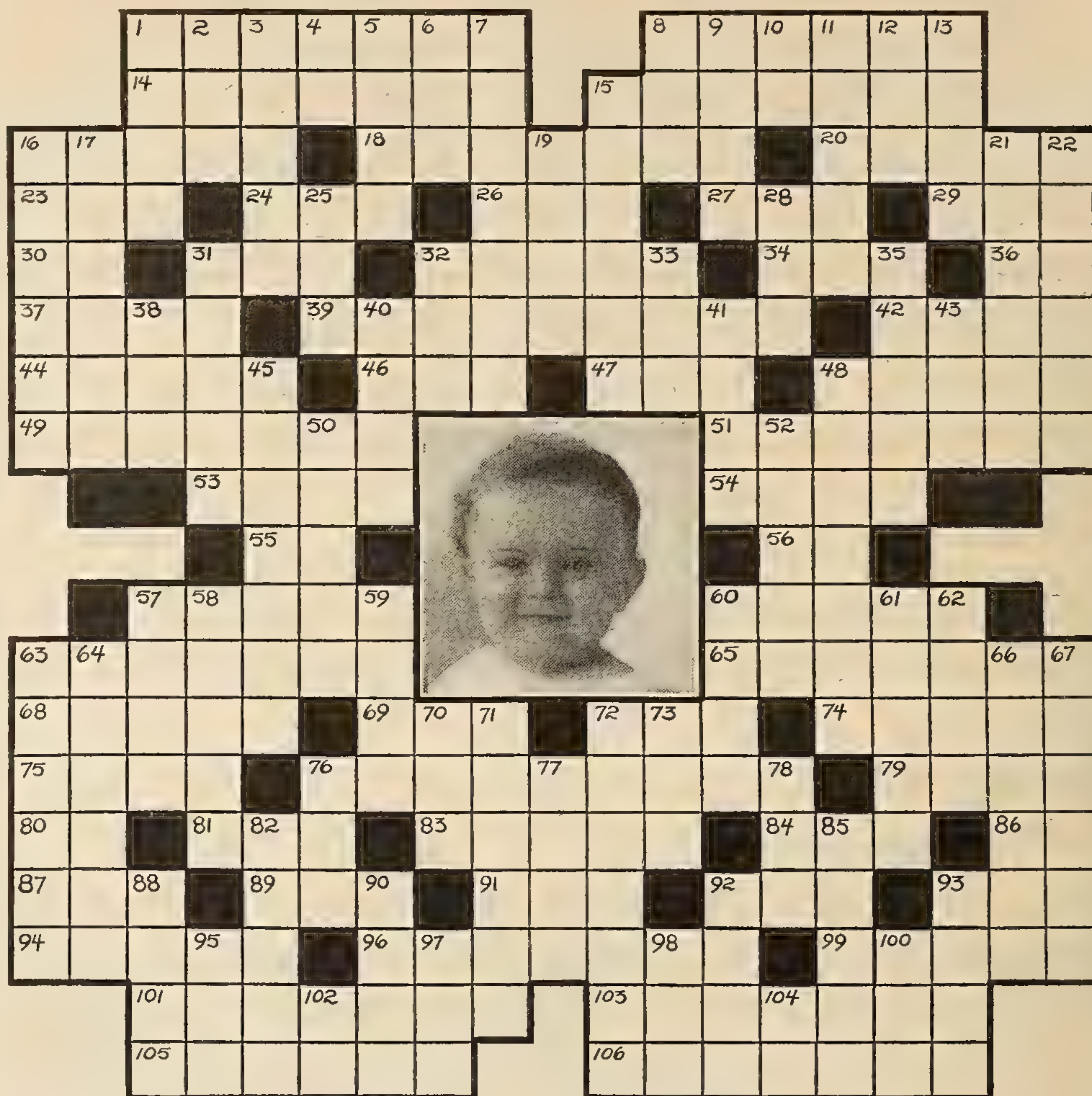
☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh  
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

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## OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 87

### ACROSS

- 1 & 8. Child actress
14. Sensation of "My Son, My Son"
15. Hepzibah in "House of Seven Gables"
16. Joyous appearance
18. Male lead of "French Without Tears"
20. Proficient in one's work
23. Eldest son in "Swiss Family Robinson"
24. Pinch
26. Wife in "Another Thin Man"
27. --- ly Eilers
29. Kind of bean
30. "J---t Around the Corner"
31. Fondle
32. ----- Mander
34. Mischievous child
36. Jane Wyman's hubby: init.
37. Measure of area
39. Written plots of films
42. Lowest female voice
44. Gable's most famous role
46. Robert Donat's homeland: abbr.
47. To catch a glimpse of
48. Boy singing star
49. Pointed
51. Obliteration
53. Impudent
54. Master
55. A movie trailer
56. "--- Cyclops"
57. Ice skating star
60. Opposite Warner Baxter in "Earthbound"
63. Bombastic
65. With legs apart
68. Ringlets
69. Boy's name
72. "Private Lives of --- zabeth and Essex"
74. Pertaining to tone
75. On the sheltered side
76. With our star in "Little Colonel"
79. Monster
80. She's in "Sussannah of the Mounties": init.
81. Janet Gay ---
83. Pens
84. Juice of plants
86. Clark Gable's box office rank: Rom. num.
87. Chubby animal featured by Disney
89. Spoil
91. "--- Little Girl"
92. Summer: Fr.
93. Single
94. Flies upward
96. Restrain
99. Rule
101. Disturbers
103. What is Deanna's "Tippy?"
105. "Connecticut ----- at King Arthur's Court"
106. What Cantor's eyes are said to resemble

### DOWN

1. Comic in "Captain January"
2. Producer of "Of Mice and Men"
3. Anna Neagle's latest film
4. Sun god
5. Lamé person's walk
6. Glenda Farrell's birthplace: --- d, Okla.
7. Shouting
8. A metalli element
9. Terminates
10. Colbert's husband is one: abbr.
11. Hymn
12. A boy
13. "Bright ----"
15. Tiers
16. She's in "It Could Happen to You"
17. Funster in "Sandy Is a Lady"
19. Heroine of "Zanzibar"
21. ----- Hall
22. Star of "Johnny Apollo"
25. "--- A Date"
28. "Blondie's" dog: D --- y
31. Stool-pigeon in "Strange Cargo"
32. Adolphe --- jou
33. A mere taste
35. Analyze a word
38. A textile fabric
40. Surrender
41. Hear ye!
43. Roumanian coin
45. Shirkers
48. Deb in "Road to Singapore"
50. Tylo in "Blue Bird"
52. "Buck Benny, ----- Again"
57. Employ
58. ----- Drew
59. Girl's name
60. Den
61. Sag
62. Chant
63. Rogues
64. The Baron in "Safari"
66. Brave
67. How old is our star?
70. A portion of a curved line
71. An army
72. Woman ruler
73. "--- t Horizon"
76. "Rebecca of Sunny --- ok Farm"
77. "On ---- Toes"
78. "The Little -- Rebel"
82. RKO's new star-director
85. Eagle's nest
88. He's in "The Westerner"
90. Dorothy ----
92. The eldest son of Isaac
93. Lubricates
95. B --- n Aherne
97. A preposition meaning rather than
98. Health spring
100. "Stand Up and Ch ---"
102. "Tom Sawyer": init.
104. "The Little Pri --- ess"



## INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 6)

of movie under the sun—from westerns to gangster ones. He is divorced from Steffi Duna and is currently quite a man-about-town.

**Mildred Ellis**, Philadelphia, Pa. Ward Bond is thirty-five years old and was born on April 9. He is six feet two, and weighs 200 pounds. Ward's a veteran actor, having started his career between semesters while he was a student at the University of Southern California. His first big part was that of Sid Bascom in "The Big Trail." He would very probably read any letter you wrote him if it was interesting enough to be singled out by his secretary. Yes, Ward's married—has been for four years, to Doris Sellers. Paul Kelly's wife recently died. She was Dorothy Mackaye.

**Sandra Gewel**, New York, N. Y. The reason Orson Welles was omitted from our last chart was that he hasn't made any pictures yet, and we confined the list to active stars. You can write to him at RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

**Jeanette Rosewater**, Portland, Conn. You'll be delighted to hear that Glenn Ford is still unmarried. He was born in Montreal on May 1, 1916, is six feet one and a half, weighs 155 pounds and has straight brown hair and grey-green eyes. He has lived in Santa Monica for over ten years and, before going into the movies, he did some radio announcing and was very active in little theatre work. His first movie role came in 1937, when he played the part of a night club master of ceremonies in "Night in Manhattan," a Paramount short. He scored his first real hit two years later in "Heaven with a Barbed Wire Fence." Besides acting, which is his consuming passion, he is interested in photography and stamp collecting. He plays the violin—but not without a whole lot of coaxing, reads every autobiography he can get his hands on, and claims he could exist on steak and cheese cake for the rest of his days. Watch for him in "Babies For Sale."

**Margie Bradshaw**, El Paso, Texas. To settle that argument once and for all . . . Spencer Tracy and Lee Tracy aren't brothers. Spencer's parents are John and Carrie Tracy of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Lee's are William and Ray Tracy of Atlanta, Georgia. That's Spence's real name, but Lee's real one is William. Lee is his real middle name.

**Tina Cestari**, Cedarhurst, N. Y. Robert Cummings' birthdate is June 9, 1910. He is from Joplin, Missouri, is just a fraction under six feet—which makes him furious, incidentally—weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and blue eyes. He is married to Vivian Janis. You can write to Bob at Universal Studios, Universal City, California. He's not scheduled for anything right now.

**Mildred Case**, Baltimore, Md. Those wild rumors about how long it took for the filming of "Gone With the Wind" are not true. As you say, the book itself wasn't published until 1936, so it couldn't have been in the making anything like four years. As a matter of fact, shooting officially started on January 26, 1939 and ended on November 11, 1939.

# It's come at last! The perfect summer shade! NEW—Luscious DUSK ROSE



Pond's Powder comes in 10¢, 20¢ and a big economy box, too.

## Look at it, girls— DUSK ROSE!

Flat paper and printer's ink give you but a poor suggestion of this glorious new shade—its velvety softness—its texture! Send for a free sample today. You'll fall in love with it the minute you see it! Try it on. Your mirror will show you a radiant, exciting you.

*"Dusk Rose is the most flattering shade I've ever used!"*

says Miss Harriet Williams, vivid young New York debutante

*"Like me, have you been searching for a powder that would add glamour to your face, even under the cruel harsh light of summer sunshine?"*

*"Well, I've found it, girls! It's a shade that's not as dark or tan as most summer shades are. The new Dusk Rose gives my face such a lovely smooth finish that my friends heap compliments on me!"* says Miss Williams.

DUSK ROSE is simply wonderful at keeping your face from looking shiny under harsh lights and in brilliant sunshine. It is "anti-shine." It absorbs harsh lights and reflects softer, more flattering ones from your face.

Dusk Rose comes in 10¢ and 20¢ sizes as well as the big, economical box that so many women prefer. Go out and buy one now!

*Free*—write in for a free sample of Dusk Rose. With it will come 3 other lovely summer shades: Rose Dawn, Rose Brunette, Sunlight. Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PG, Clinton, Conn.



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**DON'T WAIT  
ANOTHER MONTH**  
before using Tampax

NO BELTS  
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DO YOU REMEMBER how free and unhindered you were as a girl of twelve? What would you give to feel that way again? Would you give a month's trial to Tampax? It would mean the end of all your pin-and-belt troubles, for sure!

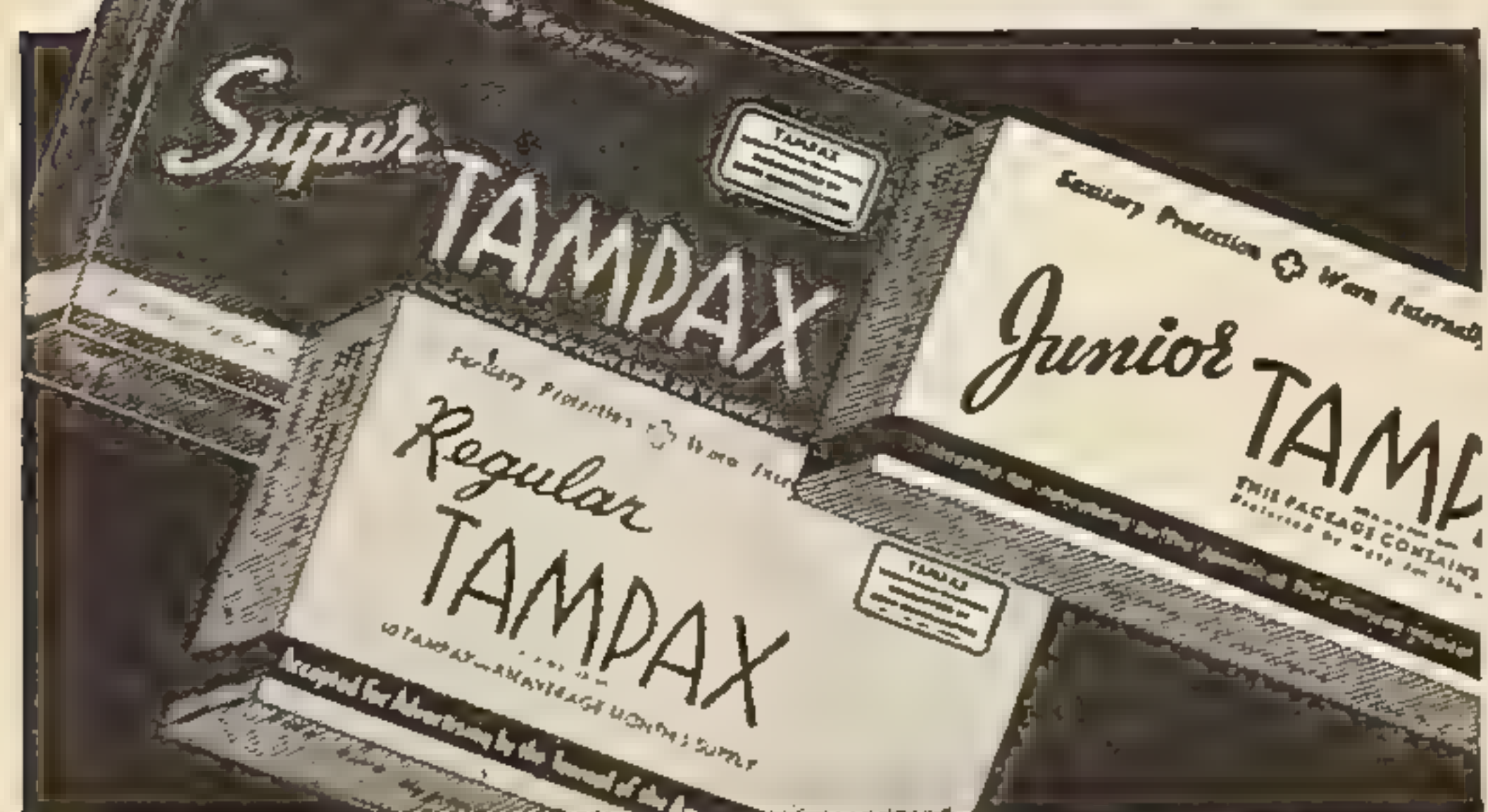
Tampax was invented by a doctor, to be worn internally. Made of pure surgical cotton, it works on the principle of gentle absorption, allowing no odor to form; therefore deodorants are unnecessary. No bulging, chafing or visible edge-lines. The wearer does not feel Tampax at all. It is so compact there are no disposal problems.

The big news now is that Tampax comes in three sizes: Regular, Super and Junior, each in dainty one-time-use applicator. They meet every individual need for any time of month. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Full supply for one month now available at new low prices.

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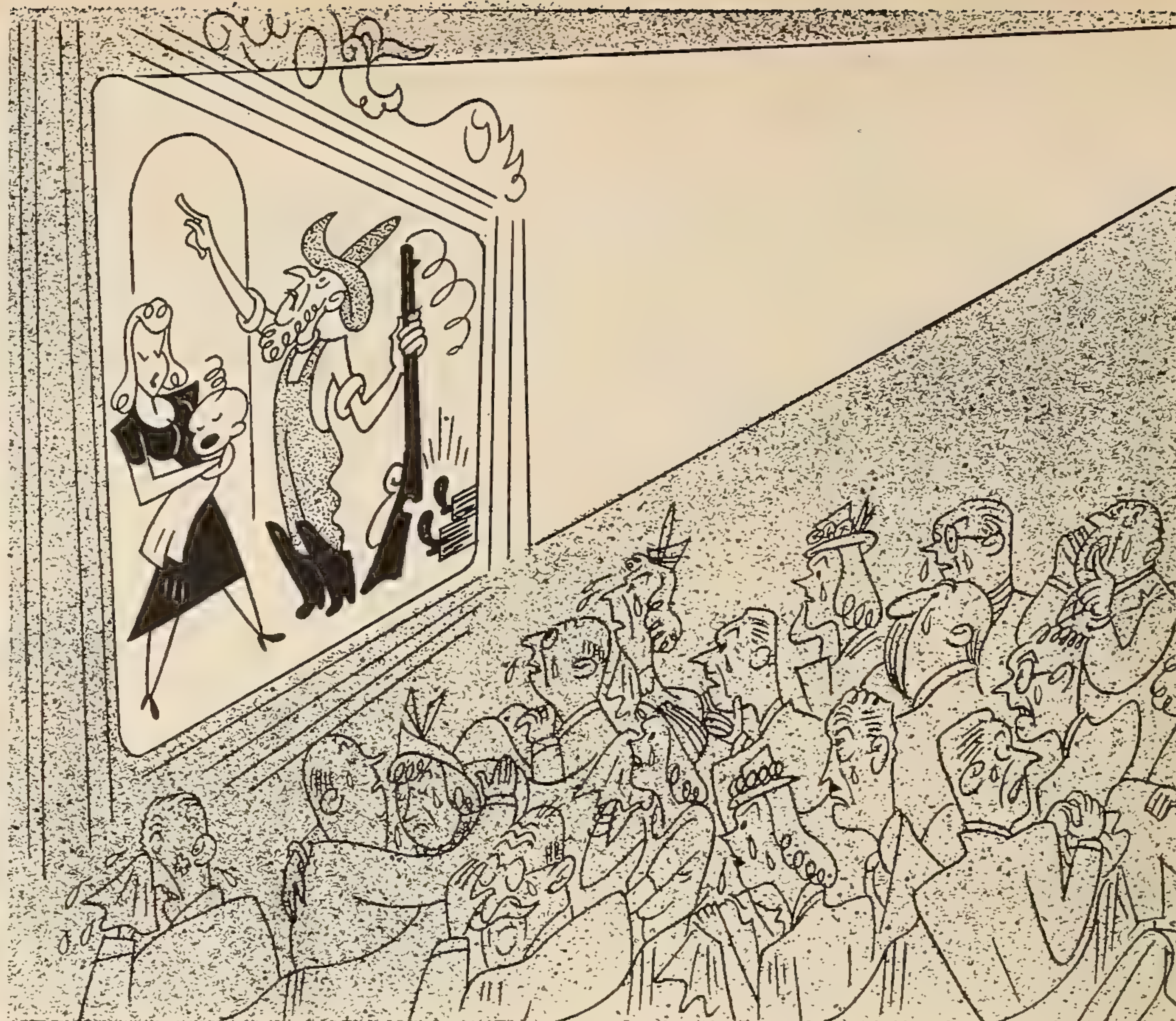
Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

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## A DOLLAR FOR YOUR

WRITE A FRANK LETTER AND WIN ONE OF THE TEN

### Emotional Indigestion

I know there are many moviegoers, women, especially, who, bless their tender hearts, do not enjoy a picture unless it provokes a good cry. If that is their idea of enjoyment, I'd be the last person in the world to deny them. It has often been said that it takes all kinds of people to make a world, and it certainly takes all kinds of fans to make a movie audience. The producers know this and that is why they make all kinds of pictures.

My taste, however, is for pictures that rest and relax me, and give me a good laugh or two. When I go to the movies, I go primarily to be entertained and amused. I want my picture fare to be light and easy for me to mentally digest. I don't like heavy fare—tragedies and problem pictures. Such movie food always depresses me and gives me emotional indigestion.—E. J. Bennett, Grove City, Ohio.

### To Bat for Kay

I think it is about time someone came to the front for Kay Francis. I don't mean by that that Kay needs a lifeline to save her from the so-called "slipping." But in days such as these, with the invasion of foreign stars and oomph girls, we are too apt to forget one who is not a sensational headline-maker. Such a person is Kay Francis, for eleven years the screen's first lady of beauty, feminine grace and infinite talent.

She has worked very hard, and has never failed to be sincere and convincing in even the most unsuitable part. Now Hollywood wants to take her for granted,

put her in small parts. And we, the public, seem satisfied to pass her by for fancies of the moment and performers with accents.

There's no harm in Kay's supporting Carole Lombard or playing Deanna Durbin's mother. She's seen less flattering assignments. And she's sport enough not to stay in a heat with her studios because of them. But just because Kay doesn't demand or draw four-star pictures doesn't mean that she isn't worthy or capable of them. Her acting in scores of brilliant successes in the past has proved her talent, in my opinion, as unequalled.

Perhaps this letter will help to recall to Hollywood minds that a very versatile actress awaits bigger and better things.—Robert Thompson, Englewood, Colo.

### Another Party Heard From

Say, listen! In all my life, I've never read anything quite so ridiculous as the letter in the May "A Dollar For Your Thoughts" column, which complains, if you please, because Bette Davis gets good parts!

After all, the Hollywood producers are only trying to make good pictures. Should they put Bette into a supporting role or a "B" picture just because she is the finest screen actress of all time? As for giving someone else a chance, can't you just see one of those empty-headed oomph girls sighing her way through a Davis role? Ugh!

Never has Bette played two parts alike, never has she allowed her own personality to dominate that of the character she was playing, and never has she





## THOUGHTS

### PRIZES GIVEN EACH MONTH!

failed to give a magnificent performance. Please don't even talk about "equally talented girls." There aren't any to be found. There is no one in Hollywood who can even be compared with her. The rest of the country seems to agree with me, too, because Bette is Queen of the Movies, or hadn't you noticed?

Of course, she gets fine parts, and she'll go on getting them because she's tops. Long live the Queen!—Claris Ann Ross, Chicago, Ill.

### New Faces?

Hollywood producers are forever clamoring for new faces. What a laugh! What do they do when they get these new faces? They shove them into two or three small parts, give them no chance to show the talent that a lot of them possess, and then drop them from contract, and once more start shouting for new faces to push around.

I'm getting sick and tired of this wild merry-go-round. I'd like to give an example of this dizzy whirl, using my favorite actress as the example—Beverly Roberts.

When Beverly was signed by Warner Brothers, she was singing in a night club. Immediately she was put into "The Singing Kid." Ironically enough, everybody in the picture sang except Beverly. After a few "B" pictures, she was given the feminine lead opposite George Brent in "God's Country and the Woman."

She was grand in that part. So grand that from then on she was cast as a cold, unromantic, business woman such as she had portrayed in that picture. In other words, she was typed. (Cont'd on page 65)

# Ten Baby Fingers... and Ten Million Germs!



**BABY SANDY**—million-dollar baby now starring in Universal Pictures' "Sandy Is A Lady". Her surroundings are kept extra clean with "Lysol" solution.

Help guard your child against the risk of germ infection from contaminated objects...clean house with "LYSOL"!

**B**ABY SANDY, favorite of movie fans, is cared for with all the safeguards money can buy. An important precaution taken for her welfare is...*cleanliness!* Surroundings kept *extra clean* with "Lysol's" help.

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Ask your druggist *now* for your copy of "Baby Sandy's Health Charts"...complete health routines for children of all ages, prepared by a famous expert. Included is a special children's gift...a full-color Baby Sandy Cut-out Doll and cut-out wardrobe.

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YOUR DRUGGIST IS NOW SPONSORING BABY SANDY'S HEALTH CRUSADE



*Darryl F. Zanuck's* PRODUCTION OF

# LILLIAN RUSSELL

ALICE DON HENRY  
FAYE • AMECHE • FONDA

*Edward* *Warren* *Leo*  
ARNOLD • WILLIAM • CARRILLO

Helen Westley • Dorothy Peterson  
Ernest Truex • Nigel Bruce • Claude  
Allister • Lynn Bari • Weber & Fields  
Eddie Foy, Jr. • Una O'Connor  
Joseph Cawthorn

Directed by Irving Cummings  
Associate Producer Gene Markey  
Screen Play by William Anthony McGuire  
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

The woman whose  
beauty and glamor had  
the world at her feet!  
Diamond Jim Brady  
showered her with jewels!  
Bankers, industrialists,  
the smart and the famous  
lost their hearts to her!  
Out of the fascinating  
story of her life and her  
loves, Darryl F. Zanuck  
has created one of the real-  
ly great motion pictures!

## Songs!

Old . . .

"After the Ball is Over",  
"Rosie, You Are My Posie",  
"The Band Played On"  
("Strawberry Blond"),  
"My Evening Star".

New . . .

"Adored One", "Blue Love  
Bird".







**Helen Gilbert**

An M-G-M player

MADE IN U.S.A. BY THE M-G-M STUDIO, N.Y.C. 19





**Walter Pidgeon**

Next appearing in M-G-M's "Phantom Raiders"



# Marlene Dietrich

Next appearing in Universal's "Seven Sinners"







**John Payne**

Next appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Maryland"





**Myrna Loy**

Next appearing in M-G-M's "I Love You Again"





**Richard Greene**

Now appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "I Was An Adventuress"





**Carole Landis**

Next appearing in Hal Roach's "Turnabout"





**Virginia Bruce**

Next appearing in Warner Brothers' "The Sentence"



*In the heart of the jungle...  
she found her heart's desire!*

DOUGLAS

FAIRBANKS, Jr.

MADELEINE

CARROLL

# SAFARI

...LOVE...ADVENTURE AND JUNGLE THRILLS

A Paramount Picture with

**TULLIO CARMINATI • MURIEL ANGELUS  
LYNNE OVERMAN • BILLY GILBERT**

DIRECTED BY EDWARD H. GRIFFITH

Screen Play by Delmer Daves • Based on a Story by Paul Hervey Fox

LYNNE OVERMAN as the canny Scot  
who doesn't give a "hoot" about women!



REGGIE GARDINER, ONE-MAN ESCORT BUREAU,  
GIVES STARTLING DATE-RATINGS ON THE  
CREAM OF MOVIE TOWN'S BACHELOR GIRLS

# THE AWFUL TRUTH ABOUT *Glamour* GIRLS

THERE COMES a time in the affairs of men—the love affairs, that is—when thoughts stray to Hollywood. If the men aren't satisfied with what they have, they wish they could meet some Glamour Girls. And if they are satisfied, they wonder if Glamour Girls actually have anything, aside from bankrolls, that the girls in their own lives haven't. In either case, they wouldn't mind living in Hollywood for a while and knowing a few unlisted telephone numbers.

Fickle or faithful, men can't see charming armfuls every time they go to the movies or pick up a newspaper, without getting the idea that a bachelor's life in Hollywood must be really something.

Most of them, worse luck, will never see Northwest Los Angeles, much less abide there. The only way they will ever find out what the life of a Hollywood bachelor is like and what Glamour Girls are like in person is to take the word of someone qualified to tell. Someone like, say, Reginald Gardiner.

Up to now, the tendency has been to think of Reggie only as a comedian, a droll fellow with a terrific gift for pantomime. But the truth will out. He is also the prime example of a man-about-Hollywood. The genuine article. Self-made, not publicity-made.

When you read of Reggie's being seen with some famous female, you don't have to wonder if his studio arranged the date—for publicity. You can be sure that he arranged it himself—for pleasure. Since he is a free-lance player, no studio hand-picks his companions. He does his own

picking. And with endless variety. You are as likely as not to see him one night with Marlene Dietrich, the next with Bette Davis—or any other two complete opposites. Reggie knows them all.

He is never seen at night except with some beauty on his arm, some beauty who can afford to be choosy about the men in her life. And he is seen practically every night at some premiere, night club or party. He puts a tuxedo on more often than any other man in Hollywood. He gets more party invitations, more invitations to "make a foursome" than any other bachelor.

It isn't because he is a big name. He isn't—yet. "The Doctor Takes a Wife" and the new Charlie Chaplin picture, "The Great Dictator," may alter this state of affairs. But meanwhile the willingness of Glamour Girls to share their evenings with Reggie can't be traced to his being a box-office sensation. He has made good as a one-man Hollywood escort bureau strictly on his own merits.

Briefly, for the instruction of his envious brethren, the more visible of his merits are: He is tall, well-built, with regular features—in a word, presentable. He handles himself well. He is, in addition, good company. Men, as well as women, will tell you that. He has wit, which is never a social debit. He has that acquired asset of the cosmopolite: easy adaptability to any company. He has been around London and New York, as well as Hollywood. Beautiful women are no novelty to him. He has seen so many that he can be at ease with any. Which little fact helps them to feel always very much at ease with him.





**By James Reid**

He arrived in Hollywood because a girl appreciated him. Eleanor Powell had just done a show with him in New York and persuaded her bosses to use his talents in "Born to Dance." He made his movie debut as a zany cop leading an imaginary orchestra in a frantic burlesque of Stokowski. That was in 1936. Hollywood girls have been appreciating him ever since.

He lives alone, in modest comfort, in the most cluttered apartment in Beverly Hills. He is looked after by a colored boy named Tommy, who knows to whom to say Reggie is in and to whom to say he isn't, and when. Reggie is never in to anyone except his agent or a studio before 1 P. M. That phrase, "the morning after," is little more than a phrase to Reggie. His chief experience is with the afternoon after. Even in Hollywood, a man can't stay awake half the night unless he can stay abed half the day.

The walls of his small living-room are completely covered with autographed photos of his friends, both male and female. They're a pictorial Who's Who of Hollywood. Scattered about are also paintings of some of them, signed

"R. Gardiner." Over in one corner he has something else to remember them by—a recording phonograph and a large collection of records that will never be heard outside those walls. They're that intimate.

He had just had breakfast the other afternoon and was still in his blue silk dressing-gown, beneath which no pajama trousers were apparent, when an interviewer rang his bell. "I knew it was no friend," he said, by way of greeting. "My friends all crawl in the back way, leaving their cars in the rear alley, where there's no parking limit."

He unloaded a stack of magazines from one corner of the divan and urged his visitor to sit down. He unloaded a stack of phonograph records from an easy chair a few feet away, sat down himself, lighted a cigarette and asked his visitor's pleasure. What were they going to talk about? "You and Hollywood women," said the visitor. Reggie recoiled with an aghast expression. Then he belowed toward the kitchen, "Tommy!" In popped Tommy with a "Yes, sir." Reggie shuddered and said, "Tommy, we need something to drink. (Continued on page 77)



# ANNIE MEETS THE BOYS

CINDERELLA was a sissy. Her life was tame and dull. Oh, sure, there was the fairy Godmother, the pumpkin coach and that Prince of a fellow, Mr. Charming—but really all quite drab and ordinary stuff.

You see, we've met Ann Sheridan.

And what happened to her, so suddenly, so excitingly, makes every fairy tale conjured up by the Brothers Grimm, and every wildly romantic daydream concocted in feminine minds, seem like workaday stuff.

One year, Ann Sheridan, with her oomph still undiscovered and her leg art confined to snapshots in the family album, was just another cute girl out on average dates with different fellows named Joe.

The next year, well, the magic took place and the thing

occurred, the most delicious transformation life has ever offered a mortal girl.

"It's like being born again," she admitted. "One minute a nobody. Social life limited to drugstores, barn dances, sundaes, simple clothes and the neighborhood boys. The next minute a somebody—or so they say. Social life changed to exotic night clubs, fancy evening gowns and dates with the famous actors I used to read about. Who says fact isn't more amazing than fiction?"

Our only comment was that if such a phenomena could take place; if a very average girl with a drawl, freckles and the usual headaches about getting plump, could suddenly become Hollywood's most ravishing and sought-after female, then anything was possible—then Du Barry was a lady, Aunt Minnie's son could become President, and the Cinderella story might be barred from public libraries.

When we found Ann Sheridan, she was sitting at a small square table in a corner of Warner Brothers' publicized Green Room, where the top-crust of that film factory deposit food into their respective anatomies. We gaped at



"Oomph," says Annie — and who is better qualified to define it?—"is what a fat man says when he leans over to tie his shoe-lace in a telephone booth."



## AND HERE ANN SHERIDAN TURNS THE TABLES AND GIVES AN OOMPH GIRL'S-EYE VIEW OF GEORGE BRENT, CESAR ROMERO AND THE WHOLE GLAMOROUS STAGLINE

her copper-colored hair, gulped at her ivory-like cameo profile, listened to her exciting voice—and upon hearing the story she had to tell, immediately lost our cynicism and shed our disbelief.

"Sure, I used to dream just like all the other girls about going out with famous men," Ann Sheridan confessed. "I always wondered what those movie fellows were really like. Today I know. I've met the boys. And so, if you don't mind, instead of talking about Oomph or Texas or how I broke in or what I think of my future, I'm going to tell you how it feels to go out with the glamour boys."

Ann Sheridan straightened her white jacket with a tight tug, ignored a tall glass of iced tea, brushed away a napkin and two pieces of silverware, planted her elbows on the table and verbally let down her hair.

"When George Brent asks to take me out, he comes over to the house at 8:30 in the evening. I'm usually dressed and ready to go. I hate to keep a fellow waiting—though I've been guilty of that. Why, the first time Cesar Romero called on me, I was forced to keep him sitting downstairs for

three-quarters of an hour, while I took off my studio make-up. I don't like to do that because I know it exasperates a fellow.

"Having called for me, George Brent then takes me to dinner. Usually to one of the plain, intimate places like Harry's Steak House. Then we make the rounds, go to several spots to dance and talk. I think George is so charmingly nonchalant. More serious than my usual date. However, he can get off the cleverest gags with an absolutely dead pan.

"I'm not a very expensive date. I don't know how much my escort spends on me, but when we go to a small place like the Zarape, a favorite of mine, and two other couples join us, well, I know the bill is never more than \$15 for the six of us. And that's not bad.

"If I have to get up early for the studio the following morning, I don't stay out late. My looks are part of my meal ticket, and the camera is very frank about how you appear the morning after. So, on work nights, I turn in before midnight. But on week-ends, I'll (Continued on page 85)







# HOLLYWOOD'S

NOPE, NO retirement plans," Clark Gable told me after emerging with Claudette Colbert from a rickety dance hall on the set of "Boom Town."

"You're going back on your given words," I reminded him, after we were comfortably settled in his pine-paneled portable dressing-room at one end of the muddy "Boom Town" street. "Three years ago, you told me that you would retire at the expiration of your contract, which then had three years to go. You were decisive about it and documented your decision with facts and figures, whys and wherefores."

"I know," said Clark. He removed his ten gallon hat, kicked off his rawhide boots, ran a hand over his somewhat unshaven face and grinned.

"You said," I continued, "that by the end of the three years, you expected to have a life income of \$10,000 a year and that if that wasn't enough for any man and his wife to live on, it was too bad about them. You said you would 'go back to the land' and become in practise the farmer that you are at heart."

"You said that you and Carole (you weren't married then, of course, but you were planning to be) would travel and see the world. You said, in short, that you would do all the things you've always wanted to do, among which



Carole and Clark hang their hats in a 9-room house on a 20-acre San Fernando Valley ranch.



By Gladys Hall

CLARK PLANNED A 1940 RETIREMENT—

BUT, THANKS TO MANY SURPRISES, HE'S

CINCHED FOR ANOTHER LONG TERM

# HOLD ON GABLE

being a movie actor was not included. You were very positive about all this and, I thought, very honest. I believed you not because I wanted to, for a Gable-less Hollywood is no Elysian field for anyone to contemplate. I believed you simply because you never had said anything you didn't mean."

"I believed myself," said Clark. His eyes and voice were serious. I was surprised, because Clark is only serious about really important things. Otherwise, he sort of likes to kick the conversation around, get some laughs and give the matter the brush-off.

"It was my full intention at the time," he was saying, "to retire at the expiration of my contract. But I haven't. I not only haven't retired but I have signed a new contract.

"I didn't, however, sign the agreement until a few days before time. A year ago, as a matter of fact, the studio had a contract drawn up for me. It stipulated that, any time I wanted to quit for good, I could—provided that I didn't work for any other company. That was okay by me. I was willing to sign that document. But when it came right down to it, the studio wouldn't sign. They said—and reasonably enough—that they couldn't subscribe to a contract like that, because they have to lay out a schedule for a star a year in advance. What if the gypsy

in me should suddenly get the whip hand? Then where would their advance schedule be?

"They wanted me to sign another straight, seven-year contract. I wouldn't do that. We temporized. 'Well,' I said, 'what kind of a contract can we make? I don't want to work as I have been working, making four and five pictures a year.'

"We finally got together. The contract I signed states that for the first three years I am to make three pictures a year; I am to have two free weeks between pictures and twelve consecutive weeks' vacation each year. For the two years after that, I am to make two pictures a year, have four weeks off between pictures and the twelve consecutive weeks' vacation. Then, for the next and final two years, I have an option which the studio doesn't have: the option stipulates that I can work for M-G-M or I can retire. In other words if, at the end of the next five years, I decide that I don't want to work, I can quit and no one can sue me. If, on the other hand, I do continue to work, I work for M-G-M and no one else.

"That's how it is and everyone is happy. But a lot of argument went over the dam before the foolscap was signed, sealed and put in the vault.

"The studio's first argument (Continued on page 75)



5-gaited "Sonny," Gable's favorite mount, goes coy as his owner chucks him under the chin.



The Gables celebrate "Paw's" 7-year contract and "substantial raise" over his \$4000 a week.





# ON THE SET

A tranquil moment in the brief and stormy romance of Freya and Hans, the tragic young lovers around whom this tale of modern Germany revolves.



Waiting for the cameras to be set up, Jimmy entertains the cast with a selection on the wine-glasses. They don't seem to recognize the tune!

Frank Borzage and Jimmy Stewart see the accomplished veteran, Maria Ouspenskaya, to the car that takes her to the commissary.



## M-G-M PULLS NO PUNCHES IN "THE MORTAL STORM"—A HEARTBREAKING

WE SAW it ourselves. The swastika flag of Nazidom flying over Hollywood! Mobs of Storm Troopers scrunching their heavy boots into the yielding California soil. Hundreds of students shouting the glory of Adolf Hitler. It looked like a world gone mad. It wasn't. It was just M-G-M brewing "The Mortal Storm."

Almost a year in the preparation, "The Mortal Storm" is the picturization of Phyllis Bottome's novel of the same name. With Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart and Robert Young in the leading roles, it relates the incredible story

of a family wrenched from a life of serenity by the barbarism of the Hitler regime. To date, the screen's boldest indictment of a contemporary government, "The Mortal Storm" is expected to earn the scathing damnations of the German press—and the precious coins of moviegoers who, for months, have been anticipating a story as fantastic as the burning of Rome.

Though laid in a present-day setting, the picture was devilish to produce. It actually presented a greater headache to the Research Department than a 13th Century





Old softie Bob Young had a hard time portraying the cold-blooded Storm Trooper. He's opposed to everything the character stands for.

Director Borzage can't believe his eyes as he surveys this new Frank Morgan. The perennial madcap is cast this time as a persecuted scientist.



Five assistant directors worked on the concentration camp scene, and cast and crew were sustained through the long night of work with coffee.

The be-swastika-ed Bob looks on with brotherly interest as Borzage puts the final touches on his cinema sister, Peg Sullavan's, new Dutch-boy bob.



## LOVE STORY WITH HITLER'S NEW GERMANY AS ITS RESTLESS BACKGROUND

drama! Libraries are chock-full of information about the 13th Century but even a single truth about the set-up of the Third Reich is as guarded as one of Uncle Sam's gold bricks. No one said to the researchers, "Come, we want you to see our splendid, up-to-date concentration camps!" or "Sit down and let us tell you all about our gigantic book-burnings!" Der Fuehrer's Ministry of Propaganda doesn't do things that way. For months after they decided to make the picture, M-G-M, fact-hungry and desperate, tore its hair and pathetically culled scraps of information

from newspaper clippings, underground German periodicals and a collection of eighteen censored photographs. These sources, unfortunately, didn't yield sufficient information to supply the background for a Pete Smith short—and the studio wanted an epic.

Luckily, they had Dick Rosson. Rosson, an assistant director on the lot, was sent to Germany last year to photograph some atmospheric scenes for "Florian." One day the authorities decided he and his camera were too snoopy and, appropriating his (Continued on page 88)



# CAREER

*girl*

**THERE'S NOT A SINGLE FAIR-**

**WEATHER FRIEND AMONG JOAN**

**CRAWFORD'S FANS, FOR SHE'S ONE**

**IDOL WHO DOESN'T HAVE CLAY FEET**

**By  
Radie  
Harris**

IN FRONT of a Fifth Avenue confection shop noted for the best ice cream sodas in the world, surged a huge, milling mob.

"What's the matter, has there been an accident?" was the question on everyone's tongue, as they tried to break through the lines.

Suddenly the door opened and a slim feminine figure, glamorously cloaked in a scarlet military cape, emerged. Before she had taken a few steps, she was completely engulfed by the clamouring throng. Finally, two stalwart policemen came to her rescue and literally carried her to her waiting car. Disheveled and breathless, she wilted in the back seat, but as she sped up the avenue, she turned a backward glance at the crowd still lingering on the same sidewalk where "her" feet had touched.

"I know I'm in a zoo, but, oh, how I love it!" sighed Joan Crawford.

It is this attitude that has made Joan Hollywood's gift to the autograph fans. Bette Davis may be the best actress—Ann Sheridan have the most "oomph"—Claudette Colbert be the best dressed—Vivien Leigh, the most beautiful—but when the vote is cast for the popularity sweepstakes, it is Joan Crawford who is the unanimous choice.

Her fan club is the largest and most efficiently organized in the world. When it was started, back in 1931, there were only eight charter members. Sixteen-year-old Marion Domner of New York City was elected president. She still holds that position and it is through her guidance, plus the personal cooperation of Joan, that the club now embraces members from all over the world. The majority of them are between the ages of seventeen and eighteen, and females predominate. The masculine contingent comprises about thirty per cent.

Official headquarters are in New York City, with no subsidiary branches. This is at Joan's own request as she prefers to give her undivided attention to one large group rather than scatter it over several smaller ones. And make no mistake about it, it is "her undivided attention" that she gives to the club named in her honor for, more than any other star in Hollywood, she believes implicitly in the importance of fan mail.

It is no press agent's yarn that she personally attends to the thousands of letters she receives each week. Every club member has her West Los Angeles address, so that none of the mail is lost in the avalanche of studio delivery. With her secretary, she has worked out a highly systematized index file. Not only is the name, address and birthdate of each member catalogued, but also such pertinent items as marriage, babies, anniversaries, when last heard from, what the letter was about and how it was answered. When there is a request for a picture, that too is duly recorded by number so that a duplicate of the same pose is never sent again.

As a consequence of this comprehensive digest, Joan enjoys the same intimate knowledge of her "public" as they do of her. She wires them on their birthdays; plays godmother to their children (there are some 400 "Joan Crawfords" now populating the country); is the "Dorothy Dix" to all their personal problems and the fairy princess of all their dreams.

Joan writes to President Domner every two weeks—friendly, chatty letters with all the news of her various studio and social activities. Miss Domner shares these personal treasures with the club members by printing them in "The Crawford News," a twenty-four page magazine which is published six times a year. Through these pages each fan vicariously lives Joan's life. Her friends—the Norman Fosters, George Murphys, Ray Millands, Cesar Romero, to name a few, are their friends. When she played an unsympathetic role in "The Women," they rooted for her success because they knew she had fought (Continued on page 73)





Joan, inspiration of thousands of chorines—from whose ranks she's risen—visited Earl Carroll's to meet Dorothy Barrett, on her right, who's kept a scrapbook of her for 9 years.





# HE-MEN ON HORSEBACK

**ACTORS AND PRODUCERS VIE FOR POLO  
HONORS. SCORE 2-1, PRODUCERS' FAVOR**

IN THE year 710, a scribe to the court of the Fifth Chinese Emperor of the T'ang Dynasty—by name, Shin Ch'uan-Chi—curled his yellow fingernails around a quilled pen and wrote as follows:—

"Today, in the pear garden, his Imperial Majesty ordered all government officials to take part in a new sport called polo. Certain statesmen, being worn out and aged, were tumbled to the ground and remained there, to the amusement of the Emperor, Empress and Court ladies."

That was the beginning, and 8000 miles and 2000 years away a team of Actors, sponsored by Ginger Rogers, and a team of Producers, sponsored by Joan Bennett, met on the 300-yard field of the Midwick Country Club. Here, instead of chortling royalty for an audience and hapless old men for players, were 5000 paid-up onlookers who came to watch Actors Tim Holt, Charles Farrell, "Big Boy" Williams and Paul Kelly, and Producers Walter Wanger, Frank Borzage, Aiden Roark and Steen Fletcher, come hurtling down the clipped, green turf in futile pursuit of a little, willow root ball.

The game, arranged by Jean Hersholt, president of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, for the benefit of that organization, presented the screwiest and possibly the worst polo ever seen in these parts. Umpired by old-timer Jack Holt, the players blundered along for chukker after chukker, roaring up and down the field to no avail and unintentionally crossing up members of their own team.

In the fifth period of play, when the score was still tied at 0-0, Boris Karloff jumped to his feet. Rushing to the announcer's stand, he grabbed the loud speaker by its throat and into it shouted the words that were in everyone's mind. "The reason neither team has scored," bawled he, "is that the Producers can't, and the Actors *don't dare!*"

That did it. Picture people have pride and, as the last echo of Karloff's jibe floated over the bonnets of the snickering spectators, Producer Wanger galloped forth. Walloping his mallet against the side of the ball, he sent it sailing between the goal posts to score the first point of the day! The crowd applauded, Miss Bennett beamed, and Mr. Wanger pinched himself to see if it was true!

Eureka, it was! The ice was broken! The Actors scored the next point, the Producers topped that—and the fair ladies cheered! There was more fumbling, no more scoring, and the game ended with the Producers triumphant!



Loretta Young, who helped arrange the game, follows the little white ball with Director Frank Capra (left) and Writer Bob Riskin.



Reggie Gardiner, with a wicked glint in his eye, looks as if a dime were a pretty stiff price to pay for Frances Robinson's hot dog.



Six cheers for the Actors! Front row: Walter Connolly, Jean Hersholt, Ralph Morgan. Back row: Otto Kruger, Boris Karloff, Ray Walburn.





Doug Fairbanks making his first public appearance as a daddy, snags some shots to show Mom and Daphne.

Looks as if Mary Astor, who doesn't understand the game at all, has asked hubby just one question too many.

Paul Kelly revives "Big Boy" Williams who played so hard he knocked himself out. GR stands for Ginger Rogers.



Forrest Tucker's lady for a day was Ann Rutherford. He flew East the next morning to join Helen Parrish.

Jackie Cooper escorted a non-professional friend, Ursula McGowan. He doesn't miss a single sports event.

Jean Hersholt presents the trophy to sponsor Joan Bennett, while Producers Wanger, Borzage and Roark look on.



A house divided: Arthur Hornblow rooted like mad for the Producers, while Myrna championed the Actors.

Roz Russell was on hand with John McLain, socialite, who kept playing rich man-poor man with her buttons.

Rubber-faced Mischa Auer returns to wifey after spending most of the afternoon at the mike making cracks.



# WATCH OUT FOR FIREWORKS !

THAT RED HAIR SHOULD GIVE YOU FAIR WARNING! MAUREEN O'HARA'S 113 POUNDS OF TNT, SO DON'T MENTION BROGUES OR DIETS TO HER, UNLESS YOU'RE DYNAMITE-PROOF

By Kirtley Baskette

IT'S A little early for war babies—but Hollywood already has one. Her name is Maureen O'Hara, who has hair as red as a cannon flash, spirit like a battle flag and a mind as direct as a rifle bullet.

The wake of the first World War ushered Maureen into this vale of tears in Dublin, Ireland, and the second war made her a star in Hollywood, California, where the impact of her powdery personality has burst with the detonation of a bomb. Little fragments of the O'Hara bombshell are still whizzing around the place, I might add—little independent, fiery fragments. And if you would get in the way of any such devastating missiles, all you have to do is call Maureen Charles Laughton's "protege," mention a Hollywood reducing diet, talk in a theatrical Irish brogue or tell her she's pretty.

In any of the above cases, "Little Mary," which is what "Maureen" means, will bend her amber eyes on you and you will think you are being poked by twin bayonets. Her five foot, seven and a half inch frame will rise and rattle menacingly, and you will have to retire to your own personal Maginot Line.

That's no way, I know, to introduce a new foreign glamour girl whom RKO has starred in her second picture and hopes now to build into box-office bait. But, as Maureen set me straight once, "I'm no glamour girl; I'm a backyard girl!" I'm afraid it's the sad truth. In fact, if RKO had done a little undercover investigating into Maureen's past, they would have discovered just what a spunky package they had on their hands.

They'd have found, for instance, that Maureen never wanted to be a girl in the first place, and kept snipping off her long coppery hair all through childhood hoping it would work the sex-transformation magic. That her confessed earliest ambition was "to rob an orchard." That when she was only three years old she sassed a squad of tough British soldiers hunting down Sinn Feins in Dublin, and got her family's house thoroughly ransacked for her cockiness. That all through adolescence she banged and bruised herself around with the neighboring bucks in the Irish games of sporting mayhem called "camogie" and "hurley." That she can still rattle off the goal percentages of her favorite big league soccer team in Erin, the Shamrock Rovers.

All of that tomboy stuff is no sign, of course, that Little Mary has short-changed herself in feminine charm. Anyone who has seen O'Hara in "Jamaica Inn," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" or "Bill of Divorcement" knows she packs a punch in pulchritude that's a heavenly haymaker. I will swear willingly, further, that in person, Maureen has even more than the camera reveals, including a flawless peach blossom skin, tumbling titian tresses and a figure that even a Hollywood diet hasn't completely wrecked. Although, as Maureen complained, "If they want me any thinner, there's nothing left to do but get a saw and go to work on my bones!"

The diet is just one way, incidentally, in which Hollywood has complicated life for Little Mary O'Hara. She likes food, "any kind of food," she sighed wistfully. On the boat coming over she tripped up the gangplank wearing a size twelve dress; when she ambled down she took a fourteen. RKO executives took one look, a couple of

screen tests, gasped, frowned and laid down the law. As a result Maureen has lost thirteen pounds and some of her good disposition. Maybe that's why she is quick these days with snappy comebacks on pet peeve subjects.

One of those is the mushy Irish aura which theatrical Hollywood insists on casting around her red head. The old "Sure, and Begorra," "Irish Eyes Are Smiling" stuff gives her an acute case of the pip. Call her a "colleen" and you're taking your life in your hands. I know. I mentioned innocently enough that it was odd she didn't speak with a brogue.

"What do you expect me to do," retorted O'Hara, "go around with a potato in my hand?"

The O'Hara potatoless bones were draped with shaggy Irish tweeds the day I saw her, in the small cottage up the hill from the Trocadero, where Maureen is camping with her young and beautiful "Mommy." It wasn't a particularly auspicious occasion. Maureen had just come in from a walk, swinging her square-set, athletic body, with a scrappy little Irish terrier, one "Sionn McCuail" frisking about her low heels. Maureen's yellow eyes were flashing.

IT SEEMS she'd been hiking through the Hollywood hills on an afternoon constitutional when a car-load of cops rolled up and stopped her. Who was she, they wanted to know. And why was she walking alone? She'd hardly got through explaining when another police car came up. They gave her the third degree too. And a little farther on a third radio patrol honked her to a halt. This time Maureen let loose on them, inferring she had thought this was a free country.

"This is a favorite lovers' parking spot, lady," explained the cops. "And there are lots of mashers. We're only trying to protect you."

"Protect me!" exploded Maureen. "And after I studied jiu-jitsu for two years!"

This non-protective, self-reliant complex is the major reason why Maureen O'Hara will bristle when you call her Charles Laughton's protege. Laughton has, unquestionably, helped in handing her some breaks, in England and in Hollywood too. All the connection amounts to, though, is that he thinks O'Hara has talent. He's no Svengali to her Trilby, as the world believes. And the word "protege" infers Maureen is under his wing. Being under anyone's wing, to an O'Hara, is a fate worse than death. Maureen's life has been one twenty-year-long declaration of independence. I certainly wouldn't advise that attitude for everyone—but in Maureen's case I've a hunch it had a lot to do with getting her where she is today.

It started literally when she was born. The doctors prophesied Maureen would arrive on April eighteenth, back in 1920. At ten minutes to midnight, April seventeenth, Maureen made her grand entrance. Her Irish nurse glanced at the clock and sighed, "I guess she just couldn't wait and be obliging about it!"

Since then, Little Mary has gazed at life with a level, independent eye. She has faced her breaks with steady blood pressure. She has had temper instead of temperament. And she has done very well, thank you.

Of course, the luck of the Irish is traditional. But the





The "Little People" must have worked overtime to transform the bruised and battered tomboy that was Maureen Fitzsimons into this pulchritudinous package, who'll next be seen in "Have It Your Own Way."

luck of the O'Haras (who aren't O'Haras at all, but Fitzsimonses) is due in large part to a beautiful and extremely capable *mater familias* already known all over Hollywood as "Mommy." Maureen not only gets her fair face from Mommy but, I also suspect, a good part of her drive, her talent, her ambition—much of what the world acclaims today, in fact—except her rusty topknot. That Maureen and Mommy both attribute to unknown Irish gods.

The fact, however, that there are four other acting Fitzsimonses of Mommy's brood, all currently making names for themselves in Dublin, is proof enough for me that Mommy, who was an opera singer, and actress herself, is a solid part of Maureen's success secret.

Maureen was just a tiny tot of four when she lisped, "I want to be an actress." It didn't surprise Mommy Fitz-

simons one bit because, for one thing, everybody in Ireland wants to act. It's a sort of national weakness. For another thing, Mommy, as I said, had done her bit on the boards before marrying Charles Fitzsimons, a Dublin representative for a London hat firm. She was known as "Rita" then, instead of "Mommy," and when she settled down to having six children, she had to have something to keep her busy, so she started designing hats and gowns and training mannequins. By the time Maureen, her second child, came along, Rita was a sort of Hattie Carnegie of Dublin. To this day she designs and makes all of Maureen's creations for important occasions, like premieres and such.

It was a cinch for Mommy, who knew all about how a girl should back in and out of (Continued on page 62)



# INFORMATION

## *please,* MR. MILLAND!

Ray's been happily married for nine of the ten years he's lived in America. A Welshman by birth and an ex-member of the King's Guard, he's now a U. S. citizen.



DANIEL DAVID, Ray Milland's son, upset a few plans by storming into life two months ahead of time. Ray had just finished "French Without Tears" and Mal, his wife, urged him to take a vacation. "In a little while I'll be very hard to get along with," she insisted, "and you'll need all your strength to cope with my whims. You'd better take one now."

He left without misgivings. Had he known that his child was to inherit his own impetuosity, he wouldn't have stirred five steps from his wife's side. He bore all the earmarks of that infernal but pleasant nuisance—the hovering husband.

He reached Sun Valley in the morning and skied all day. At nine that evening he was summoned to the phone by his wife's doctor.

"What on earth has happened?"

"Nothing to worry about. Your wife's here at the hospital, and the baby's due soon. Everything's all right. But you'd better get home."

"Yes, but what's—"

"I can't explain now. I've got to get back to her. Just take my word that there's nothing to worry about."

He ordered a car and raced up to his room to throw his belongings together. His nerves were rigid, and his mind a whirling

confusion, through which one thought hammered like a devil's gong. There must have been an accident. Yesterday she was all right. What had happened? Why wouldn't the doctor tell him? Nothing to worry about. That's what they all said. Didn't mean a thing. Must have been an accident. How could he find out? Images flashed through his mind that he closed his eyes against. Accident, accident, accident. How could he find out? Mal's mother. He'd call her. No, she was probably at the hospital. He'd call the house, anyway. Somebody'd be there, somebody'd tell him.

His mother-in-law's calm voice answered the phone. "How's Mal? What happened?"

"Mal? Why, she's all right. She's having dinner with Joan Crawford this evening."

Milland groaned. "No, she's not. She's at the hospital. The doctor just phoned me. Get down there quick. I'm leaving right now."

As he told it later, with a kind of savage tenderness, "she'll go to such idiotic lengths to save people pain. She was in the car, going home from the beauty shop, when she realized something was wrong. She phoned the doctor, who ordered her straight to the hospital, so she had the chauffeur drive her down. She didn't let her mother or sister know. If she'd had her way, nobody would have known till the whole thing was over."

Meantime, Milland was speeding toward





In "Untamed" with Pat Morison, Ray plays a doctor, one of the few professions in which this former soldier, sailor, rancher and pistol expert hasn't dabbled.

Boise. Too jittery to drive himself, he managed to communicate his mood to the chauffeur, with the result that they made two hundred miles through a blinding snowstorm in three hours, and unscathed. He caught the air express to Salt Lake. There, with a half hour to wait for the mail plane, he sprinted for the nearest telephone.

He got the hospital. He got the delivery room. He got the nurse. The pulse in his throat threatened to strangle him.

"How's Mrs. Milland?"

"She's fine. She's doing swell."

The blood began draining back into his veins.

"What—what have I got?"

She laughed. "You haven't got anything yet. Wait." There was a new note in her voice. "Wait just a minute, Mr. Milland." He heard the sound of the instrument as she laid it down. He waited three minutes by his watch, but his watch lied. He waited an eternity. Then he heard another sound—thin, high and dumbfounding. "That was your son's first cry," said the nurse.

"Th-thanks," murmured the flabbergasted father and walked out in a daze. His son's first cry and he'd heard it in Salt Lake City. It was his son who'd made that funny noise. His son—great Scott, he had a son!

That fact was confirmed by his butler who opened the door to him at 7 A. M., by which time he was lightheaded and ready for a little solid confirmation. "Suh," said the butler, "I'd give a million dollars to be in (Continued on page 80)

**BABY MILLAND HAS SOME  
BIG SHOES TO FILL, IF HE  
HOPES TO MEASURE UP  
TO THAT DAD OF HIS**

**By Ida Zeitlin**



# BATHE FOR BEAUTY

—AND FOLLOW THIS DAILY DESIGN FOR DAINTINESS IF YOU'D BE A SUMMER SUCCESS

A FAMOUS European beauty specialist recently said that there are only two kinds of women in this world—well groomed women and neglected ones. This man, being wise as well as witty, added succinctly that a woman's psychological attitudes are so important to her beauty that by changing her point of view she can actually change the texture of her skin—to say nothing of the health of her nervous system, the state of her digestion and similarly mysterious inside workings.

We agree with the learned medico, for we've seen lots of evidence to bear him out. We agree, too, that a well groomed body is a total loss if the mind which governs it is not well groomed, clear visioned and intelligently perceptive. Charity toward others, optimism and a zest for living are about as important as any qualities we know of when it comes to the business of mental grooming.

But let's take our minds for granted momentarily and concentrate on a design for summer daintiness.

There's a "be-kind-to-animals" week, cotton week, woolen week, safety week, flower week, apple week, old-home week, and even cranberry week; it seems high time somebody did something about a summer-beauty week! Goodness knows we all could use one along about now! Not that every week shouldn't be beauty week—it should. In fact, that's exactly why we have made a one week's summer beauty schedule that will be simple, flexible and workable enough that practically any girl anywhere can take it and adapt it to her own individual needs. Then, once she's tried it, she'll be able to stick to it summer in and summer out—or, for that matter, all year 'round.

The very best plan, we believe, is to distribute your grooming routine equally over six days of the week, leaving Sunday in which to either relax completely or to catch up loose ends unavoidably left over. We said *unavoidably*—no common garden variety of excuses will do. You've got to make up your mind in the beginning that you are going to stick to your beauty schedule come rain or shine, famine,

strikes, high water or summer visitors. Otherwise you might just as well save your eyes and skip these pages. Resolution must be a part of your equipment, if you really want any benefits from what we're about to set forth.

Let's start with Monday. Monday is an excellent day to, first, check up on your daily diet and, second, to get down to business regarding that little matter of regular exercising. Oh yes, whether you're thin or fat or beautifully streamlined, your daily diet is exceedingly important to your beauty. Conscientiously, now, if you're too thin, are you eating enough proteins—meats, fish, eggs, cheese, milk, and perhaps nuts, dried beans, peas and lentils? If you are too fat, are you counting your calories? Twelve hundred a day should be your total. Have you cut down enough on sugars, starches, rich sauces, gravies, pastries and heavy desserts and substituted raw vegetables, citrus and other fruits, skimmed milk and lean meats? Three hundred calories at breakfast, four hundred at luncheon and five hundred at dinner would be a sensible distribution—and no cheating between meals!

IF YOU ARE just right in both weight and proportions, are you maintaining a diet that will keep you that way? Don't take unfair advantage of your present good fortune. The old ounce of prevention is better than any cure. And whatever your figure status, are you drinking at least six glasses of water every day, one of these the first thing upon rising each morning? It may be prosaic, but food and drink are what little girls are made of—big ones, too—and there's no use closing your eyes and applying beauty compresses if you're neglecting the fundamentals upon which beauty is built.

Are you absorbing enough sunshine to keep your body the smooth-running machine that it should and can be? There would soon be no beautiful or healthy people in the world if it weren't for our sensible use of the free sunshine. Are you getting enough sleep to keep your skin clear, your nerves relaxed and (Continued on page 70)

Rich creams are summer necessities to counteract both wind and sunburn.

A cream depilatory keeps arms and legs always looking their best.

After her bath, Jean Parker dusts on powder that has a dainty fragrance.





The lovely Jean Parker knows that, after a hard day at the studio, nothing is quite so relaxing as a warm, luxurious bath with plenty of soap and aromatic bath salts.

BY CAROL  
CARTER

Here is Jean—cool, crisp and dainty—ready for an evening's frolic.





NINE GOOD REASONS WHY THIS LITTLE LADY BELONGS IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Gracie

FOR PRESIDENT!

By Gracie Allen

WHEN THE Surprise Party surprised me by nominating me for President I was so stunned I couldn't talk. George took one look at me and ran to the telephone and I said, "Are you going to call the doctor?" and he said, "No, believe it or not, I am going to call Ripley."

At first I thought the campaign would be easy and nothing but fun and play, but there is a lot of work to be done in connection with a campaign. First, there was my platform that had to be put together and then fell apart before we could get a picture of it.

And then people started asking questions like, "What are you going to do when you get to the White House?" and "How are you going to run the cabinet and the Senate and things?" All of this requires a great deal of thought, which I have been doing so much that George has the earache.

Just to give you an idea, the cameraman followed me on a typical busy day at the house in Beverly Hills, which I am using until the White House is vacated and I can make arrangements with a furniture moving company.



**FISHING:** It's my favorite sport, especially during the campaign, but I usually fish in the backyard because the ocean is so far from the shore. And you don't have to dig bait, either.



**PRESS CONFERENCE:** Lots of big office-holders get into trouble saying the wrong thing at press conferences. I don't believe in talking while pressing 'cause you get excited and burn things.



**CABINET MEETING:** My cabinet will be a typical woman's cabinet, because if you let a man in your cabinet, he's always spilling the sugar or misplacing the nutmeg, filibustering at midnight.





**FARM PROBLEM:** That seems to bother all of the candidates but me. I will just cross onions with gardenias and people will not offend each other while talking about other problems.



**FIRESIDE CHATS:** Yes, I believe I'll keep on giving those chummy fireside chats. It's sort of hot for a fire in Washington during the summer, but an electric fan will help cool the fireplace.



**STATE DINNERS:** I will give state dinners, but I will not invite anyone because if I left someone out he would feel hurt. This way, the dinners won't last long and I can listen to me on the radio.



**NEWSPAPER COLUMN:** Maybe I'll let George conduct my column, "Your Daily Dope." Some of the things he writes don't make sense to me, but my typewriter spells awful when I work it.



**OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE:** Sometimes I am so busy I have to dictate in the car. It seems kind of silly to dictate into a hose but by doing this I don't have to apologize for things I say.



**ECONOMY PROGRAM:** The Secretary of Labor has a lot of spare time on Saturdays and Sundays and he might as well be serving his country. After all, I can't take care of *everything*!



# THE JOKE'S ON HOPE

WHERE THERE'S HOPE THERE'S INEVITABLY LIFE, AND, EVEN IN THESE GLUM TIMES, EVERY DAY IS PARTY DAY WITH THIS SELF-MADE FUNNYMAN AROUND

BOB HOPE certainly wasn't born a funnyman. And, unlike most great humorists, he wasn't dropped on his dandruff as a child, didn't win prizes for bright sayings as a brat, and never in his youth was the life of the party. Moreover, he was born in London, of a people that have never seen the joke.

Yet, he must have been destined for great comedy, for fame, and for becoming an antidote to man's ills. Because, centuries earlier, another Englishman, that old grouch, Dr. Samuel Johnson, remarked:

"Hope is the chief blessing of man."

And he is.

Today, in a glum world filled with pangs of war and depression, Bob Hope is the medicine man who is selling that greatest of quick-action pills—laughter. Today, easy and natural, he walks into a room, up to a microphone, onto the screen, and homo sapiens guffaw. He opens his mouth and stolid, respectable citizens fling themselves into the aisles, convulsed with high hilarity.

Who is this fellow, this dressy hangover of the medieval court jesters? Who is he? And why is he? And what about him?

Well, you can't be very dignified when you interview Bob Hope. It's like sitting, asking questions, and for answers having someone brush your feet with a feather. You just keep giggling helplessly. That's because, every time Bob Hope breathes, he exhales, not oxygen, but gags. His weekly radio show and his recent Paramount pictures, during the productions of which he ad libbed without mercy, all prove that Bob Hope knows his humor. Perhaps he wasn't originally cut out to be a funnyman. Perhaps he doesn't know how he ever became one. But this is certain—Hope knows Humor as Einstein knows Relativity.

"The secret of being funny or not being funny, the trick of telling a good joke, depends entirely on timing," says Hope. "Of course, to begin with, you've got to have a joke that is shorn of whiskers. I'll tell you, the big trouble with the average life-of-the-party, the amateur wisecracker, is

that he usually forgets certain important details of his joke, or sin of sins, hasn't the ending clear in his mind. But mostly, he doesn't know timing. And his joke falls flat.

"I've been in this game long enough to realize there's no such thing as a new quip. There are certain basic gags like—'Who was that lady I saw you with last night?' and the answer, 'That was no lady, that was my wife,' from which a thousand jokes spring. It just takes a twist. To give you a classic idea—'Who was that lady I saw you with last night?' and the answer, 'That was no lady, that was your wife!'

"The object is to make a quip sound fresh by giving it a new turn, or tying it up with modern slang or situations in the news.

"For example, take the recent gag about the King of England putting on a diving suit to review his fleet. Now that was nothing but an old saw made new by the headlines.

"The main thing to watch out for, on radio or in the parlor, is going stale."

Bob Hope grimaced at the very thought of going stale.

"What happens is this: My script writers and I will line up a series of gags in which I'm constantly insulted. Luckily, it goes over big. The audience is hysterical. The reception puts us in a rut. Since it got such easy laughs this week, we try the same thing in different verbal clothing next week and the week after, until it sounds like a needle stuck on a victrola record, and our employers howl, and we think moodily of applying for the WPA where humor is appreciated."

Incidentally, Hope didn't think you could feed the public corny and obvious humor. He was positive radio, in every hamlet and village, had matured listeners and made them aware of good and bad jokes.

In his study of rib-ticklers, Hope had collected a good variety of novelty giggle-provokers. (Cont'd on page 88)




His love scenes with Paulette Goddard are too unsophisticated for him.



Bob's lovely ex-model wife, Dolores Read, is his severe but adoring critic.





**By Irving  
Wallace**





**A GODDARD IN WOLF-GIRL'S  
CLOTHING HAS SUDDENLY  
SET AN UNSUSPECTING  
HOLLYWOOD ON ITS EAR**

"Despite appearances to the contrary," says Paulette, "my career is my whole life; not a trinket to wear on my wrist."



# Paulette's OUTSMARTING HER RIVALS

By George Benjamin

WHEN Gary Cooper signed to do "North West Mounted Police," Producer-Director Cecil B. De Mille told him, "There are three equally good male roles in the picture. You can have your choice." So Gary took the script home, read it, mulled things over for a couple of days and came back with his answer. He guessed he would play the ranger from Texas, but he didn't want anybody to tell him it was the best role in the picture. Gary drawled dryly, "I'd like to be able to play the wolf girl, Louvette."

De Mille, himself, thought enough of the role to consider Vivien Leigh for it. Louvette was a half-breed Scarlett O'Hara, and he wanted an actress who could be dangerously feminine—dynamite in skirts; and she had to talk with a French-Indian accent. He didn't think of Paulette Goddard as a possibility.

But Paulette is the girl who is playing the role.

And how did she get it? She used her head. She outsmarted everyone else.

The picture was all set to go into production. Every role had been cast except Louvette. De Mille still hadn't made up his mind about the girl to play the part. But he had decided which actresses to

test, and he was testing them at the rate of two a day—one in the morning, another in the afternoon.

This particular noon, as usual, he stopped in his office on the way from the test-stage to the commissary. Only this noon, Bill Pine, his production assistant, seemed to be finding a confounded lot of things to ask him, keeping him from lunch.

Impatiently, he was answering Bill's questions when his secretary appeared in the doorway. "There's a young lady outside to see you," she said.

"Who is it?" barked C. B., studying a paper Bill had just handed him.

"She wouldn't give any name. She said she wanted to surprise you."

"Tell her I can't be surprised now. I'm going to lunch."

He looked up to glare toward the doorway to make the point emphatic—and gaped, instead.

Peering around the edge of the open door was a brown-skinned vixen with unruly hair, an Indian feather dangling from the right side of her head. And, unless his eyes were tricking him, she was wearing the same dress he had seen, only fifteen minutes before, on the girl (*Continued on page 83*)



Paulette's made a gad-about of recluse, Charlie Chaplin — Hollywood's richest man—and his sons (this is Charlie, Jr.) adore her.

When six artists agree on the most beautiful girl in the world, their decision — especially when it's Paulette—is worth noting.





JULES BUCK, OUR SNAP-  
HAPPY SHUTTER-BUG,  
SITS IN ON THE HOLLY-  
WOOD NIGHT SHIFT



Fay Bainter forsakes her hubby for a turn about the floor with Greg Bautzer, who is doing no brooding over his lost love, Lana Turner.



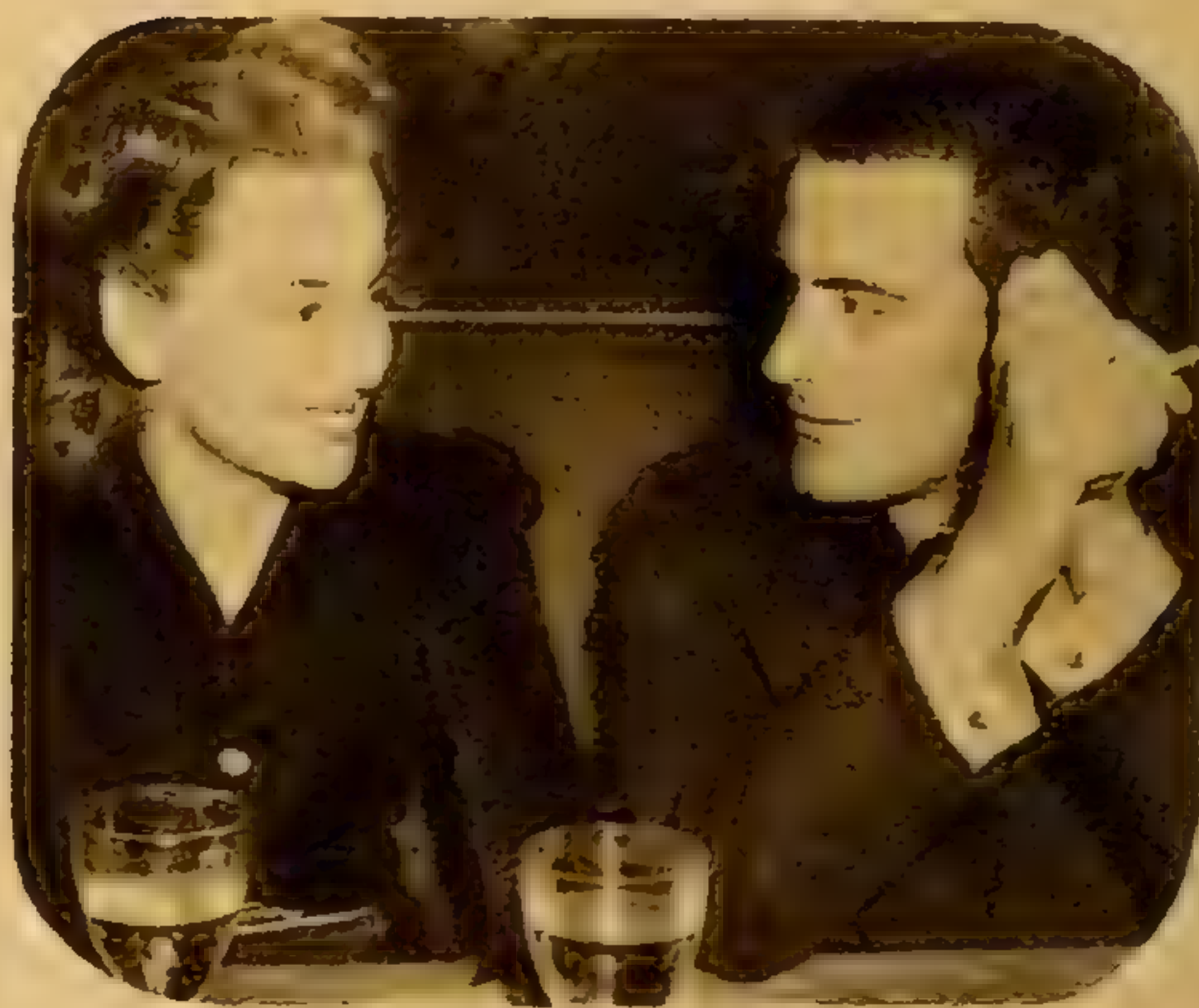
Those perennial lovebirds, the Stu Erwins, have been married 8 years! We caught them one night when they'd "snuk" out on their 2 kiddies.



Here are the Doug Fairbankses on practically their last appearance at Ciro's before Daphne was born. Doug's thrilled that it's a girl.



We've heard that aviators are a sleepy lot by night. Not so Wayne Morris, who still takes Bubbles partying in spite of his flying lessons.



Livvie de Havilland consoles herself with Valleajo Gantner, the bathing suit scion, while her heart, Jimmy Stewart, works on "The Mortal Storm."



George Murphy holds Rog Pryor, Mrs. Murphy and Ann Sothern spell-bound with one of his tall tales a few days before he left for New York.



Marie Wilson is back to the Grinde (Nick) and loving it. She looks very cute after a hard day of testing for the coveted part of "Tillie the Toiler."



It's the end of a perfect evening for George Raft and Norma Shearer as they leave Victor Hugo's in Norma's car—a big 16-cylinder limousine.



Her tip-tilted bonnet shields Diana Lewis from the disillusioning knowledge that Bill Powell's catching forty winks in the midst of a swell story.



Herbert Marshall, looking tan and terrific, cigarettes his bride, Lee Russell. Herb, Edna Best's ex, is working in "Foreign Correspondent."



Mischa Auer works all day and plays all night. He and his big-as-a-minute wife haven't missed a night at Ciro's since it opened.





Al Hall has that if-you-weren't-a-lady look, as Lucille Ball goes to work on his shrimp cocktail. She must be pretty darn sure of her ground!



Humph Bogart looks heckled while wifey, Mayo Methot, beams. She's just brow-beaten him into angel-ing her brand new infants' wear shop.



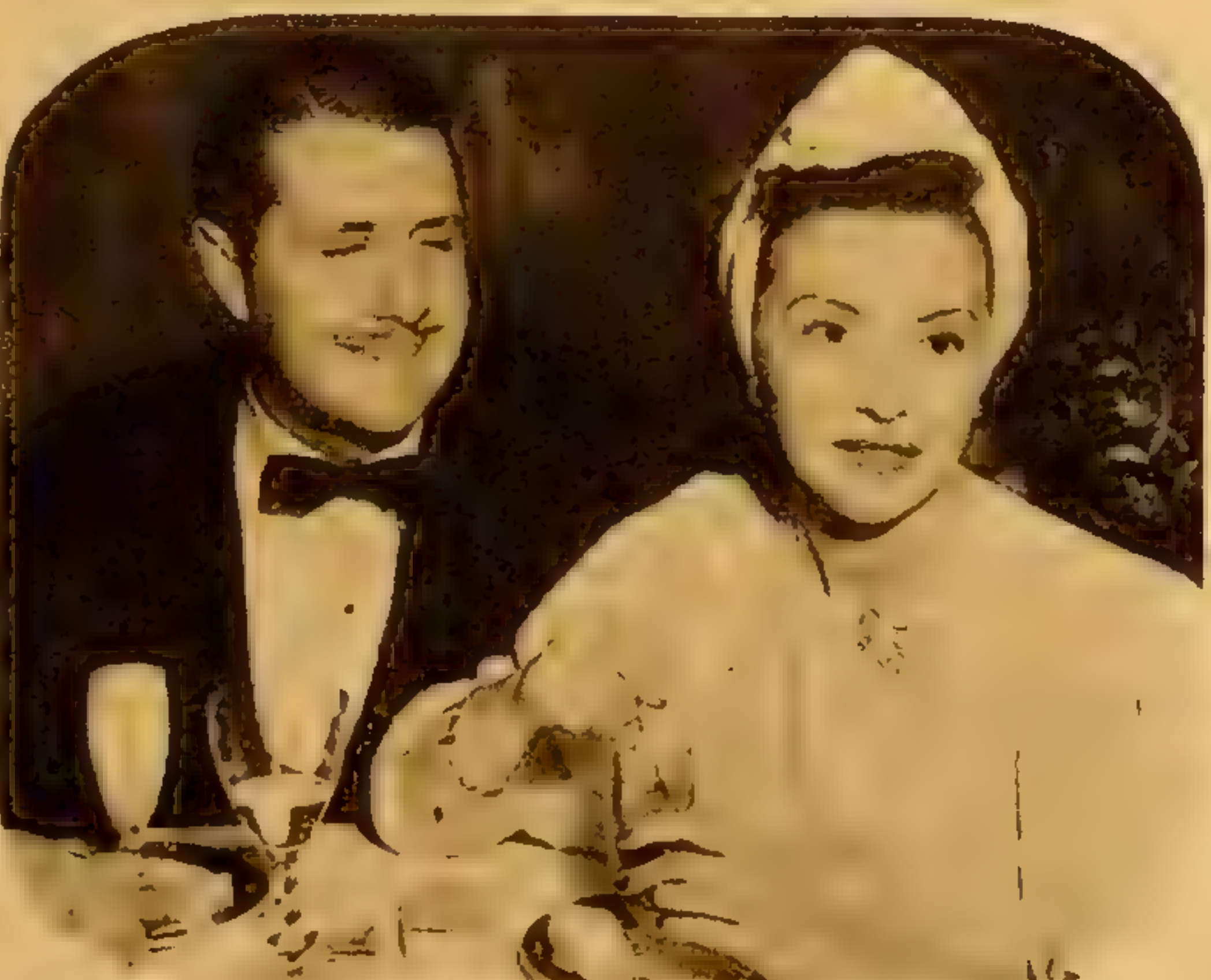
Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier were wined and dined before the opening of "Romeo and Juliet" and were jittery as a pair of amateurs.



Agent Nat Wolf signals his bride, Edna Best, that he'll be right back (that old gag) as he borrows lovely Joan Bennett for a quick rhumba.



Bobby Stack is playing the field these days. Here he's cutting off a yard or two of the old line for Laurie Lane, lovely ex-Mardi Gras queen.



It looks like love for Irv Cummings and Nancy Kelly seen here on their near-elopement night, but 'tis said her heart belongs to Ed O'Brien.



The Allan Joneses were stunned to learn their extra-special car has an identical twin. They drove it away from Ciro's one night, by mistake.



Dick and Joan Powell sing the praises of marital bliss all day on the "I Want A Divorce" set, and look as though they really meant it, too.



Mary Martin and playboy beau Bob Oliver wind up even their elegant evenings with a fudge sundae. Mary gets a yen for one mid-nightly.



Fred Perry, the tennis star, looking anything but sad over wife Helen Vinson's divorce action, makes merry with Rosalind Russell at Ciro's.



Eleanor Powell and Merrill Pye, M-G-M art director, will middle-aisle it this summer. It will be his second marriage and Eleanor's first.





# GOOD NEWS

By Lois Svensrud

## LOOK TO YOUR LAURELS, CLARK!

On the set of "Boom Town" Mickey Rooney dropped by for a visit with his idol, Clark Gable. Gable was doing a scene with Hedy Lamarr, in which the weeping actress threw herself down on a couch. Gable was supposed to come up to Hedy, pat her on the shoulder and tell her how much he loved her. The scene was just getting under way when Mickey arrived on the set, and Gable motioned to him to take his place. Imagine Hedy's surprise when she heard Mickey's voice, quavering from sheer nerves, saying "I love you." She turned quickly and burst into laughter, while Mickey blushed to the roots of his blonde hair. "That's all right, Mickey," said Hedy. "You sound a lot more convincing than Clark."

## LADY BOUNTIFUL

Looks like wedding bells for Nick Grinde and Marie Wilson, who've been consulting architects ever since Marie's return to Hollywood. According to Nick, he's a little hesitant about giving Marie a house, for fear he might return from work some evening and find that she had given it away. Marie has the habit of bestowing her possessions—whether cocker spaniel puppies or star sapphire rings—on anyone who happens to admire them. But Grinde's decided that a good hefty mortgage on the place might nail down his home sweet home!

## LUCK OF THE IRISH!

Nancy Kelly's almost-elopement didn't cause much excitement around town, for those in the know claim that her real heart interest is, and always will be, Edmond O'Brien. Looks as if they're right, for she no longer sees her would-be fiancé, Irving Cummings, Jr., and the long-distance calls with Edmond,

who's on tour with Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, are something for the telephone company to rejoice over.

## BARN WITH A VIEW

Bette Davis is planning a short visit to Honolulu on completion of "All This, and Heaven Too." But the dreamy look in her eyes is not due to contemplation of Waikiki Beach but of Sugar Hill, the place she's recently purchased in New Hampshire. As soon as the elderly barn on the place is rejuvenated, Bette will hie herself east for a real vacation. She's chosen the barn in preference to the house, because its view is beautiful enough to compensate for its other drawbacks. "Then I'm just going to sit and look for a few months," claims Bette.

## HOPSCOTCH

Claudette Colbert received a royal welcome when she reported for work at Metro. The red carpet was unrolled at the door, and Norma Shearer gave over her dressing-room for the visiting star's use. Miss Colbert was duly appreciative of Norma's thoughtfulness, but admitted that she was pretty uncomfortable for the first few days. It seems that she felt she should remove her shoes at the door before stepping on the white carpets. Finally Claudette solved this difficulty by bringing some scatter-rugs from home and playing Eliza-on-the-ice-cakes whenever she walked around the apartment.

## GINGER'S AFFAIRS

Looks like the real thing between Ginger Rogers and Howard Hughes, for the star wears a magnificent square-cut diamond whenever she appears with him in night-spots. Furthermore, her divorce from Lew Ayres was all Ginger's idea; according to

his intimates, Lew was trying to effect a reconciliation right up to the last minute.

## DARK VICTORY

It would seem that Ginger's permanently discarding her blonde locks along with her dancing shoes. In her next picture, "Lucky Partners," she'll have raven tresses. In fact she has announced that, from now on, she'll shun the peroxide bottle both on and off the screen. The only actress in town who's taking up the blonde cause is Frances Langford. After two years without making a picture, Frances decided that something drastic should be done to alter her looks. She emerged from the beauty parlor the next day with a reddish gold coiffure and one hundred per cent more confidence. A week later, just to prove that blondes aren't through, Frances landed a picture contract at RKO.

## RECONCILIATION?

Friends of Martha Raye and Dave Rose are busy these days trying to effect a reconciliation between the two. Martha admits that there's no one else she's interested in, and Dave has convinced everyone but Martha that he's still in love. Just another case of two careers in a family being one too many. But bets are going strong that before the divorce becomes final, Martha will decide to become just plain Mrs. Dave Rose and forget that "Moutha" Raye ever existed.

## NO MORE ACTORS

No hopes are held out, however, for the Tony Martins settling for domesticity. Though Alice Faye and Tony had several meetings on his recent trip to the Coast, the only thing they settled was a property arrangement. Neither is looking forward to another marriage, though Alice says that, should love



STARS — IMPOSSIBLE FEAT? NOT FOR OUR

SNOOPING, SCOOPING HOLLYWOOD REPORTER!



come into her life again, she hopes it won't be accompanied by an actor.

**TURNABOUT**

After years of being a golf-widow, Dixie Lee Crosby suddenly turned the tables on Bing. She took to the fairways with a vengeance and has shown such remarkable progress in the game that she's now tournamenting all around the country-side. While Dixie's having the time of her life at Palm Spring and Del Monte, Bing is mamma, papa or crooner to the four young Crosbys.

**FANS' DELIGHT**

Maureen O'Hara is the fans' delight. A crowd of autograph-seekers is too large for her to accommodate with her signature card after scribbling away for a half-hour or she will look up and say disappointedly, "more autographs wanted?" The reason she feels this way, says Maureen, is the same time when she attended previews in Hollywood, she was never asked for an autograph. "I'd go up to the theatre signing graciously," Maureen laughs, "and hoping against hope that someone—anyone—would think I looked like an actress and want my autograph. If I live to be ninety I'll never get over the thrill of finally having an autograph book held out to me!"

**JANE DWELLS IN MARBLE HALLS**

How would you like to have a pink marble apartment presented to you on your birthday? And a soda fountain? Jane Withers was the recipient of just these things when she recently checked off her fourteenth birthday. The apartment is built on the second floor of her parents' home and the soda fountain holds the place of honor in the rumpus-room. When George Ernest, Jane's

romantic interest No. 1, called to inspect the place, his eyes popped at all the splendor. "Oh, it's really something," said his hostess, trying to keep a bit more

ad-

glamour, in her opinion, is nothing more nor less than pep. There's an easy-to-take recipe, girls!

**LOVE BAROMETER**

The George Brent-Ann Sheridan romance is back on the shelf and really going strong again. For Annie is definitely on top now, and there are those around town who say that the voltage of Mr. Brent's ardor can always be gauged by the career status of the object of his affections.

**MAN IN A MILLION**

From a saleslady in the millinery department of I. Magnin's, we learned that Clark Gable accompanies his wife on shopping tours. But he isn't much help in selecting hats for "Miss Lombard," she explained. "Mr. Gable doesn't even look at the hats I put on her head. He just looks at his wife and says, 'Beautiful, just beautiful.'"

**THE ACID TEST**

Whether it's "luff" on Miss Garbo's part, we don't know. But there's no doubt about how Dr. Gaylord Hauser feels toward Greta—not after watching them lunch the other day at the Villa Nova, famous Italian restaurant on Sunset Boulevard. The fresh vegetable fad-diet stuck to his guns and ate barely a bite of the Villa's renowned spaghetti. Instead, with a beatific expression on his face, he watched Greta, whom he's been dieting for months and months, consume literally yards of pure, unadulterated starch.

**ROONEY HOLDS HIS OWN**

Mickey Rooney was being ribbed by his pals on the lot the other day. "You sure get the girls in a marrying mood, Mickey," said one

GLAM

Laurence Olivier has never bothered to find out the language of the flowers, for Vivien Leigh, the girl of his dreams, would far rather have a gift of caramels or chocolate-dipped cherries when he comes a-courting. On the set, she always has a box of candy at her elbow, and generally there's one tucked under her arm when she shows up for a preview. A nibble on a chocolate now and then is an excellent pepper-upper according to Vivien, who never gains an ounce, and



of them. "Only they marry someone else!" "If you have reference to the fact that I used to date both Diane Lewis and Lois Andrews," said Mickey with dignity, "kindly bear in mind that it took men with forty years more experience with women to outsmart me."

## UNDERSTATEMENT

Jimmy Stewart may appear very smitten with the charms of Olivia de Havilland, but he hasn't forgotten Marlene Dietrich. When he was called to the studio the other day to discuss a forthcoming picture, the producer confided to him, "We may be able to get la Dietrich for this, too." "Not *la* Dietrich," corrected Jimmy, "but Ooolala Dietrich!"

## TRULY A WONDER-BOY

Jack Benny and Orson Welles are seen together at the Brown Derby so often that the rumor got around the two were discussing making a picture together. Benny nipped this idea in the bud, however, when a friend broached the subject to him. "Orson and I discussing business?" he laughed. "Why, all we get together for is to eat. We have a mutual admiration for each other's appetite. Orson just fascinates me. Last time we met, for instance, he got away with a quart of milk, three extra-size steaks, four baked potatoes and four pieces of apple pie at one sitting. When we got up to leave the Derby I said, 'Where to, Orsie?' And he said, 'To get something to eat, of course.' So we went over to Sardi's and had cake à la mode and several cups of coffee. You can see for yourself," said Jack, "that we haven't a minute to discuss business."

## BUT IS IT WORTH IT?

There's a concoction which Orson imbibes before every broadcast which might interest would-be radio stars. According to Mr. W. it keeps his vocal chords in trim and he wouldn't dream of going on the air without it. Recipe for this potion is as follows: Take a half cup of cold coffee, add tomato juice and grape juice, season with salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce. You might try it, just whether or not you're a genius.

## CHORE-GIRL

Hedy Lamarr was late for work the other morning, so the director for an explanation of her tardiness. Her morning chores held her up. The "chore" was Hedy's morning duty of collecting the eggs.

and stamping them with the name of the Markey estate—now known as "Hedgegrow"—before sending them off to market. It's a fact, Mr. Ripley!

## SAFETY IN NUMBERS

The title of Young-man-about-town is the undisputed right of Freddie Bartholomew these days. Though he's been dating several of the girls in the younger set, Freddie hasn't forgotten his former flame, Judy Garland, and always buys flowers for his dates at Judy's shop. The other day Judy happened to drop in just as Freddie was winding up a purchase of two corsages of gardenias. "Hmmm," hummed Judy, unashamedly taking a good look at the attached names, "Gloria and Peggy—who might they be?" Freddie was pretty flustered and muttered something about a "couple of girls I'm taking to a premiere," but Judy refused to be put off and proceeded to pin him down. "Well, if you must know," said Freddie, "their last name is Lloyd." Then he added with an attempt at nonchalance, "Just Harold Lloyd's kids, you know."

## STREAMLINED WARDROBE

Remember the days when a certain radio star was known as Bob Brummell Burns? Well, those days are gone forever. Bob Burns has become so interested in his back-to-the-soil movement at his Canoga ranch that he hasn't bought so much as a new tie for months. Bing Crosby asked him if he didn't intend getting a new summer suit. "Heck, no," drawled Bob. "I'm not buying any summer suit. All a smart guy needs is one suit and brains enough to take off the vest when the weather gets warm, and to shed the coat when the weather starts sizzling."

## GOOD GUY

Miriam Hopkins is now a member of the "Good Guy" club at Columbia broadcasting studio. The membership list is limited to those stars who have filled in at the last moment on a radio broadcast. Miriam won her spurs when Paulette Goddard took that tumble off her motor scooter and was unable to appear for a scheduled air-show. Miriam stepped in for the Sunday broadcast, and the blonde star was finally located, Saturday night dining and dancing at Ciro's. When Paulette's place, Miriam accepted the job on the spot. She went home to study her role. After the performance, Paulette thanked Miss Hopkins and said, "And here I was being temperamental!" "Well," said the star, "it's hardly time for temperamental!"



GREER GARSON



JAMES CAGNEY



SHIRLEY TEMPLE



## BING MUST BE COLOR-BLIND

The first party given by Andrea Leeds and Bob Howard in their new home was a gala affair. The guests of honor were Bob's brother Lin and his bride, Judith Barrett, but Bing Crosby stole the spotlight. Even competing with the fanciest furbelows worn by the who's who of town, his costume was in a class by itself. The Crosby outfit consisted of a pale blue slack suit with light violet shirt and matching hanky. He was completely unconscious of his sartorial splendor and had the time of his life.

## A RABID LEWIS FAN

Those newlyweds, William Powell and Diana Lewis, are having a time for themselves with week-end jaunts to fashionable Arrowhead Springs and other resorts around the countryside. Diana's a great—and accomplished—badminton fan and to date has taken the honors from all her competitors wherever the Powells have stopped long enough for a game. Mr. P. doesn't play, just beams from the sidelines and cheers the little woman on. In fact, he's cheering Diana on in every way, her career included. After the preview of her latest picture, when the fans descended on her, Bill stood by looking as though he'd swallowed a canary.

## FORCE OF HABIT

Greer Garson says that "Pride and Prejudice," her current picture, has meant a lot to her. It has given her a chance at a role which she really liked and enabled her to become acquainted with lots of interesting people. But the picture is also responsible for one of her most embarrassing moments. She attended a party one evening after the picture had been in production for several weeks. The guests were all assembled and primed for Greer's grand entrance. They were naturally electrified to watch her ease into the room sideways! Greer had been unconsciously turning sideways for so many weeks to get her voluminous "Pride and Prejudice" costumes through doorways that it had become second nature!

## THE GOOD EARTH?

Guy Kibbee and his family have moved back into town after that valiant effort to "go back to the land" via a San Fernando Valley Ranch. "The idea was swell, but the upkeep was terrific," Guy told his pals at the studio. "One night I sat down and figured out that every tomato cost us \$1.79; each ear of corn, approximately \$2.00 and string beans, exactly 27c a bean. I figured right then and there

that I would invest exactly two more dollars in the ranch—and that for a 'For Sale' sign!"

## BOUDOIR SCENE

Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy had a strange summons from the wardrobe department the other day. They were asked to appear for a fitting at ten o'clock one morning—but a fitting for long underwear! Yep, in "Boom Town" you'll see both stars romping around in this intimate apparel.

## WHAT-NEXT DEPARTMENT

After brooding for a long time over her shorn finger-nails, necessitated by her role in "North West Mounted Police," Paulette Goddard evolved the scheme of having four sets of artificial nails made up. Along with her evening clothes, Paulette's maid now lays out her mistress' choice of finger-tips for the evening—agate, red spangle, sequin or telecast red.

## BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY

Laraine Day is so in earnest about her career that her leisure time is spent making movies on her own. With a gang of her Long Beach friends, she's just finished producing a picture that is soon to be previewed—strictly for the gang—at their "Community Playhouse." The "theatre" was formerly a Long Beach garage. "Strictly an Icky" will have a gala premiere, however, with a sand-box out in front for footprints and a cameraman ready with a Brownie.

## HAIR-RAISING SPECTACLE

The other day on the set of "North West Mounted Police," the cast and crew watched with baited breath the strange spectacle of Cecil B. De Mille's having the few hairs on his bald head tweaked by a woman visitor. Mr. De Mille looked as if he felt a little silly, but didn't show any signs of blowing up. The tweaker, it developed, was none other than Elsie Janis, who is a very old friend of his.

## BLUE TIMES FOR SONJA

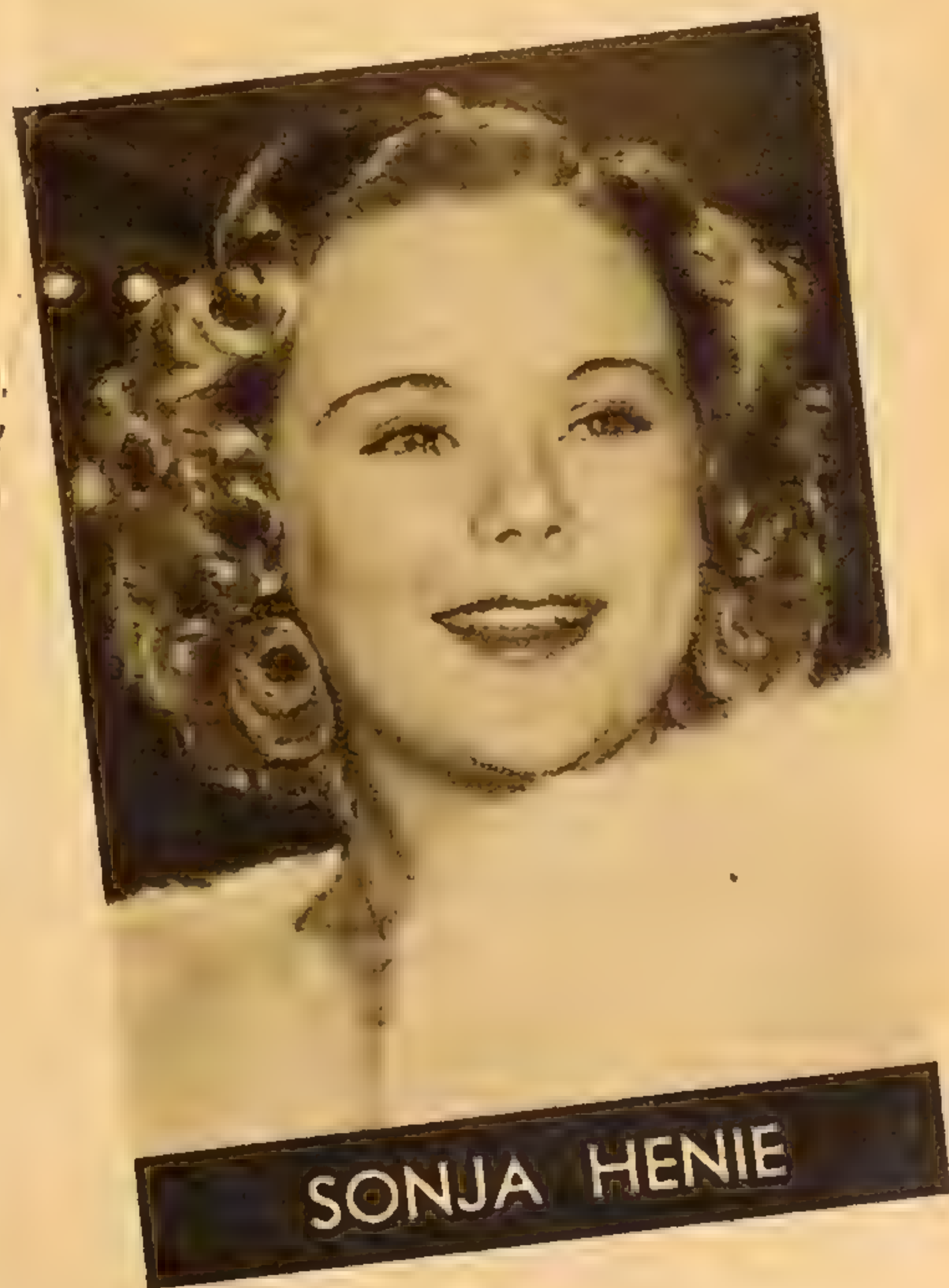
Sonja Henie slipped out of Hollywood the day following her arrival from Honolulu. She spent several weeks at a quiet cabin on the shores of Lake Arrowhead before reporting for work at the studio. One reason for her seclusion was her recent illness; the other, her concern for her beloved Norway. (Continued on page 67)



JUDY GARLAND



ROBERT YOUNG



SONJA HENIE



# GARBO STEPS OUT!

She was without a particle of make-up and was wearing a tailored beige dress, a dusty pink "hide-away" hat and her customary low-heeled shoes.



Garbo, the recluse, leaves Ciro's with Andre Embiricos, a shipping executive from Greece, after dining with Mrs. Harrison Williams, Dr. Gaylord Hauser, background, and his publisher, Frey Brown, left.



Sitting beside Mrs. Williams, one of the world's ten best-dressed women, Greta tried to hide, exposing Hauser's diamond ring on her fourth finger.



They drive off discussing their sky's-the-limit evening. Dinner lasted four hours, involved two bottles of champagne and ran up a bill of \$75.



**Miss Beatrice Straight** is a granddaughter of the late William C. Whitney, famous financier and diplomat. At the family's 14th-century castle, Dartington Hall, in Devonshire, England, was originated the drama group which is her consuming interest.

**Miss Betty Allen** recently got a job teaching in an experimental school at New City, N. Y. Her work with her 9 tiny pupils includes outdoor play, painting, modeling, dancing and a smattering of the "3 R's." In some of her free time, Miss Allen writes children's stories.

## She Sponsors THEATRE GROUP

**This season**, Society is welcoming Miss Straight to her native America, where she is currently appearing in theatrical productions.

## She Teaches KINDERGARTEN

—but  
**EACH GUARDS HER  
LOVELY COMPLEXION  
THE VERY SAME WAY**

### "Perfect for my skin"

#### QUESTION TO MISS STRAIGHT:

Miss Straight, is the English complexion really as radiant and lovely as we hear that it is?

**ANSWER:** "Yes—a good English complexion is lovely . . . just as lovely as a good American complexion! I think the charm of a girl's skin depends more on the care she gives it than where she lives. So whether I'm in England, America or in a far corner of the world—I always use Pond's 2 Creams. They're perfect for my skin."

**QUESTION:** Your complexion shows *that*, Miss Straight—but just how do you use your Pond's Creams?

**ANSWER:** "Every night, every morning and always before make-up, I cleanse my face with Pond's Cold Cream. These regular cleansings help keep my skin soft and supple, too. To smooth my skin for subtle, flattering make-up, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream. I adore Pond's Vanishing Cream—it's not a bit greasy . . . and so fragrant and fluffy!"

### "Smooths in a minute"

#### QUESTION TO MISS ALLEN:

Doesn't managing a lively group of youngsters keep a young teacher right up on her toes, Miss Allen?

**ANSWER:** "It surely does—and in more ways than one! My classroom 'public' is very observing and brutally frank. That's one reason why I'm so particular about my complexion. I use both Pond's Creams every day. No matter how busy I am—or how tired—I always cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream before going to bed at night, first thing in the morning, and often at noon, too. This care seems to give my skin just the fresh, soft look I want."

**QUESTION:** What do you do when sun and wind roughen and chap your skin?

**ANSWER:** "That's easy! Little roughnesses are smoothed away in a minute with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Just a light film of it and presto! My skin feels marvelous and has the ideal base for soft, faithful make-up."

**Pretty**, red-haired Miss Allen has many interests outside of school. She adores dancing, swimming and fishing—and seems to have the "advantage" at tennis!



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Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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millions more kisses  
for maids of America



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Such heavenly beauty, such glamour and allure your lips have never had before. Now your lips can have that soft and silken dewy texture that makes fashionable debutantes so desirable and kissable.

For here is Chiffon Lipstick, a new lipstick of incredible smoothness and scented with a costly perfume especially selected for its lure.

Ask for Chiffon Lipstick, 10¢, today at your favorite 5-and-10 store—your choice of these four extremely smart new shades:

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**True Red**—fiery, brilliant, alluring. An exciting invitation to many eyes!

**Raspberry**—smolders with defiance. A magnetic red, excellent for brunettes, a fashion shade for all.

*Chiffon Powder 10¢*

The finest-textured shine-proof powder; clings for hours, never cakes or clogs the pores; in seven of fashion's smartest shades:

Brunette	Natural
Dark Tan	Rose Petal
Beige	Rose Beige
	Rachel

*Chiffon All-Purpose Cream 10¢*

A new, entirely different cream, the only cream you need apply for cleaning, to help clarify and soften the skin. You'll be thrilled with the silken dewy texture it lends to your face.

*Chiffon*

the loveliest thing in make-up

# MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating	Picture	General Rating
Abe Lincoln in Illinois (RKO).....	4★	Midnight (Paramount).....	3★
Adventure in Diamonds (Paramount).....	2★	Mikado, The (Universal).....	C 3★
Amazing Mr. Williams, The (Columbia).....	3★	Millionaire Playboy (RKO).....	2★
And One Was Beautiful (M-G-M).....	2½★	Miracles For Sale (M-G-M).....	2½★
Another Thin Man (M-G-M).....	3★	Missing Evidence (Universal).....	3★
Balalaika (M-G-M).....	3★	Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (Columbia).....	4★
Barricade (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Music in My Heart (Columbia).....	2★
Big Guy, The (Universal).....	2½★	My Little Chickadee (Universal).....	2½★
Black Friday (Universal).....	2½★	Nick Carter, Master Detective (M-G-M).....	3★
*Bill of Divorcement, A (RKO).....	3★	Night of Nights, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Blondie on a Budget (Columbia).....	2★	Ninotchka (M-G-M).....	4★
Blue Bird, The (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3★	No Place To Go (Warners).....	2★
Broadway Melody of 1940 (M-G-M).....	3★	Northwest Passage (M-G-M).....	4★
Brother Rat and a Baby (Warners).....	2★	Nurse Edith Cavell (RKO).....	4★
Buck Benny Rides Again (Paramount).....	3½★	Of Mice and Men (United Artists).....	4★
Calling Philo Vance (Warners).....	2½★	Oklahoma Frontier (Universal).....	2★
Castle on the Hudson (Warners).....	2½★	Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners).....	3★
Cat and the Canary, The (Paramount).....	3½★	Old Maid, The (Warners).....	4★
Charlie Chan in Panama (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	On Dress Parade (Warners).....	C 2★
Charlie McCarthy, Detective (Universal).....	3★	One Hour to Live (Universal).....	2★
Chasing Trouble (Monogram).....	2★	One Million B.C. (United Artists).....	3★
Child Is Born, A (Warners).....	3★	\$1,000 a Touchdown (Paramount).....	2★
Chump at Oxford, A (United Artists).....	2½★	On Your Toes (Warners).....	2½★
Cisco Kid and the Lady, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Our Leading Citizen (Paramount).....	2½★
Congo Maisie (M-G-M).....	3★	Our Neighbors—The Carters (Paramount).....	2½★
Courageous Dr. Christian, The (RKO).....	2★	Outside 3-Mile Limit (Columbia).....	2½★
Cowboy From Texas (Republic).....	2★	Pack Up Your Troubles (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Curtain Call (RKO).....	2½★	Parole Fixer (Paramount).....	2½★
*Dark Command (Republic).....	2½★	Pinocchio (RKO).....	C 4★
Daytime Wife (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia).....	2★
Destry Rides Again (Universal).....	3★	Pride of the Blue Grass (Warners).....	2½★
Disputed Passage (Paramount).....	3★	Primrose Path, The (RKO).....	3½★
Double Alibi (Universal).....	2½★	Quick Millions (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2★
Dr. Cyclops (Paramount).....	3★	Raffles (United Artists).....	2★
Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet (Warners).....	3½★	Rains Came, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Dr. Kildare's Strange Case (M-G-M).....	2½★	Range War (Paramount).....	2★
Drums Along the Mohawk (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Real Glory, The (United Artists).....	3★
Earl of Chicago, The (M-G-M).....	4★	Rebecca (United Artists).....	4★
Elizabeth and Essex (Warners).....	4★	Remember? (M-G-M).....	2½★
Emergency Squad (Paramount).....	2½★	Remember the Night (Paramount).....	3★
Eternally Yours (United Artists).....	2½★	Rio (Universal).....	2½★
Everything Happens at Night (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Road to Singapore, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Farmer's Daughter, The (Paramount).....	2½★	Roaring Twenties, The (Warners).....	3★
Fighting 69th, The (Warners).....	3★	Rulers of the Sea (Paramount).....	3½★
First Love (Universal).....	3★	Sabotage (Republic).....	2½★
Five Little Peppers at Home (Columbia).....	C 2½★	*Safari (Paramount).....	2½★
*Florian (M-G-M).....	2★	Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO).....	2½★
Flying Deuces (RKO).....	2★	Santa Fe Marshal (Paramount).....	1½★
Forty Little Mothers (M-G-M).....	2½★	*Saturday's Children (Warners).....	2½★
Four Wives (Warners).....	3★	Secret of Dr. Kildare, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Seventeen (Paramount).....	C 3★
French Without Tears (Paramount).....	2½★	Shooting High (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★
Geronimo (Paramount).....	3★	Shop Around the Corner, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M).....	4★	Sidewalks of London (Paramount Release).....	3★
Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox).....	4★	Slightly Honorable (United Artists).....	3★
Great Victor Herbert, The (Paramount).....	3★	Smashing the Money Ring (Warners).....	2½★
Green Hell (Universal).....	2★	Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....	C 2½★
Gulliver's Travels (Paramount).....	C 3★	Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
He Married His Wife, (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Star Maker, The (Paramount).....	C 2½★
High School (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3★	Strange Cargo (M-G-M).....	3★
His Girl Friday (Columbia).....	3★	Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M).....	2½★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal).....	2½★	Swanee River (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
House Across the Bay, The (United Artists).....	2★	Swiss Family Robinson (RKO).....	C 3★
Housekeeper's Daughter, The (United Artists).....	2★	Television Spy (Paramount).....	2½★
House of Seven Gables (Universal).....	2½★	That's Right, You're Wrong (RKO).....	C 3★
Hunchback of Notre Dame, The (RKO).....	3★	These Glamour Girls (M-G-M).....	2½★
Intermezzo, A Love Story (United Artists).....	3★	They Shall Have Music (United Artists).....	C 3½★
Invisible Man Returns, The (Universal).....	2★	Three Cheers for the Irish (Warners).....	3★
Invisible Stripes (Warners).....	2★	Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal).....	C 3★
*Irene (RKO).....	3★	Three Sons (RKO).....	3★
Isle of Destiny (RKO).....	2★	'Til We Meet Again (Warners).....	3★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M).....	2★	Too Busy to Work (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★
It All Came True (Warners).....	2½★	Too Many Husbands (Columbia).....	3★
It's a Date (Universal).....	3½★	Torchy Plays With Dynamite (Warners).....	2½★
Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President (M-G-M).....	2★	Tower of London (Universal).....	2★
Johnny Apollo (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Tropic Fury (Universal).....	2★
Judge Hardy and Son (M-G-M).....	C 3★	20,000 Men a Year (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Kid Nightingale (Warners).....	2★	Two Bright Boys (Universal).....	2★
Light That Failed, The (Paramount).....	3★	Two Girls on Broadway (M-G-M).....	2½★
Little Accident (Universal).....	2½★	U-Boat 29 (Columbia).....	3★
Little Old New York (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Underpup, The (Universal).....	C 3★
Lone Wolf Strikes, The (Columbia).....	2★	Vigil in the Night (RKO).....	3★
Llano Kid, The (Paramount).....	2½★	Virginia City (Warners).....	3★
Mal He's Making Eyes At Me (Universal).....	2½★	Viva Cisco Kid (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Man From Dakota, The (M-G-M).....	2★	We Are Not Alone (Warners).....	3½★
Man From Montreal (Universal).....	2½★	What a Life! (Paramount).....	C 3★
Man Who Wouldn't Talk, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	When Tomorrow Comes (Universal).....	2½★
Man With Nine Lives, The (Columbia).....	2★	Wolf of New York (Republic).....	2★
Marines Fly High, The (RKO).....	2★	Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Mexican Spitfire (RKO).....	2½★	Young Tom Edison (M-G-M).....	C 4★



# Take a Bow

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NAIL SHADES IN THE WORLD



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CEDARWOOD

LAUREL

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Cutex OLD ROSE is a rich rose with that hint of blue so very flattering to your skin . . . CEDARWOOD is a lovely fresh mauvy-rose that goes with everything . . . LAUREL is delicate and feminine—a special favorite with the men in your life!

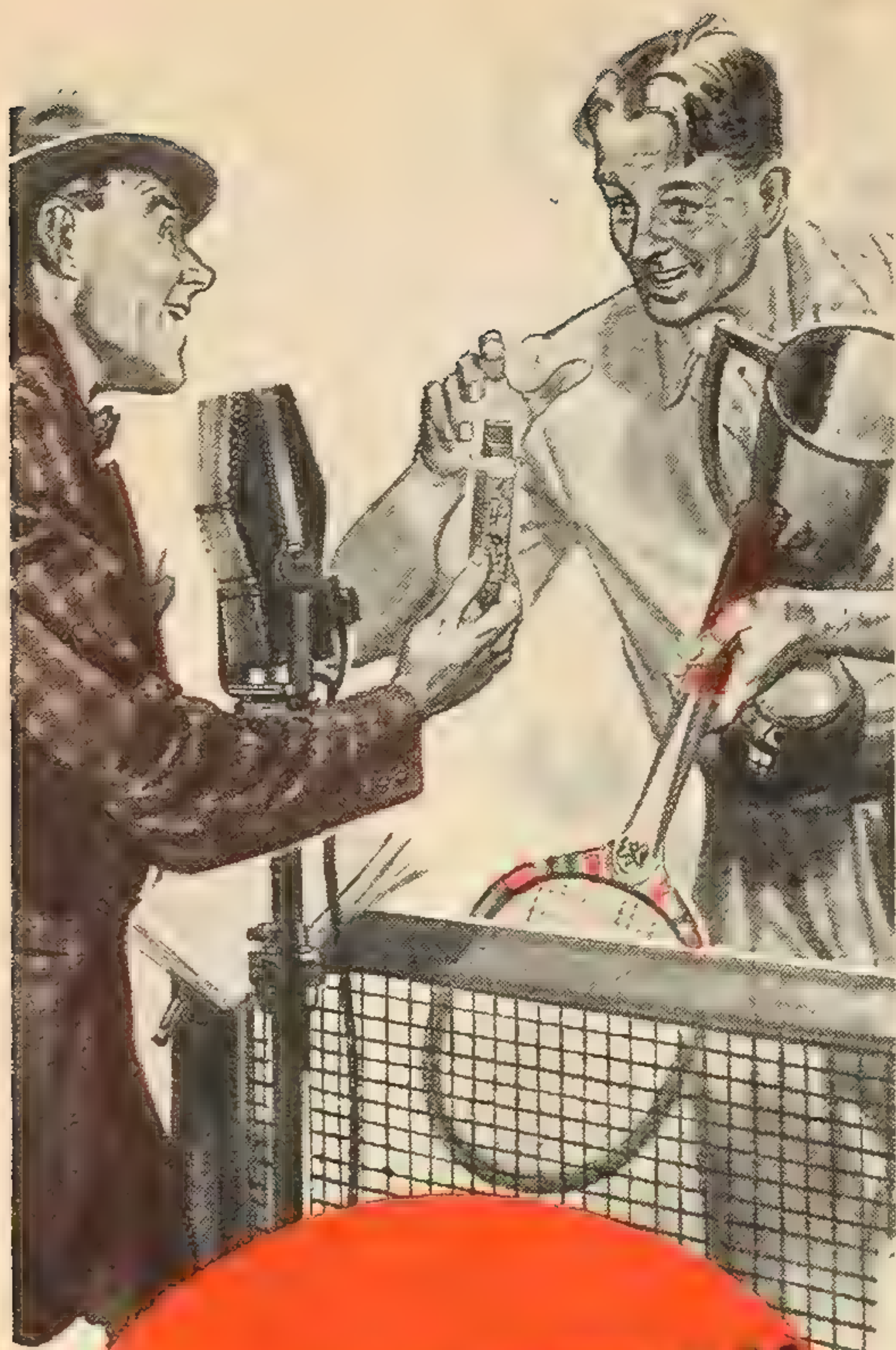
Write your own spring success story with the world's most popular nail tones—Cutex OLD ROSE, CEDARWOOD and LAUREL!



## CUTEX SALON POLISH

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris





The new champion waved me aside.

"A speech? Nothing doing! I'm just a tennis player." . . . "Wait!" I ask.

"You've won the tennis cup, now you've got to tell them how you did it. Here—settle yourself with a stick of Beeman's. The flavor's great and that tang—"

"You win!" says the champ. "Gotta hand it to Beeman's—it's got what it takes. A fresh taste that's doubly refreshing. A dash and tang. A flavor that's too good to last—yet does." He laughed. "Sure I'll make a speech! It'll be good, too—if you'll just keep that package of Beeman's on tap!"



## WATCH OUT FOR FIREWORKS!

(Continued from page 41)

either a stage or salon, to set little Mary straight on the art of walking and talking like an actress. When Maureen wasn't laid up with a black eye, a cracked collar bone or a kick in the shins from soccer, she was out in the backyard in a two-room playhouse her papa built for her, reciting, acting and putting on plays. As little brothers and sisters came along they joined the cast.

By the time she was twelve, Maureen had worked up quite a dramatic reputation in church entertainments and amateur plays around Dublin and was ready for bigger time. She got a professional radio job then, enrolled in Burke's Elocution School on the side and, at fourteen, was ready for the Abbey Theatre School.

**T**HE Abbey Players, as everyone knows, are about as solid a collection of acting talent as there is anywhere around. The Abbey School is the national dramatic school of Eire where, as I say, acting is a racial mania. Maureen not only passed her school tests, but won about all the medals and awards they had lying around at the many play festivals and dramatic shillies in Ireland. If you stick in the Abbey group you know your dramatics, or else. So when Fame decided to grab her by the skirt, Little Mary Fitzsimons was prepared, if not particularly impressed.

She was seventeen. It was her first ball. It was the first time, in fact, she'd ever stepped out. The social side of Maureen had been more or less neglected. It wasn't, though, the minute the master of ceremonies started to pick the queen of the ball. He was, of all people, Harry Richman, the Manhattan crooner, and just what he was doing picking queens of Irish fetes is a little vague. Even Maureen doesn't remember. Anyway, Harry, who knows his tootsies, took one look and crowned Maureen the queen without a moment's hesitation. It all seemed sort of silly to Maureen at the time. Mommy was with her, and when Maureen was about to be crowned she whispered, "For goodness sake, Maureen—smile! You look as if you were bored

stiff!"

"I am," said Maureen.

But if Maureen wasn't thrilled, Harry Richman was. He went to London and raved about the Irish beauty he'd discovered, and pretty soon an offer came from London for Maureen to make a screen test. Well, even a blasé, independent Irish colleen—I mean, girl—can feel the nippers of the movie bug, if only lightly. She had to give up a long cherished lead in the Abbey Theatre, to go over to London and make it, for the Vogue Film Company. She was sorry right away. The test was awful. They put her in a bonnet and made her up like an old biddy. The result was pretty sad. So Maureen turned down the half-baked offers she got and packed her bag for Dublin, when her agent came running up panting a magic name, "Charles Laughton." He wanted to see her, the man explained. That stopped Maureen, because all the British Isles are Laughton-conscious by now, and Maureen was a fan, even as you and I.

So little Mary stalked right over and right into the Mayflower Productions office, wearing a Jaeger travel coat and a round hat with a little feather in it. She looked like any one of a million Irish misses. But she wasn't. Most of those ordinary misses would have been ga-ga and thrilled to their open toes about the interview. Independent Maureen sat down before Laughton and Erich Pommer, his famous producer, and frowned disapprovingly.

Because Pommer had popped a script right at her and said, "Here, read this." And Maureen didn't think that was exactly the way to treat a girl. She shook her red head and calmly replied, "No! It's not fair to ask me to read this. I've never seen it before."

Instead of ushering her out of the place then and there, Messrs. Laughton and Pommer bolted up in their seats and took interest. Here was a girl who knew what was what. Spunk! Spirit! Fire! They arranged for a personally directed screen test. Before she knew it, Maureen was making "Jamaica Inn" with the

(Continued on page 64)

Though Brenda Joyce is now a tried and true member of Film-land, she is still loyal to her college-days' boy friend, Owen Ward. And, mind you, in spite of the fact that his job keeps him away from Hollywood a great part of the time! When he's around, their favorite recreation is hiking through the hills.





# "My **FEET** are Just Killing Me!"

## WHEN YOUR FEET HURT YOU HURT ALL OVER

Foot troubles can tire you in mind and body; slow you up in your work; affect your general health; make you hurt all over and put lines of pain in your face. It is needless to suffer from your feet. Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, internationally known foot authority, has formulated a Remedy, Appliance or Arch Support for the relief of most every foot trouble. NOW is the time to get relief—during DR. SCHOLL'S FOOT COMFORT WEEK. Dr. Scholl's Aids for the Feet are sold at Drug, Shoe, Department and 5¢ and 10¢ Stores everywhere.

Go to your dealer now and let him show you how easy Dr. Scholl has made it for you to be foot happy.

**RELIEF CAN BE YOURS AT VERY SMALL COST**



### FOOT RELIEF

Dr. Scholl's Kurotex, velvety-soft foot plaster relieves shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tenderspots, prevents blisters. Cut it to any size.



### CORNS, CALLOUSES

Dr. Scholl's Liquid Corn and Callous Remedy. 2 drops relieve pain quickly; soon loosen and remove hard or soft corns and callouses.



### REMOVES CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Corn Salve quickly relieves pain and soon loosens old, hard corns for easy removal. Dependable, economical. Easy to apply.



### REMOVE CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Fixo Corn Plasters quickly relieve pain and remove corns. Stop nagging shoe pressure. Easy to apply, stay in place. Waterproof.



### EASES FEET

Dr. Scholl's Moleskin, foot plaster for relieving shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots. Prevents blisters. Cut it to any size or shape.



### SORE, TENDER HEELS

Dr. Scholl's Heel Cushions give sore, tender heels a soft bed to rest upon. Made of sponge rubber, covered with leather. Easily applied.



### CORNS, BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Felt Pads in sizes for corns and bunions, instantly relieve pain of these foot troubles by stopping shoe pressure on sore spot. Easy to apply.

## Quick Relief from Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Sore Toes



### New Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put these thin, soothing, cushioning pads of fleecy softness on your corns, callouses, bunions or sore toes and you'll have quick relief. They stop shoe friction and pressure; ease new or tight shoes; keep you free of corns, sore toes, blisters, tender spots.

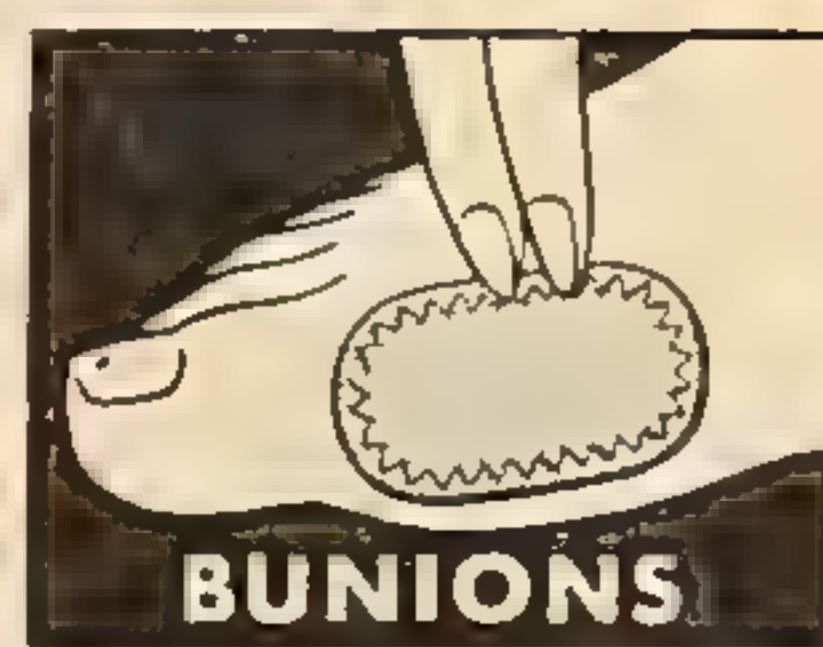
### CORNS or CALLOUSES Quickly Removed

Separate Medications are included in every box of the New Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for quickly removing corns or callouses.

Special sizes and shapes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between toes. Get a box today. Don't accept a substitute. Insist on Dr. Scholl's.



CALLOUSES



BUNIONS



SOFT CORNS

### PERSPIRING FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves tender, hot, tired, chafed or perspiring feet. Soothing, comforting to irritated skin. Eases new or tight shoes.



### TIRED, TENDER FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves feverish, tender, sensitive, tired feet caused by exertion and fatigue. Refreshing. Liquid (Vanishing) or Ointment.



### CLEANSES FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Soap (granular), loosens secretions of the skin; cleanses skin pores; stimulates normal circulation; aids in promoting foot health.



### PROTECTS STOCKING

Stocking Heel Protector firmly but comfortably grips the heel, saves wear of stocking at the heel, prevents blisters and slipping, at heel. Washable.



### FOOT LOTION

Dr. Scholl's Foot Lotion—a refreshing application for relieving tired, burning, tender feet. Excellent for daily use as hand lotion. Dries quickly.



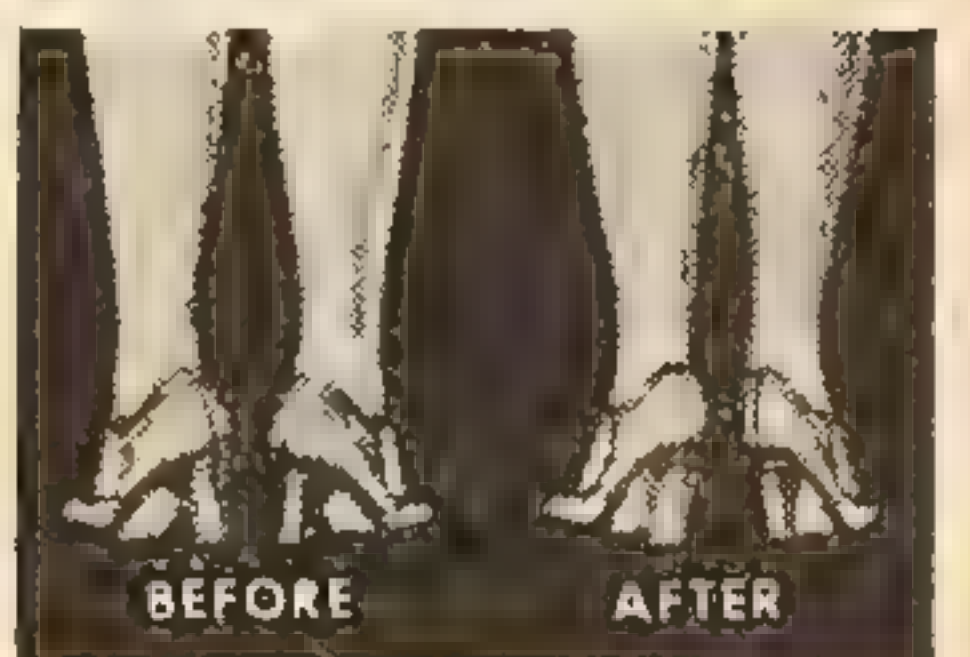
### RELIEVE SORE FEET

Dr. Scholl's Bath Salts relieve tired, aching feet. Excellent for softening the water for shaving, shampooing and all toilet purposes.



### CROOKED HEELS

Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strates prevent crooked heels, keep shoes shapely. Cushion heel; save on repairs. Easily attached in shoe. For men and women.



# Dr. SCHOLL'S 24th ANNUAL FOOT COMFORT WEEK

**FREE OFFER:** Mail coupon today (or paste on penny post card) to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago, Ill., for a copy of Dr. Scholl's booklet, "The Feet and Their Care" and sample of the New Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. ☐ Corns, ☐ Callouses, ☐ Bunions, ☐ Soft Corns between toes. (Please check size wanted.)

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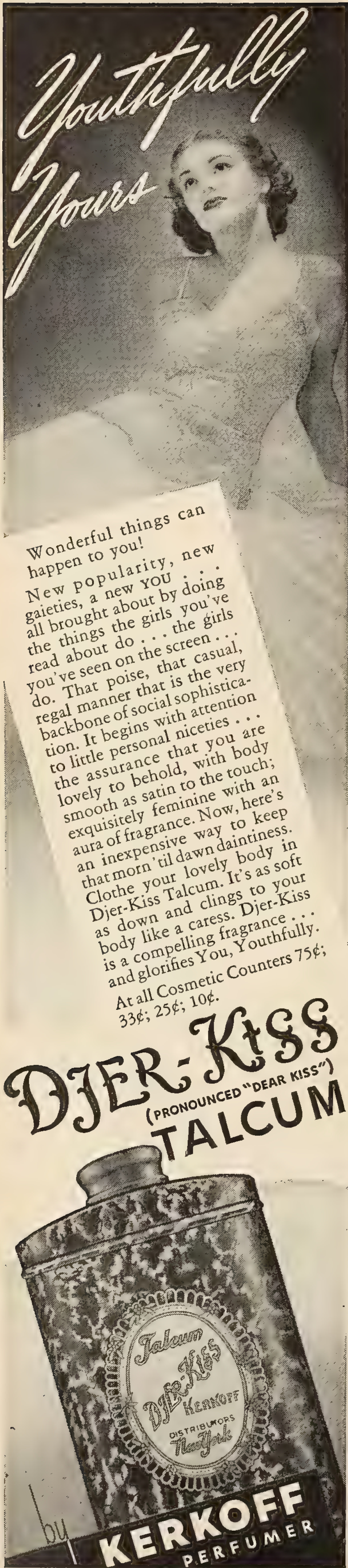


*Youthfully Yours*

Wonderful things can happen to you! New popularity, new gaieties, a new YOU . . . all brought about by doing the things the girls you've read about do . . . the girls you've seen on the screen . . . do. That poise, that casual, regal manner that is the very backbone of social sophistication. It begins with attention to little personal niceties . . . the assurance that you are lovely to behold, with body smooth as satin to the touch; exquisitely feminine with an aura of fragrance. Now, here's an inexpensive way to keep that morn'til dawn daintiness. Clothe your lovely body in Djer-Kiss Talcum. It's as soft as down and clings to your body like a caress. Djer-Kiss is a compelling fragrance . . . and glorifies You, Youthfully.

At all Cosmetic Counters 75¢; 33¢; 25¢; 10¢.

**DJER-KISS**  
(PRONOUNCED "DEAR KISS")  
**TALCUM**



**KERKOFF**  
PERFUMER

great Laughton. It was just like that.

It was quite a jump from Dublin, where audiences take their Abbey dramatics pleasantly but relaxedly, to London, where movie stars are mobbed more than anywhere else in the world. But Maureen faced the crowd at the "Jamaica Inn" London premiere just as if she'd been doing that sort of thing every night of her young life. If there were any proud flutters beneath her evening gown (which I seriously doubt) they vanished forever after the premiere.

As Maureen got in the Laughton's car to be whisked away for a late supper, a man chased the automobile down the street, waving and shouting. The driver stopped, and the man thrust an autograph pad inside. "'Ere," he panted, "will you sign this?"

"Why, certainly," said Maureen. It was the first time this had ever happened to her. The man snatched his pad.

"Not you," he said, scornfully, extending it to Laughton. "'Im!"

AS a matter of fact, Hollywood didn't exactly roll out the barrel when Maureen arrived. One lone RKO hired hand met her at the station. And the first day she went down to the studio the gateman wouldn't let her in—until she told him her name was O'Hara. That didn't mean a thing to the gateman either. His name happened to be O'Toole, though, and he couldn't give the back of his hand to an O'Hara.

Maureen is only mildly thrilled about being a Hollywood screen star at this point. The trouble is, that heretofore things were so pleasant and simple, now her life is mixed up like a chef's salad.

For one thing, she has a seven-year lease on a house in Hyde Park, London, which is just sitting there to worry her. For another thing, she up and married a London film production manager, George Brown, a couple of hours before her boat sailed for Hollywood, and that's on her mind too. For a third, she had an Irish holiday after "Jamaica Inn" during which she rambled all over Ireland, kissing the Blarney Stone, ringing the bells of Shannon and dunking in every rock-rilled brook on the island, the memory of which is making Maureen so homesick now she could die. Then along came the war to make everything more topsy-turvy.

It's this same war, of course, which has been the backhanded stroke of luck that made Maureen O'Hara RKO's golden-haired girl today. When Laughton haled her to Hollywood in a hurry for "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," she had no idea in the world of staying. Her marriage right before sailing is proof enough of that.

But when she'd finished "The Hunchback," packed her bags and booked her return reservations on the boat which was to take her back to home and hubby—boom!—Hitler got going, and war was declared. Every Hollywood actor from the British Isles ran around for days like a decapitated chicken. Finally the word came to stay put. So Maureen did—lucky for her in one way; unlucky in another.

London film production promptly went to pot. In Hollywood, however, RKO, with O'Hara hanging around biting her nails, decided to put her to good use as the long-sought star in "Bill of Divorcement." That's the sunny side of O'Hara's plight. And bright it is, too. Two more starring pictures are already lined up for her—"Have It Your Own Way" and "The Water Gypsies." At RKO, where they can use a new young star, the sky's the limit for Little Mary.

On the other hand, away from the career Hollywood isn't much fun for Maureen. She knows hardly anyone. She hasn't had time to go places, see and do things. She has been in a rush, ever since she landed in New York harbor.

Reporters caught her there in Quarantine for a few pearls of Irish wisdom and found Maureen busily packing her bags. In between trying to make things fit and talk sense too, Maureen heard someone say, "What do you think of the New York skyline?" It occurred to her then that she hadn't even seen it. So she rushed to the window, gave a quick peek, said, "It's gorgeous," and then found herself hemmed in again. That's the only look she got. Even in Manhattan, where she stayed only a day, talking business, all Maureen saw was, as she says, "bald heads and billboards." The next thing she knew she was on a train, and as she hates trains, Maureen stayed in her berth as much as possible, emerging only at Albuquerque to buy a Mexican sombrero.

The hat came in handy in Hollywood, on the "Hunchback" location in hot San Fernando Valley during the hottest wave California had had in sixty years. Maureen spent her first weeks dancing in the sun and dragging herself into the hay nightly at eight. After "The Hunchback," the studio shot Maureen around the country on a personal appearance tour. But in Little Rock she threw her thigh out of joint, in Portland she swelled up like a balloon with sea-food poisoning, in Seattle she landed in the hospital with appendix pains and in Chicago she got lumbago! There wasn't much playgirl percentage there.

Being a married lady, naturally Maureen can't step around with Hollywood's host of beaux eager enough to oblige. She doesn't go for the gay life in a big way, anyway. When she does dine out, always with Mommy, Maureen will trade you froth for fodder any day. A couple of nights she showed up at Ciro's and the Victor Hugo, on the arm of RKO publicity men, but that was just for—well what do you think publicity men do for a living? When the photographers aren't around, Maureen breaks training and reverts to a ravenous appetite at the House of Murphy or Lowry's Prime Rib, or better yet, whips up an Irish stew at home.

HER spare time in the day, if and when she has it, Maureen spends swimming, trotting a horse, batting a tennis ball around or striding through the hills—when the cops let her. To keep out of mischief she's also taking ballet lessons and voice for the ultimate career ambition—which is to be a prima donna in the opry. That keeps her fairly happy.

But, as Maureen confessed to the Hollywood Hibernian society on St. Patrick's Day, "Hollywood is very nice—and I like everybody—but—I want to go back to Ireland." That's where her heart is. She wants to see her sisters and brothers—Florence Catherine and Charles Bernard and James Bartholomew and Margo and Bridget Marguerite, who'll take her final vows as a Dominican nun this August (which means she'll never see Maureen in a picture). And she'd like to get acquainted with her husband, Mr. Brown, too. So this summer Maureen is taking the Atlantic Clipper home, war or no war.

"And I'd like to see anyone stop me," she said with her chin in the air.

I told her not to look at me. It's a job I wouldn't take for all the gold in Glamourland—stopping independent Little Mary O'Hara from doing anything that she has made up her mind to do.



## A DOLLAR FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

(Continued from page 17)

I have seen Beverly on the stage during her present personal appearance tour, and a lovelier, more feminine woman there never was. Yet she was dropped from her contract because it was hard to find roles for her. Why was it hard? Why wasn't she given a chance to show how truly lovely she is?

Why didn't the brothers Warner give her a chance to sing? Beverly would be superb in the type of role Alice Faye does—a chance to use that lovely voice of hers and a chance to get her teeth into a good dramatic part. When is some producer going to wake up and realize that she has what it takes?—Evelyn Lacques, Revere, Mass.

### A Way of His Own

That cowboy has me. I'd rather see that sincere, refreshing man, Gene Autry, in a movie than all the Academy Award winners put together. There are no fake build-ups and glamour stuff for Gene. The songs he writes are as American as Stephen Foster's, his voice is as clear as a rain-washed sky and his grin is as catching as the mumps.

He's setting a wonderful example both on the screen and in real life for the kids who worship him. For clean, wholesome, unsophisticated, satisfying entertainment there's no one like him! It's easy to see why his fans are world-wide.

Whenever anyone starts a popularity poll, Gene is right at the top, in spite of the fact that his pictures are not as widely heralded or distributed as those of other actors. The amount of his fan mail is second to none. While other stars have their ups and downs, their ins and outs, that amazing fellow Autry, with his guitar and spurs, keeps right on grinning and climbing the heights of success.—Jean D. Shepard, Oakland, Cal.

### Tch, Tch, Marlene!

After seeing Marlene Dietrich in "Destry Rides Again," I can't help thinking how wrong she was to use this type of picture for a comeback. Marlene has always been the screen's most glamorous star. We fans admired her for her cold beauty, perfect grooming and flair for beautiful clothes. She is one star who can get away with glamour alone, and we would like her to stay that way.

In "Destry" she lost her glamour as well as her dignity. There ought to be many roles requiring a "lady" for the part. Marlene should apply for these roles and leave barroom maidens alone.—Jane Brennan, Beverly, N. J.

### The Price

Whenever I turn my thoughts upon  
What movie queens are nurtured on,  
I wonder if the sacrifice  
To gain the crown is worth the price.  
For a little middle, a languid eye,  
They ever must pass the pastry by,  
Confine their cramming to lemon and  
toast

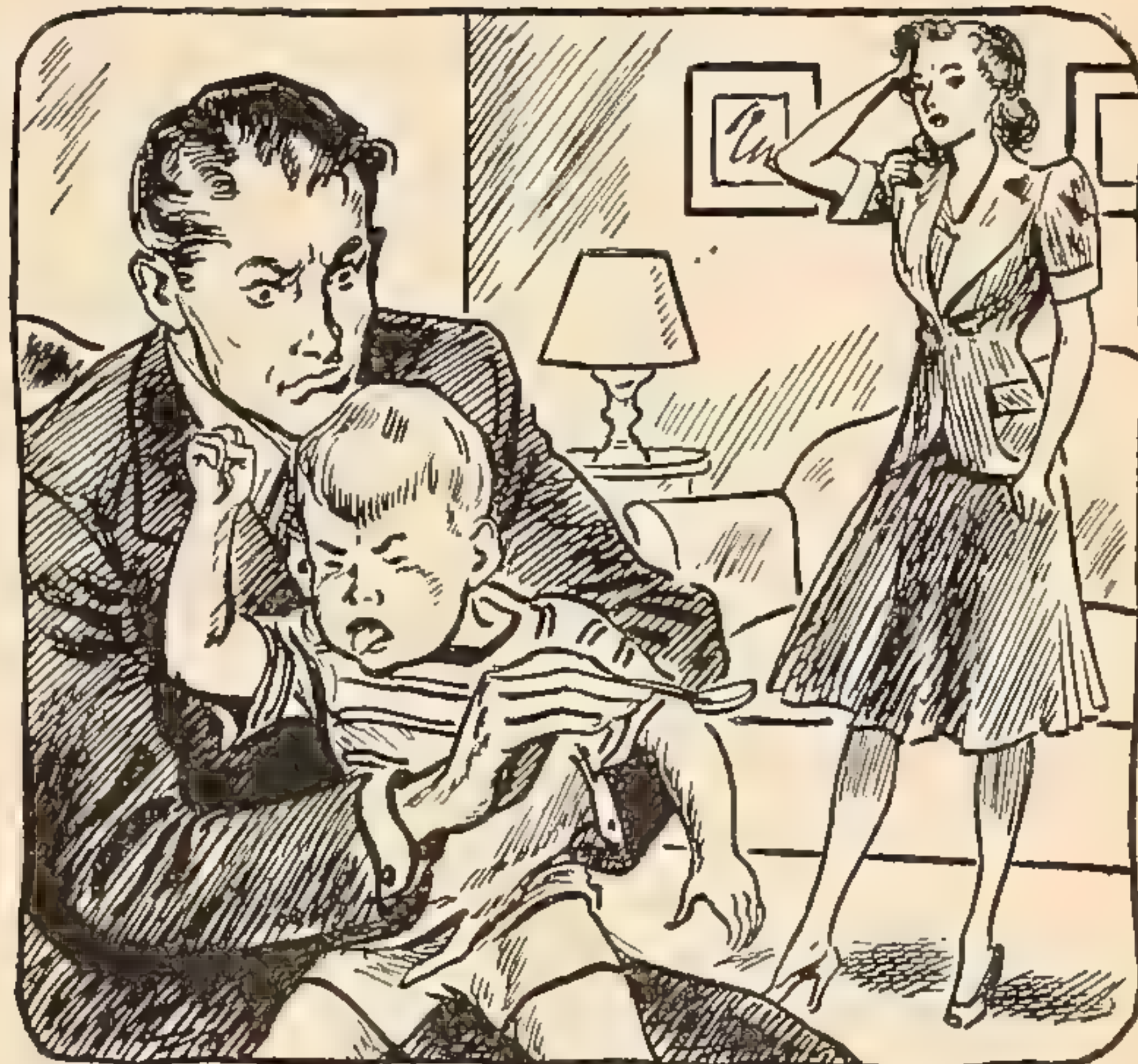
Till they're as wan as Marley's Ghost.  
To evade the deplorable double chin,  
A pillowless bed they slumber in.  
Though Lombard, Lamarr or blonde  
Queen Beth

Can charm any attractive man to death;  
Let those who have the will to do it  
Gain the crown. They're welcome to it!  
—Rebecca Wood, Tulsa, Okla.

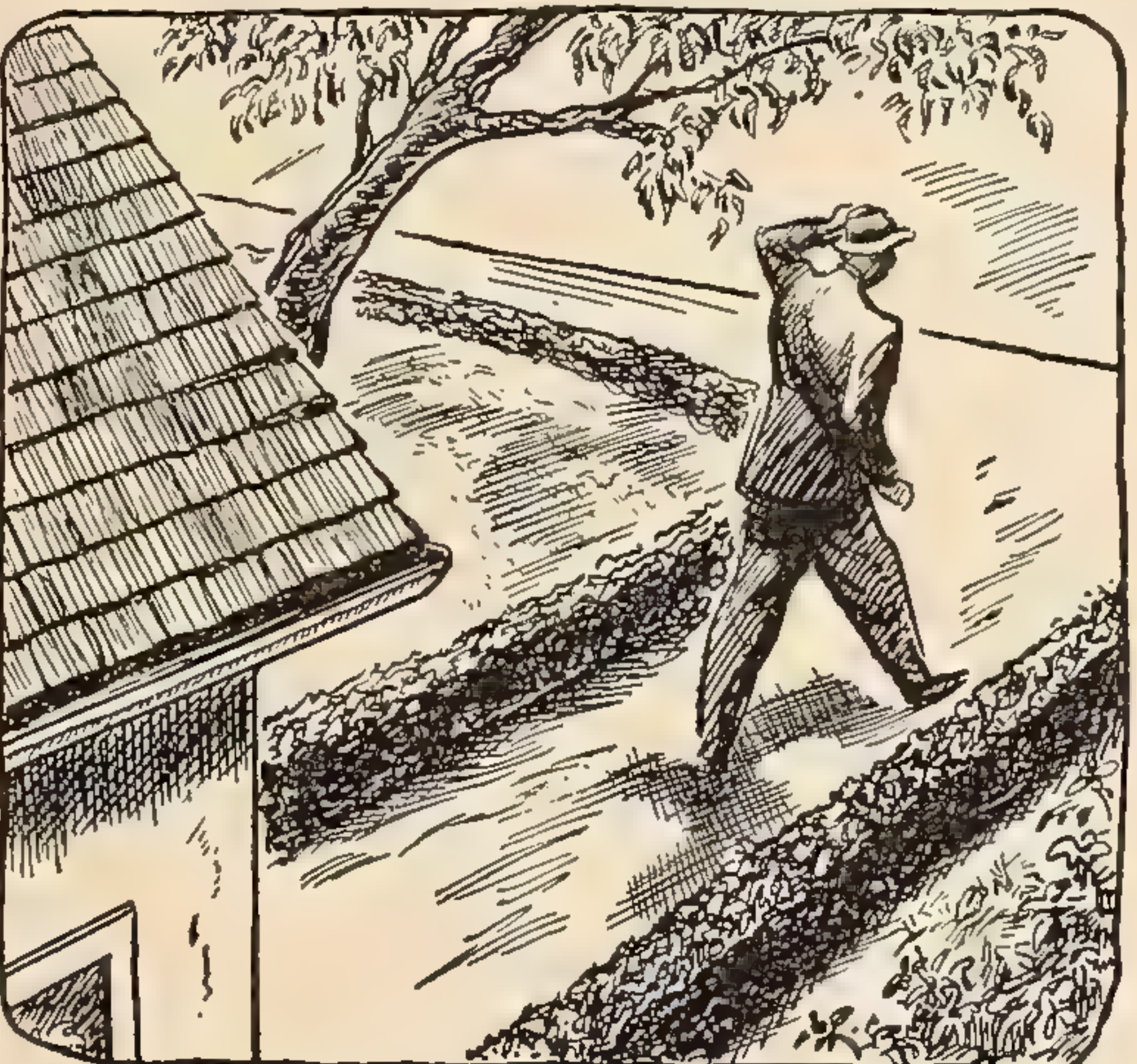
## "The biggest mistake I ever made with my boy"



1. One day when I came home from work, I found my wife mad as a hornet... and Bobby standing in a corner, sullen and defiant. I asked what was wrong. And when my wife said, "The same old business," I knew what she meant.



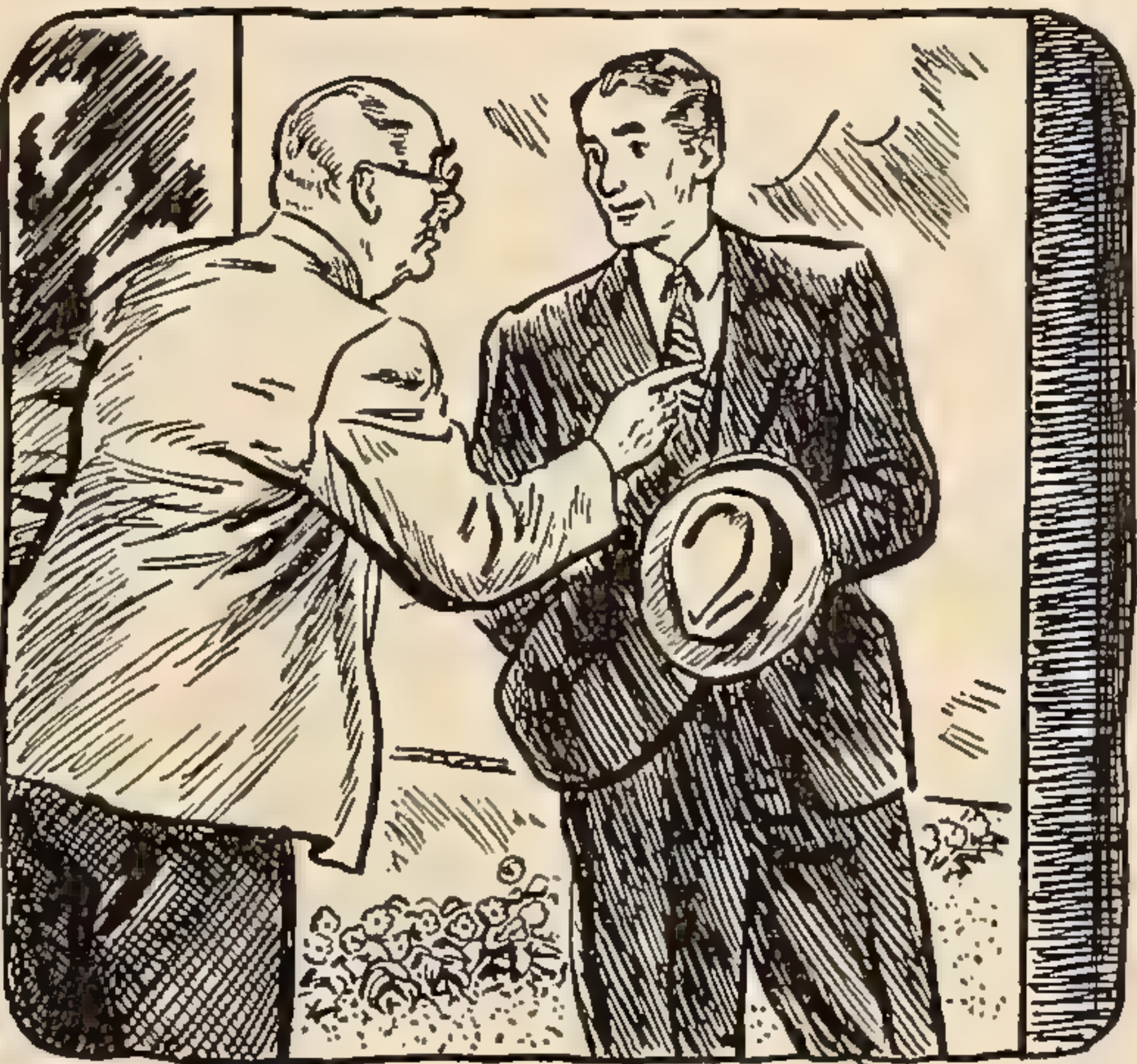
2. For Bobby was a laxative-hater of the worst kind. And this time I decided to take a hand. I grabbed his shoulders—and poured the stuff down his throat... I'll never forget the resentful look in his eyes. I felt a gap had come between us.



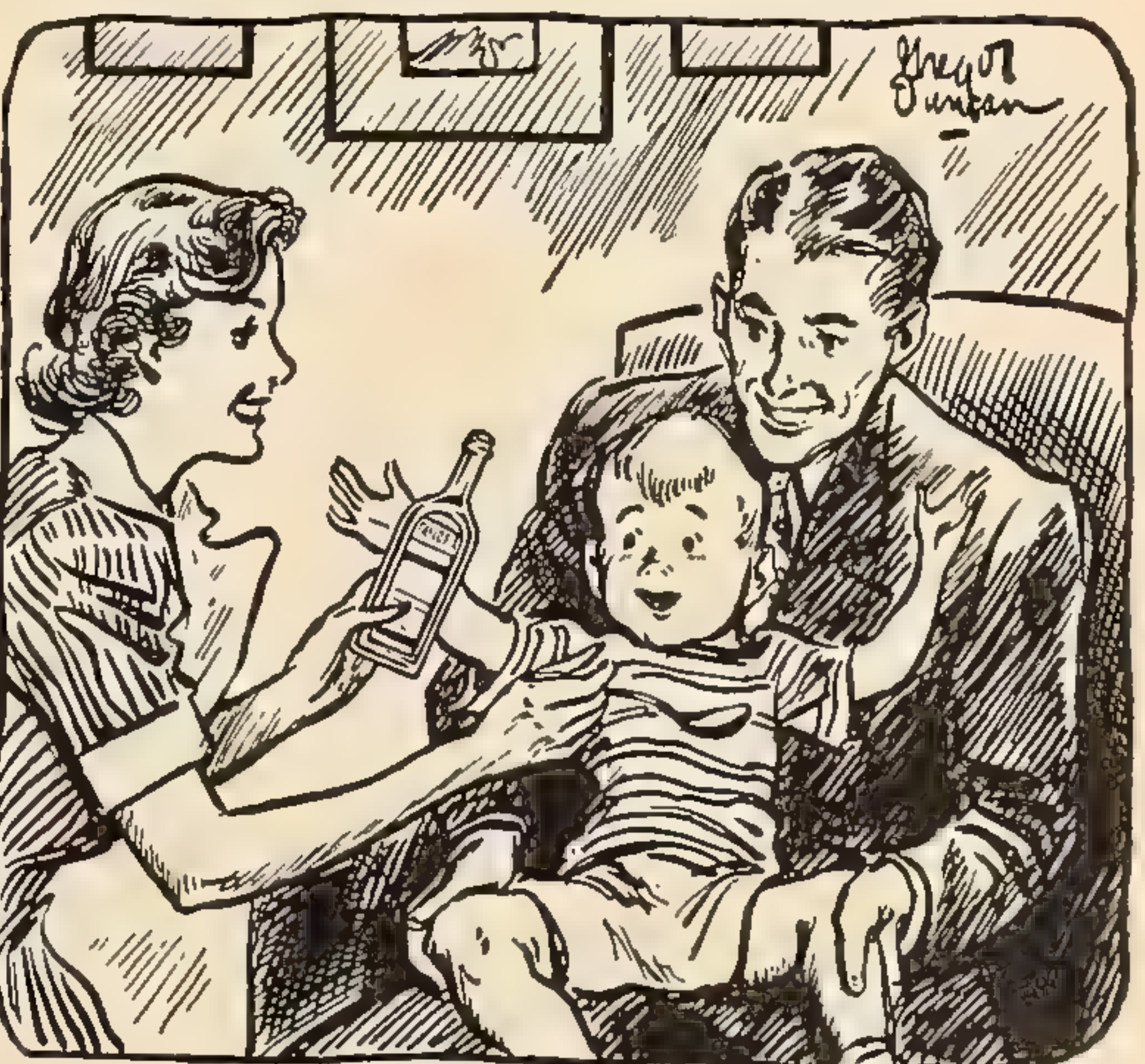
3. The incident stayed on my conscience all next day. I couldn't seem to get rid of it. And so I decided the best thing to do was to talk to our doctor and get his advice. I saw him early next evening, and told him the whole story.



4. When I finished he said: "John, you've made an awful mistake. We grownups are inclined to forget that children can't see the reason *why* it is necessary to take a bad-tasting medicine, and forcing them to take it can *shock* their delicate nervous systems."



5. He said that a child should get a nice-tasting laxative, BUT not one made for adults, and recommended Fletcher's Castoria. It's the laxative made *especially* for children. It has no harsh "adult" drugs. So it's always mild, and SAFE.



6. I bought a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria, and we gave some to Bobby. He took a sip, sort of scared-looking. Then his eyes widened, and he downed the spoonful! He grinned from ear to ear. And right then, I knew we'd had our last "laxative battle."

Chas. H. Fletcher

**CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children





**D**ON'T be afraid of unkind remarks about your bare legs this Summer, when you follow the stockingless fashion in shorts, sports and dress clothes.

"Pour yourself a pair of stockings" and glamorize your legs. MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP will give them the same velvety attractiveness it does to face, neck and arms. Stays on for hours and hours.

Try *Hawaiian* the new Summer shade, or one of the 4 other flattering skin tones.

Ask for by name—  
and get the original

**MINER'S**  
*Liquid*  
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25¢ & 50¢ at cosmetic counters;  
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**FREE Generous Sample**  
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MINER'S, 12 E. 12th St., Dept. M-70, New York, N. Y.  
I enclose 3c stamp to cover mailing cost. Send me generous sample of Miner's Liquid Make-Up FREE!

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Hawaiian ☐ Suntan ☐ Brunette ☐ Rachelle ☐ Peach ☐

## A New Deal in Productions

It is about time the era of "boy-gangster" films ended. Perhaps they do carry a moral and "food for thought" value, but I maintain that they provide a nucleus or seed in the mind of youth which in time may bear criminal fruit. You may offer the "crime does not pay" education, but these films do show the offender's life a merry even though a short one.

Three cheers for such screen vehicles as "Babes in Arms," "Judge Hardy and Son," "Seventeen" and "Young Tom Edison." These motion pictures place before us a youth of which we can be proud. They show the life and ambitions of boys who reach their goals the hard but honest way. They encourage the young folks to succeed over obstacles and odds which seem destined to produce failure. They bring about a realization of the satisfaction reaped in the end from hard-earned success.—Ruth May Knell, Bellerose, N. Y.

## Overlooked

What is the matter with the Hollywood producers? Don't they know a star when they see one? We hear talk of child prodigies—Shirley Temple and Jane Withers, for instance. Well, they have another one just as good or better in the person of little Sybil Jason and they don't even seem to know it.

Seems to me—and I speak for all of my friends—that Sybil is one of the best little actresses that has appeared on the screen. They ought to give her the lead in a picture and let her prove her talent. She gave such a brilliant performance as a little servant girl in "The Little Princess" that I thought surely her talent would be recognized.

As a member of the supporting cast, she is grand. In the lead, isn't it just possible that she would be a big hit? I say orchids to Miss Jason. After all, aren't we, the audience, the real judge? —Carol Frost, Ardmore, Okla.

## The Fate of Actor Raft

I am an ardent George Raft fan and think he is one of the most attractive stars on the screen. He is grand in prison roles but, occasionally, I would like to see him as something besides a convict. Just because he plays that role so well, I don't think he should be typed and his talents limited to that kind of picture alone.

I also think some of his pictures should end without his being killed. And why can't there ever be any love life for him? I think it would improve his pictures immensely if, once in a while, he could succeed in getting the girl he loves. Why not give him a romantic part opposite Maureen O'Hara, Lana Turner or Paulette Goddard and, please, let him do a little love-making for a change? His fans will love it, I'm sure.—Winnie Brunner, Farmington, Wash.

## WRITE A LETTER— WIN A PRIZE

You're in love again—this time with that brand new leading man you saw last night—and you can't find a soul who'll bear with you while you rave. Or maybe you're feeling smug and self-satisfied 'cause some nonentity you admired months ago is coming to the top. Perhaps you're harboring a secret grudge against "America's Sweetheart," but have kept it dark, feeling yourself a minority of one. Are you a conscientious objector to war pictures, but in your element whooping at a Western? Whatever your views are, we're interested in them, so drop us a line, and who knows—you may win a prize! Just one thing—please don't copy or adapt letters already published. That's plagiarism and will be prosecuted as such. Send your letter to: A Dollar For Your Thoughts, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

What's wrong with this picture? You can't blame Hugh Herbert if he seems a bit confused. In "La Conga Nights" he plays five feminine roles and here, bedecked in beaded evening gown and silver-haired wig, he hits the drums for a sixth one.





## GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 57)

Though Sonja and her family are all in this country and call Hollywood home, the star says that in her heart, home will always be that island in Oslo fjord where the Henies lived for twenty years.

### A COUPLE OF GOOD SCOUTS

Extra-curricular activities of two of Hollywood's leading stars ought to prove that movie actors and actresses don't spend all their leisure time in frivolity. Clark Gable, for instance, devotes two evenings a week to Boy Scout Troop '59 in Westwood, while Shirley Temple gives every Saturday evening to the Campfire Girls of Santa Monica. Shirley's just been given a new name, which she likes lots better than her own. It's the Indian name Keri-Woh-Sune-Anang and means "The Bright Shining Star."

### CINDERELLA STORY

It's been really "rags to riches" for Joan Crawford, cinematically speaking. For "Strange Cargo" her wardrobe set Metro back exactly \$37.45. But for "Susan and God" Joan has had Adrian's exclusive attention—and Adrian's attention costs about \$37.45 an hour. In addition to this colossal dent in the budget, the star's gowns had to be turned out in threes—identical in every detail. Ordinarily, you see, a star's gown is dry-cleaned after working hours and presented, ready for wearing, the following morning. But these outfits were too elaborate for such speedy methods.

### NOT A PONY-PLAYER

Alice Faye was considerably flattered when reminded how much she resembled the beautiful and romantic Lillian Russell. However, when one old-timer told Alice he heard she even gambled as recklessly on the horses as Miss Russell did, the star said, "I'm afraid not. Gee, I haven't the nerve." She added, "I'm in the two dollar class at the tracks, and even then I feel as if I'm plunging."

### CLOSE SHAVE

Gary Cooper discovered that there's no more privacy in a barber-shop than in a goldfish bowl. The other morning he dropped in for a shave and a hair-cut at the shop across from Paramount studio and settled down in the chair with a nonchalance that was short-lived. On glancing out the window, he saw two girls, noses pressed against the pane, watching his every move. He retired fast behind a hot towel, hoping that the girls would be on their way. But, when he finally emerged for a breath of air, they had been joined by several others. "Look," sputtered the embarrassed actor, "can't you do something?" The barber shook his head and pointed out that his shop was right on the way to a neighboring high school. Cooper thrust a bill into the astonished man's hand, hurriedly wiped his face with a towel and made his getaway via a back-door.

### SHORT SHOTS

Joan Crawford has had her house redecorated in orchid—every room. It's her favorite color . . . Margaret Sullivan is Hollywood's most enthusiastic reader and totalled 17 books during the shooting of "The Mortal Storm" . . . Roger Pryor, Ann Sothorn's hus-



**Baby:** "Don't dodge the issue, my fine-feathered friend. You oughta be ashamed to show your beak! Leaving a baby in a place without Johnson's Baby Powder! What's a fellow to do about chafes and prickly heat?"

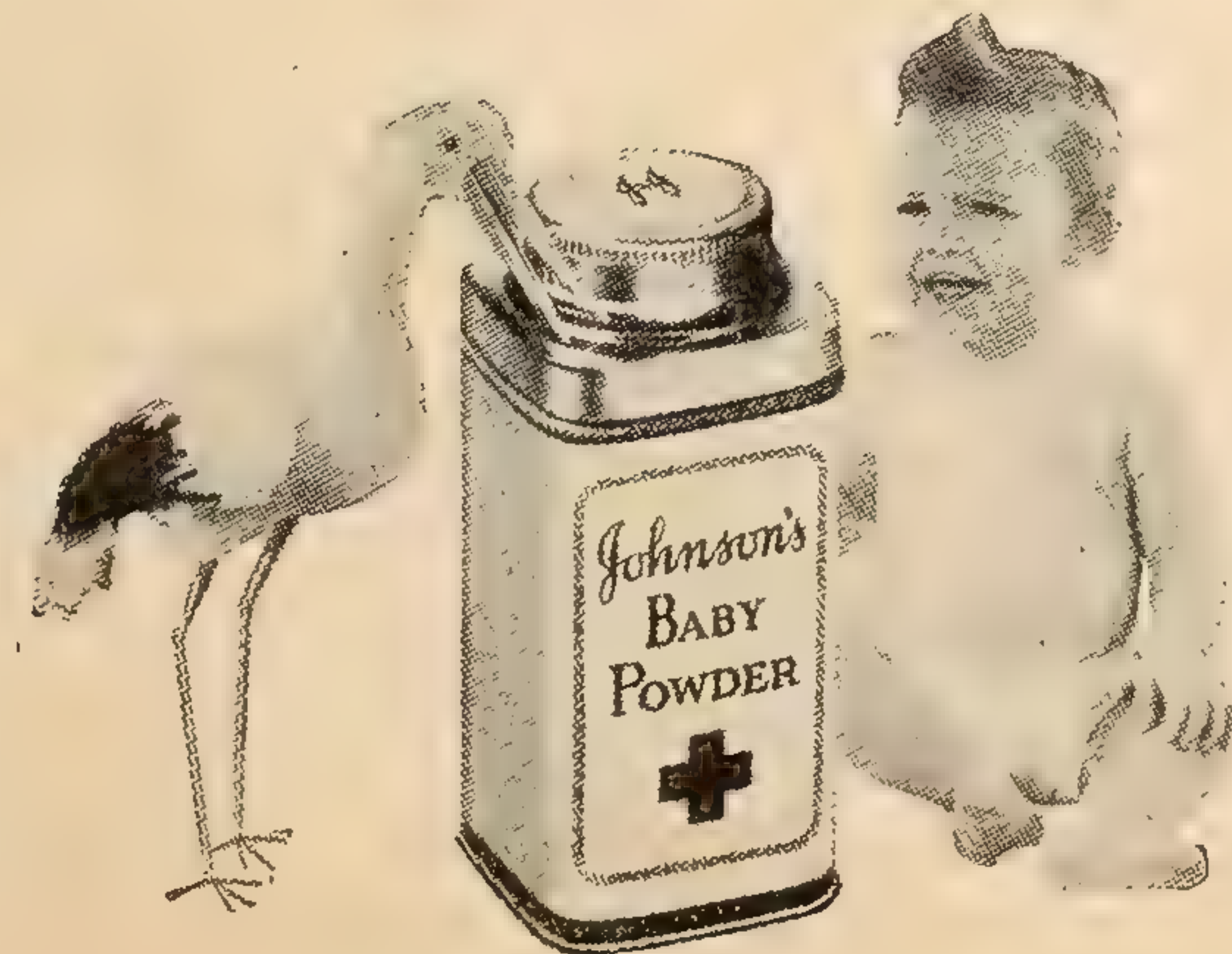


**Stork:** "Now, Baby, don't give me a dirty look! I knew you When. And today when I heard you were in trouble, I dropped everything and flew right over! What's wrong? Room too small? Parents unsatisfactory?"



**Stork:** "Dear, dear—a ticklish question . . . How can I smooth things over?"

**Baby:** "You can tell my mother to get me silky-soft Johnson's Baby Powder *quick!* . . . Hi, Mom—come here! . . . Now, big bird, do your stuff!"



"Believe me, there's nothing like a sprinkle of satiny-smooth Johnson's to please a baby! That nice powder is such fine help for prickly heat and chafes...inexpensive, too!"

## JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.





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**BEAUTIFUL  
FINGERNAILS**  
in the world

## DURA-GLOSS

The search for beauty is a never-ending quest, and rightly so! Now comes a *new nail polish—Dura-Gloss—that brings new beauty to your fingernails.* Thousands have adopted it already. *Have you?* For those who admire you, and for yourself, acquire this gleaming new beauty. See how smoothly and easily Dura-Gloss goes on, and how much longer it wears! In the loveliest shades. The best nail polish you can buy. 10 cents at all cosmetic counters.

Send for "Proper Care of Fingernails." Only complete guide to nail beauty, fashion, health and manicure. Enclose 3¢ stamp, Dept. 33

Choose your color by the  
**FINGERNAIL  
CAP**



Only Dura-Gloss has it! New "fingernail cap"—coated with the polish that's in the bottle. Shows exact shade. Banishes guesswork, disappointment.

**10c**

Lorr Laboratories,  
Paterson, New Jersey

band, has been signed to a picture contract at Columbia, but will keep on with his radio assignments, too . . . Lew Ayres is off for South America, planning to take a 1600 mile jaunt through the Inca country . . . Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson are planning to accompany Leopold Stokowski on his next concert tour . . . Mrs. Basil Rathbone will donate her script on "The Life of Franz Liszt" gratis to any studio that will star her husband Basil in it. She's tired of his being a meanie . . . It wasn't the Hays office that nixed Alice Faye's appearing in tights for "Lillian Russell." 'Twas Lillian Russell's daughter . . . Bette Davis' protege, Pamela Caveness, has been signed to a long-term contract at RKO. They're going to make an "oomphier" girl out of her . . . Robert Montgomery's first trip to Hollywood was made on an oil-tanker. It was during his college vacation days . . . The Don Ameches are calling Al and Ruby Jolson's former house their home, sweet home . . . Anne Shirley has a weakness for chocolate sundaes and goes on a sundae spree every once in a while . . . Irene Rich is proud as Punch of her famous sculptress daughter and is trying to persuade her to remain in Hollywood.

### UNDERCOVER WORK

Since Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart are mum on their romantic status, we've taken to doing a little quiet sleuthing on our own hook and have one clue to report. Olivia is patronizing a well-known Boulevard tailor, and has ordered two dashing aviatrix outfits. Though Jimmy has been "grounded" by studio orders until his current picture is completed, he's planning on taking off for Mexico City the moment the ban is lifted. We haven't caught Olivia boning up on Spanish—but quien sabe?

### PLAY WITHIN A PLAY

The most entertaining set in town these days is "Strike Up the Band" over at Metro. For one thing, Mickey Rooney's in the cast. Then there's Judy Garland to keep things moving at a fast pace whenever Mickey pauses for breath. Between their acting and their acting up, Mickey and Judy still find time to work on their own musical comedy. Mickey, with the help of his pal, Sydney Miller, is writing the script, the music and the lyrics, while Judy is going to be the star.

### ORCHIDS TO GINGER

The Screen Guild Theatre program, as you may know, relies upon the picture people giving their services gratis. The proceeds from the broadcasts go into a fund to help needy people in the film colony. And the Hollywood stars have rallied to the cause with alacrity. When Ginger Rogers made her recent appearance on the show, it marked the third time she had donated her services. Bette Davis and James Cagney are the only ones who have equalled Ginger's score.

### CARRILLO FOR GOVERNOR

Everyone knows movie stars have gone berserk on the subject of higher education. But nevertheless, it was something of a shock to learn that Leo Carrillo is now enrolled in a political science course at the University of Southern California. He's cramming for California's next election when he'll run for governor of the state.

Come summer, Eleanor Powell will be dancing altarwards with Merrill Pye, art director at Metro . . . Director Gregory Ratoff and Eugenie Leontovich, after eighteen years of marriage, are on their second honeymoon to celebrate her decision to stay in Hollywood and accept a movie contract . . . "Big Boy" Guinn Williams is going for romance in a big way—it's Steffi Duna . . . Gilbert Roland and Connie Bennett have said goodbye, but Roland's looking mighty happy around the night spots with Mrs. Dick Foran, who's getting a divorce any day now . . . It's Junior Laemmle and Mary Carlisle again . . . Anatole Litvak is dividing dates evenly between Bette Davis and Barbara O'Neil . . . Brenda Joyce didn't accept so much as a tea-date with another man while her boy friend Owen Ward was away for two months on a business trip . . . Greg Bautzer looks mighty cheerful for a jilted lover—especially when he's around Elaine Shepard . . . Liz Whitney and Bruce Cabot look that-away . . . Robert Preston and Dottie Lamour have pfft! . . . Andy McLaglen, Victor's six-foot-son, will soon marry Anne Ralston Page of Pasadena . . . Anita Louise is trousseau shopping and meaning it . . .

### FAMILY AFFAIR

Joan Blondell and Dick Powell are purring all over the place since they landed that co-starring picture deal at Paramount. For a long time they've been trying to get some studio to see things their way, since they feel that the Powells are a team that can't be beat. They've nixed all current picture offers for son Normie, however, and contend that they'll wait until some studio dreams up a picture that will have a place for Normie right along with Ma and Pa.

### ANOTHER HORSE-FANCIER

The stables of Robert Young and Allan Jones are well-known, but few people know that Don Ameche is a horse-flesh enthusiast. He and Chet Lauck, of Lum 'n' Abner fame, have plenty of their do-re-mi tied up in the L. and A. Stables in the San Fernando Valley.

### ALONG SUNSET STRIP

Fanny Brice coming out of an antique shop, triumphantly bearing a Victorian table and being followed by the shop-keeper staggering under a heavy mahogany rocker . . . Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman driving into the Sunset nutburger stand and ordering two sandwiches without onions—but definitely . . . Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson walking arm-in-arm down the boulevard and pausing to look at windows showing art collections . . . Loretta Young, with an armful of brown paper sacks from which celery and carrot tops wave in the breeze, coming out of a vegetable market and getting into her fancy gun-metal limousine at the curb . . . Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, engrossed in an argument, speeding along in their open roadster . . . Shirley Temple perching at a drug-store counter with her mother and sipping a strawberry soda while the admiring soda-jerker is the only one in the store who pays any attention to her.

### TEAR JERKER

Latest glamour gal to take the town by storm is Baby Quintanilla, whom you saw in



"Forty Little Mothers." Yes, the truth is that Eddie's baby "son" is really a girl. But there's nothing phony about the affection displayed on the screen between the actor and scene-stealer Quintanilla. The youngster was so smitten with the Cantor charms that loud gurgles and wide grins were the only responses the director could get from her whenever the two were in a scene together. Finally, to get some loud wails demanded by the script, he hit upon an idea. He motioned Eddie to put on his hat and start to leave the set. The ruse never failed to bring the required amount of tears.

### TRUE WORDS, MARIE!

Whenever you see Marie Wilson in a tearing hurry, you can be sure she's just heard of a new numerologist, crystal-gazer or palm-reader. At Warners the other day she was being teased by her co-workers about throwing her money away. "Throwing it away, nothing!" said Marie, indignantly. "Why imagine getting someone to talk about you exclusively, for an hour. Why, it's cheap at any price!"

### DIDJA KNOW

That Madeleine Carroll plans to return to France to see that romantic army officer if she can book passage on any boat—de luxe, freighter, or what-have-you . . . That Baby Sandy is going to be a ballet dancer when she grows up if her parents have anything to do with it—she's taking lessons daily. . . . That Hedy Lamarr is swooning with joy over being in a picture with Clark Gable—she used to keep a scrap-book of his pictures clipped from her magazines . . . That when Mrs. Ray Milland returned home with her new baby son, she found a brand new swimming pool which was Ray's gift to her . . . That Gloria Jean has grown exactly two inches in the past year and now measures exactly five feet . . . That Margaret Lindsay got a real ovation when she visited her home-town of Dubuque, Iowa, and had such a wonderful time that she wondered why she had ever left the place . . . That Bette Davis is taking French lessons twice a week and studying on the set between "takes?"

### GYPSIES AT HEART

Tyrone Power and Annabella have had to give up that idea of Rio de Janeiro due to Tyrone's studio assignments. They have been planning this trip for months and for sentimental reasons. It was in Rio, if you'll remember, that their romance first flourished. But don't think that the studio's plans mean the Powers will stay home and stagnate. They're planning week-end jaunts while the pictures are in progress, and cross-country jaunts for any breathing spells between pictures. According to both Annabella and Tyrone, travelling is their avocation and they would rather be away from home any day wishing they were back, than at home yearning to get away.

#### INFORMATION DESK MODERN SCREEN

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# A Wad of Money—

## DOESN'T MAKE YOU RICH

A sure way to fatten your pocketbook is to wad money up in bunches. But *folded* bills buy just as much...and are lots less bulky!

Elementary? Certainly! And for just that same reason Kotex sanitary napkins are made with a soft *folded* center! This naturally makes Kotex *less bulky* than napkins made with loose, wadded fillers!



**Snap your fingers at worry!** For safety's sake, an *improved* new type of moisture-resistant material is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad . . .

And that's not all! Kotex has flat, form-fitting ends that never show...never make ugly bulges...the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do!

**Kotex\* comes in three sizes, too!** Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in *three* different sizes—*Super*—*Regular*—*Junior*. (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs.)

All 3 sizes of Kotex have soft, folded centers...flat, tapered ends...and moisture-resistant "safety panels". And *all 3 sizes* sell for the same low price!

**FEEL** its new softness  
**PROVE** its new safety  
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*"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"*

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### NONSPI CREAM FOR WOMEN WHO PERSPIRE FREELY

SAFE TO APPLY as often as desired. Nonspi Cream is harmless to skin or clothing.

CHECKS BOTH perspiration and odor safely... effectively.

SOOTHING and cool when applied. Doesn't sting or irritate—even after shaving.

DRIES ALMOST INSTANTLY. Not sticky...a greaseless, stainless cream.

SEND 10¢ for trial size of Nonspi Cream. The Nonspi Co., 113 West 18th Street, New York City.



There is also a **LIQUID NONSPI**—at drug and department stores.

## BATHE FOR BEAUTY

(Continued from page 44)

your mind alert? Check these points on Monday, and no evasions or excuses allowed. Don't try to fool yourself.

What about regular exercising, too? We're still doing the Monday check-up—remember? A daily dozen of stretching and limbering exercises for ten or fifteen minutes the first thing every morning is a week-day "must," if you want to keep a trim, graceful and comfortable as well as beautiful figure. But what of outdoor or active indoor exercises just "pour le sport?" Swimming, tennis, golf, riding, playing ball, roller-skating, bicycling, bowling, rowing, dancing, hiking or just brisk, peppy outdoor walking? Set aside every Monday as a day on which to treat yourself to one or the other of these active exercises. (Walking is one of the most beneficial in the whole category—so don't feel a bit sorry for yourself if that is the only one in which you can conveniently indulge.) Or maybe you'd rather go to a gymnasium for your weekly work-out. Set every Monday aside for concentration on the diet and exercises that will give you a face and figure that will reward your efforts for every minute you devote to their grooming.

**TUESDAY** is a good day for that leisurely weekly manicure—and appropriate, too, Wednesday usually being beau night, bridge night or some other social celebration in which hands are likely to play a leading role. Try giving yourself a luxurious oil manicure. Use plenty of rich, softening cream or lotion while massaging and exercising your hands before you start. Then, at the end of the manicure, treat yourself to a bright, gay nail polish that gives your hands sophistication and eye appeal. Give your polish plenty of time to dry and apply a coat of nail protector before and after each coat of polish. It will make the polish last longer.

Wednesday, give yourself a home facial. Relax for half an hour, then scrub your face, neck and arms with a soft complexion brush dipped in warm, soapy water. Follow this with a thick slathering of cleansing cream which you allow to remain on for at least five to ten minutes before removing with a cool skin freshener. Next, pat on your fa-

vorite lubricating cream, massage it in well, then close the pores with a cube of ice wound in a facial tissue or a clean hankie.

Now, luxuriate with one of those new skin-matching foundation make-ups in either stick, cream or liquid form and put on cheek rouge. Top it all with a film of fluffy powder, first applied with a clean puff, then lightly brushed off with a soft bristled powder brush. Now, add your lipstick and eye make-up and go out and dazzle the world.

Thursday is a perfect day for that regular hair shampoo—just before the week-end parties or the restful relaxation that follows a hectic week of working. Comb and brush that hair of yours, up and out, then massage your scalp deeply to loosen tight nerves and stimulate the brisk circulation necessary for lively, lustrous locks. Now, give yourself a hot oil shampoo. Afterwards, set your hair with some of these wonderful new curling gadgets that so intrigued you the last time you were browsing through your favorite store.

Friday is the day for all those little grooming luxuries that make the difference between a smart and careless appearance. Apply one of those lovely, safe new depilatories to upper lip, forearms and legs. Pluck your brows—but sparingly, just around the wild edges—with a shiny new pair of tweezers or one of those handy little scissors-shaped gadgets. Change your nail polish for the week-end and give yourself a pedicure. (Be sure to match your toe and finger nail polish.) Flounce yourself down in front of your dressing table and take a critical inventory. How do you like your reflection?

Saturday—two guesses! Yes, a bath! But not the ordinary every day tub or sponge or shower—goodness me, no! The kind of bath that we're talking about now is the kind that is so important that we put it right into the title of this article. It's one of those super-salubrious, extra special baths that not only gets you clean (we trust we don't even need to mention here the primary importance to both health and beauty of every-day baths which you take as regularly as you get up every morning or



George Raft, right, treats his friend, Mack Grey and Norma Shearer's cute freckled-faced son, Irving, to a baseball game.



go to bed every night—we hope) but, as a leisurely, luxurious, ceremonial kind of bath, washes away fatigue, “nerves,” petty worries and drooping spirits. It’s the kind of bath that leaves you literally purring with comfort, relaxation and pleasure.

You can take this in the form of one of those jolly, caressing new bubble baths that are sweeping the country like a tidal wave (we might say “washing the country,” if we wanted to be pun-nish.) Or, if you’re an apostle of plain old-fashioned simplicity, you can take a tub bath with just good, pure soap and water and a dash of fragrant bath salts or a fresh-scented water-softener together with your bath brush, sponge, wash-cloth or bath-mitt. But, whichever kind you take, lie back, relax and luxuriate. Don’t have the water too hot—that would be enervating and weakening—just have it warm and fragrant with your favorite scent. We don’t know what it is, but there’s something awfully soothing about a scent that you particularly enjoy. Spend at least half an hour in such a bath, and behold, the cares of the world will fall as a cloak from off your shoulders. Try it and see.

How often do you change your kind of toilet soap? You don’t need to keep using the same soap year in and year out, you know. You’re missing a lot of pleasure if you do that. There are so many delightful, heavenly scented, delicately colored good soaps that are such a thrill to use that you feel just as though you’re splurging every time you take a bath with them. Any number of them are amazingly inexpensive. Try changing your soap from day to day and see what fun it can put into even the routine business of keeping clean.

**I**F showers are your special joy, get yourself a jaunty, pretty shower cap, a long-handled bath-brush or a sturdy friction mitt. Put some bath salts in your friction mitt or on your brush or sponge and rub yourself with fragrance. Sing or whistle or splash with more abandon than you dare put into any other operation throughout your routine day. Step out onto a clean, dry mat, take a clean, heavy towel and give yourself a vigorous, stimulating rub-down.

Dash on a lot of your favorite cologne or toilet water—or spray a thick mist of it in front of you and then walk through it if you want a feeling of utterly exquisite luxury. Finish up with a fresh, clean-scented dusting powder and last, but not least, use a good deodorant. You’re clean now, but be sure you *stay* clean.

Deodorants come in many forms, creams, liquids, powders, sticks and so forth. Some check perspiration for several days, some for hours, and others only partially. Choose the type you like best and use it regularly, as often as you need it. Nothing is more disillusioning than a girl who *looks* pretty but has neglected to be personally fastidious.

And why, can anybody answer, do so many of us neglect our feet? Is it because we don’t see so much of them? Goodness knows we can feel them often enough! Not only will their comfort more than repay any coddling you may give them but, in taking care of your feet, you are also giving a beauty treatment to your face. Never forget that many a drawn mouth and furrowed brow are directly traceable to abused, neglected tootsies.

First, bathe your feet thoroughly and, if possible, soak them for five or ten minutes. A special foot soap massaged well into wet feet will not only cleanse them thoroughly but will also stimulate circu-

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**T**HERE'S something about a Jantzen that makes the men sit up and take notice... there's a lilt in every line... a lift in every color... and magic in three wonderful miracle-making, figure-molding fabrics.

*Water-Velva*, “velvet-ly” lush in or out of water.

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& Scalp Conditioner  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

lation and help relieve fatigue. Next, rinse your feet in alternating warm and cold water, then rub them dry with a clean Turkish towel. Massage a soothing cream or liquid foot balm well in, then finish off with a generous dusting of a good foot powder. If you have corns or callouses, do something about them. Never cut a corn, though. Soften it with a mildly medicated corn plaster, then lift it out with a clean blunt instrument. Protect callouses from pressure and friction. There are excellent little medicated pads to soften and remove callouses, too.

A few points in parting and we'll leave this business of summer daintiness entirely in your hands. Use good cosmetics, the kind that agree with your special skin and fulfill your individual requirements. Nowadays, beauty aids don't have to be expensive to be both pure and effective. The best are often the least expensive. Keep your beauty accessories—powder puffs, combs, brushes, towels, etc., immaculately clean and in good working condition. Once in a while treat yourself to a salon hair-do, facial, massage or the like.

Go out window or store shopping once in a while just for the pleasure of looking and for the fun of gathering some sprightly new ideas. You'll be surprised how many you will find. Go frivolous every so often, curl your eye lashes with one of those cute, simple little inexpensive gadgets. Match your make-up from tip to toe and wear your prettiest dresses when you're not expecting "company." You'll get a lift from such simple doings.

Keep yourself clean and crisp and dainty whether any one is around to see you or not and, if you make these things a daily habit, we'll venture that when romance or opportunity do their unexpected knocking you'll not only be called on—you'll be chosen.

\* \* \*

The popular "stockingless" fashion with playsuits, shorts and other play togs is often a considerable problem to us girls, especially at the beginning of the summer season when our legs are apt to be the same pale color as hot-house bean sprouts—and just about as alluring. But one of our favorite manufacturers has taken this problem to heart and comes to our rescue with a perfectly grand liquid make-up which gives a smooth, velvety finish that will stay on for hours and hours. Available in gorgeous, deep, rich tones that blend beautifully with your own skin coloring, it is very easy to apply. Of course, you don't need to confine this dandy liquid make-up to your lower extremities—it is just as attractive and effective on arms, face, neck and all other areas that are subject to improvement by a first-rate cosmetic of this kind. We recommend it for general make-up purposes, too, but we're especially keen about it for those too often neglected legs. Try it in this summer's newest, richest shade. We're sure you'll like it. Shall we send you the name?

\* \* \*

When grandma was a girl, most fastidious young ladies cherished little pot-pourri jars in which they kept skillfully blended spices and flower petals to sweeten their clothing and their persons. We moderns don't always have our own gardens, and pot-pourri jars in stores are often quite expensive, but we've recently discovered a talcum powder that is such an exquisite blend of delightful spice and blossom petal scents that it is just about the next thing to a jar of pot-pourri. Besides imparting a fresh and lovely scent to your skin and clothing, this talc will contribute a lot to your cool summer comfort, too. Showered over your entire body

every morning, the film that this talc forms between your skin and clothing will help to eliminate the excess perspiration usually caused by friction. It will help keep your undies dry and sweet, too, and that's so important! Drop us a card and we'll be glad to send you the name of this delightful spicy, blossom-scented talc.

\* \* \*

With Fairs at both ends of our country, vacations all over the land, and hot weather rampant from border to border, it's practically impossible for a great many of us to avoid tired, aching feet at one time or another. One of the most important contributions to foot comfort we've seen in a long time is the convenient little kit of three necessities boxed together by a firm that is a recognized leader in this highly specialized field. There is a can of fine, granulated foot soap for cleansing, stimulating and resting tired feet. Then a jar of soothing foot balm to soften, cool and refresh them. And last, but not least, a can of antiseptic foot powder to sprinkle over the feet and between the toes to help absorb perspiration and relieve chafing, friction and that tight, binding feeling that so often accompanies warm weather. It's worth a lot to be able to be foot-happy and fancy-free, come heat, cold, summer visitors, vacations or what not. Write us today for the name of these indispensable foot comforters.



As pretty as any sea-nymph we've ever seen is Marilyn Merrick, who belongs to the "barefoot school."



# CAREER GIRL

(Continued from page 36)

Louis B. Mayer tooth and nail to play it. They were awfully glad, though, to see her carry the love interest again opposite Clark Gable in "Strange Cargo." Romance and Gable are their favorite formula for a Crawford picture. As for her romance in real life, they approve of anyone who can make her happy—even if only temporarily.

Of course, their heroine worship continues unabated 365 days of the year, but it is on March 23rd that it reaches its apex. This is Joan's natal day, and from all over the world packages of every shape and size pour in on her in a never-ending stream. These are no ordinary gifts either, but gifts planned with the utmost care and discrimination. Pennies are hoarded day by day, so that an evening bag, a feathered fan, a paisley scarf, chiffon handkerchiefs and other accessories from the smartest, most exclusive shops are selected with an eye to her own exquisite taste. Not only Joan, but her adored six-year-old niece, Joan Crawford LeSueur, is showered with birthday presents. Joan (big Joan, not little!) made an attempt to return some of these gifts, as she felt guilty about the involved cost, but the fans, who would rather deprive themselves of their own personal luxuries if it means pleasing Joan, were so hurt that she now keeps them all and is deeply touched and grateful.

It was last year, during her annual holiday in New York, that Joan attended her first meeting of The Joan Crawford Fan Club. It was held at Loew's Lexing-

ton Theatre, and no four-star picture ever played to greater capacity. Joan, shaking like a jitterbug, was so overwhelmed at the ovation given her that all she could do was cry unashamedly.

Incidentally, it is on her New York visits that Joan comes most closely in contact with her fans, and her arrival is a signal for dancing in the streets. The autograph hounds know that during her entire stay their days and nights will be touched with glamour. Joan, being a very systematic person, plans her schedule ahead of time so that she knows exactly where she's going to be every minute of her "vacation." So do the fans, for the simple reason that from the time she steps off the 20th Century at Grand Central, until she boards it again, Joan gives them her entire schedule in chronological order.

A GROUP of "regulars" usually pool their resources, pile into a taxi and tag her around, like a game of Follow the Leader. From the Hampshire House—to "21"—to Hattie Carnegie—to Saks Fifth Avenue—to Beekman Place for tea with "Alfred and Lynn"—to the Colony for dinner with "Ellen and Irving"—to the theatre to see "Gertie," "Kit" or "Helen"—to the Persian Room, Algonquin, Stork Club and El Morocco—and back to the Hampshire House, they maintain their ceaseless vigil. Neither weather nor food ever interferes.

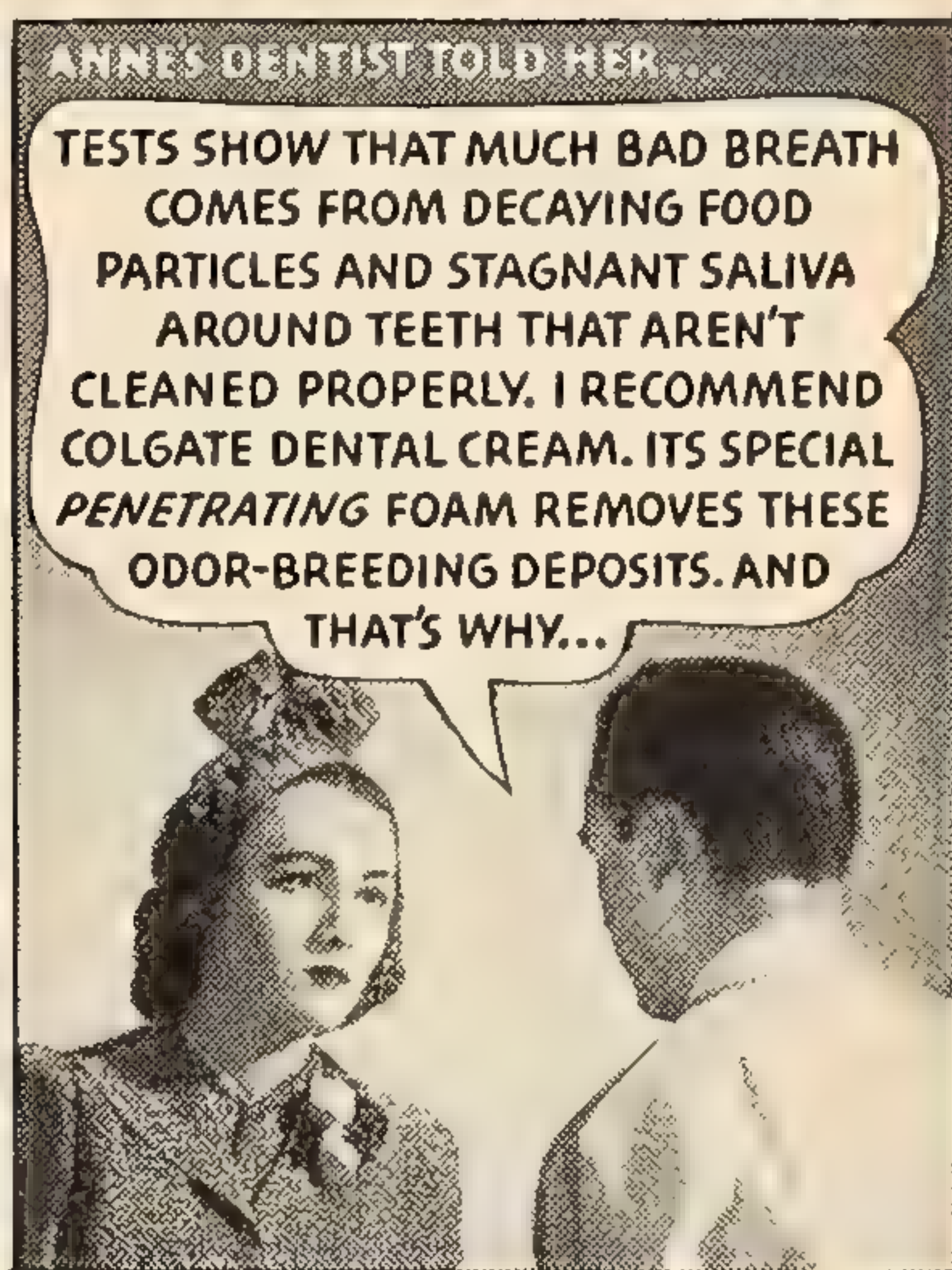
It was during a recent trip that Joan, visiting El Morocco for the first time, arrived at two A.M. to find a bedraggled,

tired little group, impervious to the cold December winds and the steady down-pour of rain. She pleaded with them to go home, but they stubbornly refused. To anyone else, if these kids were foolish enough to want to risk catching pneumonia, it would have been their own affair. But Joan's not like that. Once inside, she fretted about them so much that finally nothing would do but that she invite them into the ante-room and treat them all to hot coffee and sandwiches. There are still a lot of established residents in New York who have never been inside El Morocco because they can't afford the sandwiches and coffee—without Joan Crawford thrown in!

Another event that still has the fans walking around in a Charlie Butterworth daze is the memorable day that Joan invited a few of the chosen ones up to her suite at the Waldorf and let them listen to the recordings she had made of her mezzo-soprano voice. On another occasion, when she emerged from a shopping spree to find her "gang" patiently waiting for her, she extended an invitation to the whole lot for an ice cream soda treat at her favorite fountain. If they had been drinking champagne, it would have had the same effect!

Joan hasn't had much opportunity to travel through the United States, but on her brief stopovers in Chicago, Albuquerque and other railroad depots along the Santa Fe line, she is greeted with the same adulation. In Hollywood where movie stars are as indigenous to the soil

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as orange groves, her every public appearance creates interest.

Amazingly enough, although her home address has been so widely publicized, fans seldom try to crash her gate. When members of her club come to Hollywood on their summer vacations they write to her and she arranges to have them visit her at the studio. This, needless to say, is an added thrill, because besides their own adored Joan, they may be lucky enough to spot Spence Tracy, Bob Taylor, Clark Gable and Mickey Rooney!

Not only is Joan acclaimed by the fans, but for two consecutive years all the lensmen in Hollywood have voted her the best liked and most cooperative star. This year they gave her a gold cup inscribed, "To Our Darling." And last year their appreciation took the form of a silver cigarette box dedicated, "To Our Beloved."

OTHER players, knowing of Joan's slavish devotion to Great God Publicity and to her fans, wonder what good it does. They point to Garbo, Margaret Sullavan, Jean Arthur, Laurence Olivier, Ginger Rogers, Paul Muni and Katharine Hepburn, who haven't her sympathetic attitude but draw the fans anyway.

Joan knows all about them but, as she explained to me in one of our long confidential chats, "I'm nice to my fans because I want to be. I don't even care if they want to swap my autograph for one of Myrna Loy's or Rosalind Russell's—I'm so grateful that they want it for anything. When I first started on the M-G-M lot and was just a nobody, I was flattered to death when a few people shoved an autograph book in my face. Now, after working hard to build that handful up to crowds, I'm still flattered. Incidentally, I suffer from claustrophobia, so you know how panicky I get in a crowd, but I've learned to control myself. The time when I really will be panicky is when the fans stop giving me claustrophobia!"

Of this eventuality, there is not the remotest possibility. Through good pictures or bad, through happiness or sor-

row, the fans will never let Joan down. Because Joan will never let them down. She is too fully aware of the illusion they have built up around her, and she tries in every way to live up to it. Unlike a great many stars who relax in their off-screen moments, Joan, whenever she makes a public appearance, is still a creation by Adrian. She is the one star who in real life epitomizes the glamour that glorifies her in every magazine.

Of course, the underlying reason for her understanding of fan psychology is her own rabid enthusiasm for movie stars. Her idea of diversion after a hard day's work at the studio is running off a picture in her private projection room, and to watch her audience reaction is an interesting experience. As familiar as she is with story outline, as acquainted as she is with most of the cast and as movie-wise as she is to all the tricks of the trade, she is still transported into a make-believe world as magically as any moviegoer. She never misses a Katharine Hepburn, Margaret Sullavan or Greta Garbo picture. And since "Intermezzo," Ingrid Bergman has been added to her list of favorites. Among the men, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Charles Boyer, Jimmy Cagney, Paul Muni and the French actor, Jean Gabin, are tops in her esteem. If she meets anyone for the first time whom she admires, she is as ga-ga as are her own fans meeting her.

In trying to sum up Joan's fan appeal, I can't think of a better story to illustrate it than a conversation I overheard between two staunch admirers. The scene was a ladies' dressing-room during the period preceding her divorce from Franchot Tone.

"Have you heard about Joan and Franchot?" asked the first young girl.

"No, what?" her companion gasped.

"They're splitting up!" came the response in tragic tones.

"Oh no!" was the other's horrified retort. "That's awful! When did you hear it?"

"Oh, I heard it Friday, but I didn't want to ruin your week-end!"

Exciting intrigue rides the good ship "New Moon," in the film of the same name, with Jeanette MacDonald, a French belle, and Nelson Eddy, a duke masquerading as a pirate, providing the love element.





# HOLLYWOOD'S HOLD ON GABLE

(Continued from page 33)

was: 'You haven't enough money to retire.' Well, I haven't the \$10,000 a year life income I thought I would have. Taxes see to that. I have enough for my own needs. My tastes haven't changed any; I still hold with the old axiom that you can sleep in only one bed, wear only one suit of clothes, eat only one beefsteak at a time. I still want to live like a farmer. I do now. Our place is twenty acres with a small, nine-room house. It's easy to live in and easy to rent, if we want to get away.

"The money I've got now would be all right for our present set-up, but not for our future set-up which, we both hope, will include some kids. And when you've got kids you can't brush the matter of income off like that. I wouldn't want to think that kids of mine might say someday, 'The old man was okay, but he certainly saw to it he did what he wanted to do. Responsibility didn't bother him any, the lazy so-and-so.'

"Then the studio came out with this: 'You'd put a lot of people out of work, if you retired. Don't you think that's kind of a selfish way to look at things?'

"I called that one. I said that, if I didn't work, someone else would. They refuted me, saying that was okay in theory but might not work out in practice. If they brought an actor in to replace me, they asked, what guarantee would they have that he'd last? They said that you can't replace a 'going concern' with a gamble and rest easy nights. They said that for me to retire for no sound reason (wanting to travel around

the world and rake alfalfa aren't 'sound reasons' to business men) was setting an unhealthy precedent. If everyone felt like that, what would happen?

"They called my attention to the fact that an established star is a 'One Man Industry.' A top star in Hollywood entails big exploitation which, in turn, calls for a huge personnel. They itemized the scenarists who do the scripts, the typists, the boys in the mimeograph department, the boys in transportation who carry companies to and from locations, the make-up man, the wardrobe man or woman, the script girl, the set designer, the publicity department, etc., all the people who 'eat off' the success of a ranking Hollywood star. They painted a grim picture of the unemployment situation that would result if many of us decided to retire.

I HADN'T thought about it like that. But when I did think about it, it did seem kind of selfish. After all, I wasn't planning to retire because of ill health, the only valid reason, I suppose, for a man to quit working. I was planning to retire for purely selfish reasons, so I could do the things I wanted to do.

"Besides, and not to sound too much like the gallant fellow who lays down his cherished desires for his fellow-men, there was another reason for not getting out: I couldn't do what I wanted to do. Carole and I had, as you know, a scheme up our sleeves. I might call it a dream and not be too fancy about it. We planned to take at least two years off

and do nothing but travel. We planned to go in our own little car, with no chauffeur and as little luggage as possible. Time, we said, was not to be considered. We might come back in two years; we might come back in twenty years; we might never come back. We'd see everything in the world while we were still young enough to be up and doing. We'd go into Egypt, India, South Africa! We'd follow the trails the tourists have made and explore out of the way, lonely places, too.

"Well, that scheme was knocked in the head when the war rambled in. We couldn't go to Europe. The Orient was closed up. We could have gone to South America, but I've been there before and that's not what we wanted, anyway. We wanted to be free to go everywhere.

"Carole and I didn't do much talking about it. What was there to say? When we thought we could go, she was all for my not signing another contract, of course. Now that we can't go, not yet anyway, we don't talk much about contracts and things. We never have talked shop at home, you know. We still don't. The most we ever do is check with each other on how long we expect to be on our current pictures. We try to plan it so that we'll both be working at the same time and both be free at the same time. A few weeks ago I read in the paper that Carole had signed a contract with RKO. I called her on the phone," grinned Clark, "and asked her about it. It was the first I had heard of it. She said she hadn't decided.

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**WEE WALKERS** for the wee walker

"I got to thinking, too, what would I do with myself at the end of the first year of retirement? Read books? I'd read a couple of books, then I'd be ready to relax. I'm just not of the Intelligentsia, you know; I've got to be active, got to have things to do with my hands. The farm wouldn't take up all of my time, and pretty soon I'd be talking to myself!

"I thought of the bunch I've worked with all these years, pals of mine like Vic Fleming and Jack Conway, the boys on the sets, the fellows who drive the studio cars, the boys and girls of the Press who have been so swell to me. And they have," said Clark, "I wouldn't be where I am if it weren't for them. There have been a couple of times in my career, when they could have done me in with a few neat phrases. They could have made me the laughing stock of the country. They didn't. They told the truth and left it at that. One or two have taken a sock at me, but that's the law of averages, and you can't blame the lot for the few. Yeah, I decided I'd be pretty lonesome without the gang who 'made me what I am today.'

"So, when you add all these things up, the answer seems to be that there's no reason to be an obstinate lunkhead and do something just because you once said you'd do it.

"Last but not least, I must confess, I had another reason for saying, three years ago, that I'd retire this year. I thought I'd be washed up by this time. And I'd hate like hell to go down and down and down. That I'm not washed up is a matter of . . ."

"Don't say it's 'Luck'!" I interrupted him. "You always say it's Luck, the 'breaks.' That's too modest and not true."

"Sorry, sister," Clark said, patiently, "but I've got to call it Luck because that's its name. I've told you right along, and I'm still telling you, that the breaks I got might have come to anybody, they just happened to come to me.

"Figure it out! Look, I made 'San Francisco,' that was swell. Then bang, along came 'Parnell.' No one went to see the thing. Know something? The fans can smell out bad pictures before we've finished shootin' 'em. They seem to be ahead of us. All right, after

'Parnell' came 'Test Pilot,' a honey, but—it might have been another stinkaroo. The cards were shuffled right for me, that's all. Then 'Idiot's Delight' . . . yeah . . . and then 'Gone With The Wind.' See what I'm getting at? I've always alternated, one good, then one not so good, then a good one again. I've never had two baddies in a row. Two baddies in a row don't do anyone any good."

The man's modesty is chronic and invincible. Ten years have tested and proved that. Why, in his first two years of stardom he went through a barrage of fan fever and feminine swoons, such as no man, saving perhaps Valentino, ever knew. It would have made the head of a less earthy man spin like a whirling dervish on a bender. Clark's head didn't spin nor did it swell. He never lost the 'common touch.'

ALMOST as though the thoughts running through my head were visible to Clark he said, "This has always been a business to me. Nothing personal about it. How can you take a personal bow for making a picture like, well, like 'Boom Town?' A forty million dollar organization is back of you. The best writers, best director, cameraman, the best cast to be got is given you. A group of people as a whole should take a bow when a picture is a success—not an individual."

I said, "I was thinking of the more personal adulation you get—the fan letters, the autographophiles, the tumult and the fury given you, as an individual."

Now Clark did laugh. He said, "Honey, when I get one of those hot potato things in the mail I think, 'So what, they wrote that to Ronnie Colman day before yesterday!' That sort of thing doesn't hand the palm to me; it hands it to the sales force behind me. Nothing to get conceited about," said Clark, "in this business." He added, with a grin, "the defense rests its case."

"No Retirement Plans." I'll say not. But not because he changed his mind, not because the studio argued him out of it, not because he can't go on his travels. That's just what Clark honestly thinks. The real reason is that We, the People, wouldn't let him retire. You don't let a friend get away from you, do you?

We hear that Baby Sandy is even having a Health Week named after her, these days. She's such a busy little bee around the set of "Sandy Is a Lady" that it isn't often you catch her in her special chair. Pencil in hand, she's just been making some additions to the script!





# THE AWFUL TRUTH ABOUT GLAMOUR GIRLS

(Continued from page 29)

Be sure to make it something strong."

Even with the libation in hand to fortify him, he was loath to talk about himself—that is, in the light of a Hollywood social success. He said, "I'll tell you one thing that can happen to a man going out with a Glamour Girl. I took a certain young lady—never mind her name—to the preview of her first Hollywood picture. She was unknown before that night. The picture made her a sensation, a star. The theatre rippled with excitement about her. You could feel it. When the picture was over, she sat in her seat, as cold as ice, scared stiff about facing the crowd outside. 'Come on, darling,' I said, 'you've got to take it. We'll make a dive for it.' We started up the aisle. At the top of the aisle, fifteen or twenty kids pounced out and wanted her autograph. I beamed to her to sign them. I stood off at one side, letting her have her first taste of glory.

"First she handed me her gloves, so that she could write better, then her bag, then her furs. A few feet away stood two elderly women who didn't want autographs but who were interested spectators. Queerly enough, they seemed to be watching not her, but me. Then they whispered. From their expressions I gathered that they were saying something like, 'Who the devil is it? He must be a great friend of hers.' Suddenly they both rushed over to me. 'Oh, Mr. Disney,' they chorused, 'won't you please sign our programs?' I was put in the position of signing Walt Disney's name from memory. As I remembered,

he had a circle over the 'i.' All the while they kept up a babble about 'how they loved those little chipmunks.' I was afraid they were going to ask me to draw Dopey."

Any Hollywood bachelor taking out a Glamour Girl is very apt to have the experience of being shunted to one side, while the populace mobs his companion. Men outside Hollywood wonder if this one thing wouldn't be hard to take. According to Reggie, "At the most, it's inconvenient. If you like a woman, what's painful about having your taste confirmed?"

THIS being-pushed-aside is one experience peculiar to the Hollywood bachelor. So is the large number of compulsory buffet dinners. "At which," to use Reggie's word-picture, "you have to consume half a dead duck, orange jelly, celery, a cream puff and a diseased radish, invariably mixed with a scotch you didn't need." Otherwise, the life of a Movietown bachelor is much the same as the life of a bachelor anywhere else. Except that there is more of it.

"There are more beautiful girls here to the square mile than in any other town in Christendom," he said. "And they are all very good men's girls. They mix well—even the children of sixteen, just out of the egg. Though I've noticed that the ones who are most successful with men are those who retain a certain elusive quality. Not a hard-to-get quality. Something more subtle. It's more an element of mystery combined with

naturalness. They don't wear emeralds the size of baseballs, if you know what I mean.

"People have the horrible suspicion that beauties are haughty damsels. I've seen some haughty chorus cuties in my time, but it has been my experience that movie queens not only can take ribbing; they can dish it out. Collectively, they have a sense of humor. For your information, they don't issue decrees about what they want to do when a man asks them out. They like the man to plan the evening, though it helps if he knows what dance orchestras they prefer or what their favorite foods are and where they can be found. Most of them dance, and few of them diet.

"I've never yet asked a Hollywood girl for a date that she didn't say, 'What shall I put on?' They all like to be told to put on evening clothes. I think it's because they're in slacks and sport things all day long and when evening comes they want to dress up."

Reggie was gradually warming to the subject of Glamour Girls. He even became willing, for the fun of it, to give a Hollywood bachelor's impressions of a number of the Hollywood bachelor girls, providing it was understood in advance that it was all in fun. He didn't want anyone wondering if next he would be kissing and telling.

At the top of the list was Loretta Young. "Definitely Bachelor Girl No. 1," commented Reggie. "Loretta has everything except the habit of giving a man any hope. She is keeping herself to

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herself, until further notice. Only the other day someone asked her how much longer she planned to keep on with her career. 'Until the right man comes along,' said Loretta. 'When I fall in love—which, so far, I haven't done—I'll marry. And when I marry, that will be the end of the career.' Strangely enough, I wouldn't be surprised if she meant it."

He mused for a moment, studying the end of his cigarette. Then, still studying the end of his cigarette but smiling to himself, he continued, "Loretta is a dual personality. She has a very provocative quality, she is a terrific flirt, she likes to be thought slightly wicked and, at the same time, she is devoutly religious. She is a madonna masquerading as Scarlett O'Hara. I strongly suspect her of playing Scarlett all day and then going back to her niche at night."

Ginger Rogers? "Ginger doesn't like to go out much. And," Reggie added, with a lifted eyebrow, "I've heard she doesn't really care about dancing. She'd much rather see a picture in her own home or discuss her latest drawing or the latest bust she has sculptured. She is a great home-girl. Then, just like a woman, every so often she whips out and becomes the belle of the ball. I have a lot of respect for Ginger, the little Texas Charleston dancer, who has developed into a completely un-phony artistic person. She loves things artistic and, what's more, she does them."

"Few people really know Ginger. I'm far from positive that I'm one of them. The girl is full of surprises. For example, at her house I came upon a canvas on which were drawn two adult golf balls, with four or five little golf balls nearby. All of them had faces. Over at the right, behind a hillock, lurked another golf ball, with a leering expression. The caption was, 'She said she found them behind that bunker.' The serious artist in a frivolous mood, as it were. She has a grand sense of humor. And a pert reserve. You can see the squelch-

ing comebacks in her eyes. It would do you as much good to get fresh with Ginger as it would to try to push over the Empire State Building."

Olivia de Havilland? "Now, there's a complex person," frowned Reggie. "A bright little governess that no sensible married woman with a susceptible husband would have around the house. Not with those eyes. You have to stay on the intellectual plane with Olivia, which is all very confusing, because those eyes seem to be daring you to get off it. But every man who obeys that impulse, even before he starts, has the wretched feeling that somehow he won't succeed."

Bette Davis? "Probably the most forthright woman in Hollywood. Refreshingly frank. I wouldn't be surprised if she had a terrific yen to do what the Hays Office won't let you see—the untold story of Queen Elizabeth. Bette is a very simple person who really has a tremendous capacity for fun—and has the fun, at times. But condemned to play fallen, blind, frustrated, unhappy women in one picture after another, an armor has grown up around her. She can't go rushing about, doing the shag. It isn't 'in character.' She is definitely one actress whose roles have had an effect on the sort of person she is. I should imagine that she's a damned good business woman. She isn't an obvious Glamour Girl, but she has a strange sex appeal."

**JEAN PARKER?** "She's one of the most amusing women in Hollywood and the one with the best figure. An amazing person, really. I have reached the conclusion that she is related to Puck. She's either Puck's sister or daughter. Serious one moment, the next she jumps up and runs off, heaven knows where. She has enormous talent. She paints excellently, has great taste in clothes, reads right up to the moment, is highly musical, can talk about anything under the sun, and last, but not least, is

Maris Wrixon, Mary Anderson, and Nell O'Day, three Warner Brothers' starlets, have a day off and turn beach combers. The sea and sun and the sky aren't enough for these little maids. They want theirs with sweet music.





an intelligent actress. And yet, with it all, she's a pixie."

Madeleine Carroll? "I've known Madeleine so long, I don't know if I dare say anything about her. We did a play together in London twelve years ago. Even after all that time, Madeleine still is something of a mystery woman to me. I've never been able to escape the feeling that she is one actress dying to be something else—but what, I don't know. I'm reasonably sure of only two things about Madeleine. She is very beautiful and, if the nunnery were on the hill, she'd be likely to take the road to the beach."

Rosalind Russell? Reggie rubbed his hands, smiled and cleared his throat. "When I heard that RKO was planning a certain picture," he intoned sonorously, "I was positive that Roz was going to do the title role, even though she was an M-G-M player. The title exactly fitted her. It was 'The Mad Miss Manton.' I have a very deep spot in my heart reserved for Roz, although she probably doesn't know it, because I consider myself a serious person seized with an uncontrollable urge to clown, and I suspect Roz of exactly the same thing. I also suspect her of pausing in the hall, just as she is about to leave the house in one of those wonderful creations of hers, and snatching a bit of lampshade—just a bit. Then, on the way through the garden to the car, snatching a clothespin from the line and, with the clothespin, clamping the bit of lampshade to the right side of her hair-do."

Greer Garson? "Better than anything I could say about her, I urge you to remember Cathy's first meeting with Mr. Chips in the fog on the mountain. That wasn't Cathy. That was Greer Garson."

Mary Martin? "I sometimes wonder idly if there are any more like Mary

down Texas way. If so, I must see Texas. She's full of high spirits and vivacity. But one thing I'm quite convinced of: her heart does not belong to Daddy."

Frances Robinson? "She is the girl who is queen of the campus, only she has left college. She is everything that a gay girl can be: young, bright, pert and pretty. She is grand company for a man, a 'good scout.' I can have as much fun with Frances as with anyone I know. She has probably the loudest laugh in Hollywood. It starts with three staccato notes in high F and does a sudden sepulchral swoop to the last black note on the piano. It can be heard on the southwest point of Catalina Island."

**ELEANOR POWELL?** "She has two horrors. One's men who stammer, 'I'm embarrassed dancing with someone as expert as you, Miss Powell.' The other is Reginald Gardiner." He rolled his r's ominously. "When we were doing 'At Home Abroad' on the stage together, we had adjoining dressing-rooms, and I was always popping next-door to see Eleanor and her mother. Somehow, a running gag that I was her secret husband started. I would make veiled, barbed remarks indicating that my patience as a husband was wearing thin; I wanted to know when she was going to give up this career and come home. This went on and on and Eleanor was amused—until some South American millionaire with a flock of titles, who had conceived a violent passion for her and had sent her \$150,000 (more or less) worth of flowers, was scheduled to make a call backstage."

"Eleanor pleaded with me. 'Please don't come into my dressing-room tonight. Or, if you do, please don't say anything to embarrass me.' I simply had to see the ardent suitor. So I went

in, as usual. There he was, with a large bouquet in one hand and his top hat, gloves and cane in the other. We were introduced, and I couldn't have been better behaved. I turned on all that old British charm. Finally I shook hands and said, 'Well, I must get along.' At the door, just before I closed it, I paused to say to Eleanor, 'Goodbye for now, darling. I'll run the tub for you.' The suitor had kittens then and there."

And the most beautiful girl in Hollywood?

"The most beautiful brunette," answered Reggie, "I won't argue about—it's Hedy Lamarr." This certainly proved him unbiased. Remember that Hedy married someone else, after going with Reggie, her first Hollywood discoverer, for a year and a half! "Though let's face the fact," he added, "that little Viv Leigh isn't bad-looking."

"The most beautiful blonde woman is more difficult. I'm tempted to say Marlene Dietrich. Being asked 'What do you think of Hollywood beauty?' is a little like living among 3,000,000 sturgeon for a year, and then being asked, 'Don't you love caviar?' After a year, you're sated with seeing the most perfect sort of caviar. You're looking for mauve caviar, or yellow caviar, or red caviar—any kind that's different. And Marlene is different. Her face doesn't have a doll-like perfection. It has character. To anyone who paints, it takes character lines to give meaning to beauty."

The interviewer, preparing to go, had one more item of curiosity to satisfy. Spring was in the air; Spring, which did things to a young man's fancy. Who was his choice for the evening ahead?

"The most cosmopolitan girl of them all—the one I can't resist," said Reggie, "is none other than Elsa Maxwell."

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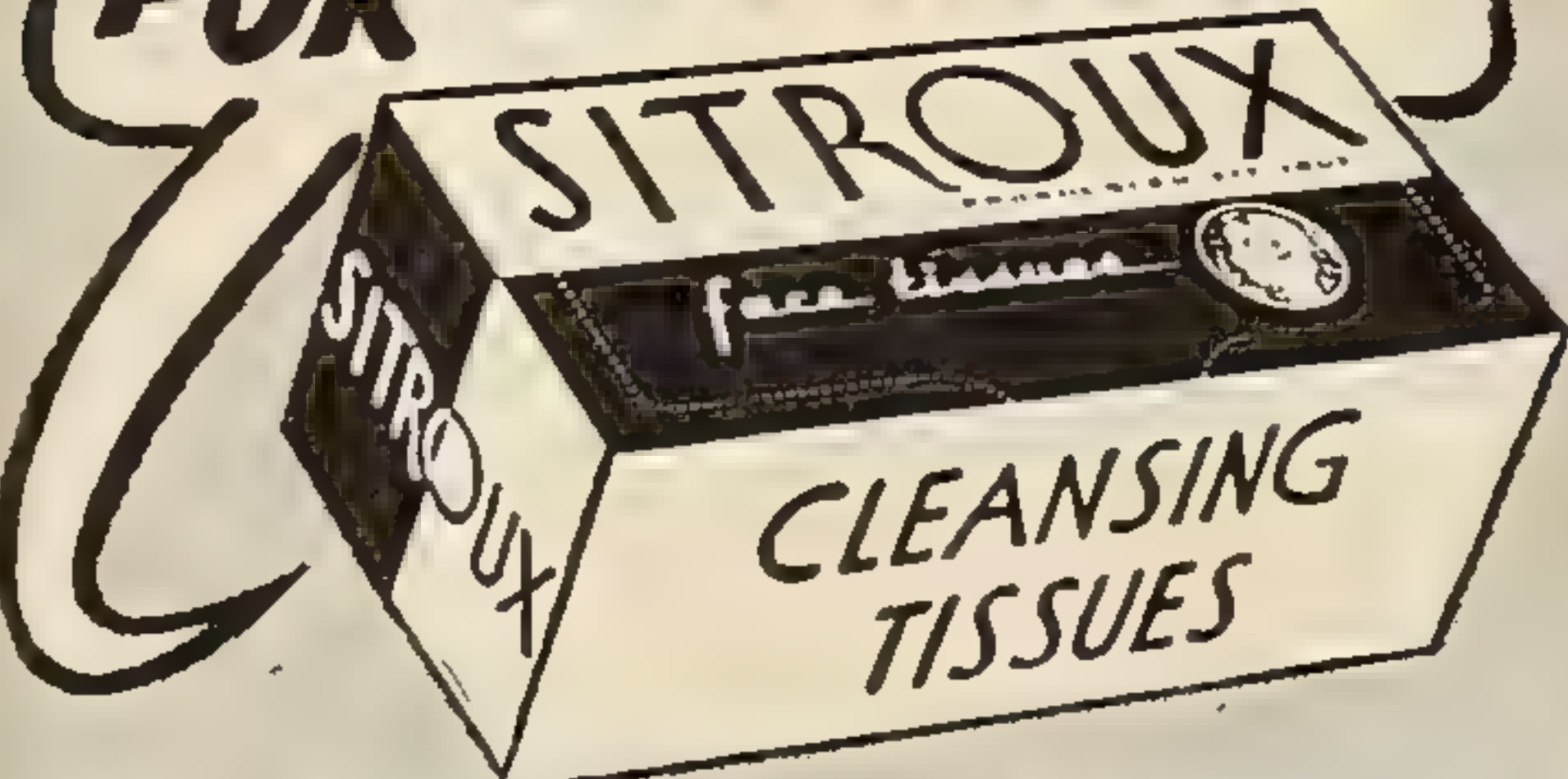
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## INFORMATION PLEASE, MR. MILLAND!

(Continued from page 43)

your shoes right now. You've got a son that's six pounds, nine ounces heavy."

They didn't know that the baby was in an incubator, nor that his hold on life was precarious. Mrs. Milland didn't know either. She smiled when she saw her husband in the doorway, then burst into tears because she was weak and so glad to see him. Outside, the doctor broke the bad news to Milland. For five days it was touch and go. The baby was given two blood transfusions. Through a glass window, Milland was allowed to peer at the blackhaired scrap who, even at twenty-four hours, managed to look amazingly like his father. Then he'd go back to his wife to take up again the heavy game of pretense.

FOR Mal, of course, wanted to talk about the baby. "Not having seen him, I don't feel like a mother at all. So you'll have to tell me every little single thing to convince me that it wasn't just an appendix."

"His fist was curled up today," he'd report, and Mal would be enchanted. Sometimes a cloud crossed her face, and fear would clutch at him lest she suspect something. But, "Are you sure you don't mind its being a boy?" she'd ask. In his heart, he'd wanted a boy, and had kept insisting on a girl only to prevent Mal's feeling he'd be disappointed if it were a girl. Now he had the whole thing to unravel backward. "But how do I know you're telling the truth this time?" His comment, irrelevant enough, seemed to content her. "Women!" he said. "You never can figure them."

Then there was the engrossing topic of "what shall we call him?" They both like Biblical names. A baby born in Hollywood promptly suggested to Ray the image of Daniel in the lion's den. David is the patron saint of his native Wales. So they arrived at Daniel David.

At midnight of the fifth day, the doctor said there was a fifty-fifty chance. On the afternoon of the sixth day, he went farther. "I'm going to make a prediction. I may be wrong, in which case you'll hate me for this later. But I think your baby's going to live, and I think he's going to be a hundred per cent." He saw the shadows clear from a pair of eyes that had been haunted and felt his hand being crushed to just short of a pulp, as the world was washed new for Daniel's father.

They told Mal she could see the baby at eleven next morning. When Ray arrived at nine, she was out of bed and dressed and all prettied up for her son. This was one time when she didn't want to talk about him. She spent the two hours waiting and watching the clock. At length, her husband's arm around her, she was standing, staring through the glass. Her hands went out in an instinctive gesture, but the pane barred their way. She tried to say, "Bless his heart," and couldn't get the words past her trembling lips. So she turned to Ray and buried her head in his coat. "It's all right, honey," he said. "This is just a preview. We'll have our own opening when we get him home."

Mal went home first. Daniel was three weeks old before he was strong enough to leave the hospital.

"Won't you want me?" the chauffeur asked that day.

"Look," said Milland. "When it's your baby, you can drive him home." His sister-in-law went along to take charge

of the infant. He annoyed both her and traffic—the latter by clipping along at a pace of twenty miles, the former by frequent admonitions to sit up on non-existent bumps. He let her carry the baby into the house, though. He was no dope.

Commitments to Paramount compelled him to tear himself from the crib side a few days later for a trip to New York. Daniel bore the parting with philosophy, his parent with impatience. Every night he'd phone, and Mal would report the latest world wonder. "Just think! He weighs nearly ten pounds and he isn't even supposed to be born yet."

Meantime, *Information Please*, that radio program of wit and wisdom, had learned that the actor was to be in town. Many actors come to town, but few are chosen. Asked what you had to have to rate as a potential guest, Dan Goldenpaul, the producer, answered: "A well-stocked mind, an absence of stuffing in the shirt, an ability to bandy language and to take your blunders in strides." Many a guest, possessing these qualifications has sat up there with the seasoned experts, only to find his well-stocked mind dry as a desert, and his banter tripping, indeed, and falling on its face. Alice Longworth, as nimble-witted a lady as you'll find in a month's search, will bear this out. Wendell Wilkie had to be coaxed for a year before he'd go on.

IT was on this formidable program that Milland was asked to appear, the invitation having been issued through Paramount's New York office. At first he was incredulous, then cagey.

"Must be some other Milland they mean, not me. Well, what in the name of common sense would they want me for?"

It seemed that someone had heard of his academic prowess at Cambridge.

"Yah! So I suppose they'll pop me questions on medieval Italian history, just to let me show off. No thanks, it's too big-time for me. Anyway, I want to get home to my baby."

They didn't point out that it would be excellent publicity for him and for Paramount, and his new Paramount picture, "French Without Tears," which Fadiman would be sure to plug. They wisely soft-pedaled that aspect. They stressed the fact that it was an honor to be asked. They recited an impressive roll of earlier guests. They said it was less important to answer correctly than to contribute to the gaiety of the hour. He began to think twice. It was sheer perversity, though, that cinched it.

He'd told Mal about it over the phone one night. She went to a party next day, and when Ray called that evening, she was all of a dither. "They said not to do it, Ray—"

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"Who said that I shouldn't do it?" "Oh—Jack and Joe—all of them at the party. They said you'd be sticking your neck out. They said, 'Does he know they don't see the questions beforehand?'"

"They said he's going to make a prize jackass of himself," grinned Milland. "That settles it, honey. I'm going on." By the time he'd subdued her protective terrors for him, he owed the telephone company most of the profits.

Tuesday night came. The studio audience gathered. Who they are is a mystery, for the legend goes that you have to know the rooster himself to get in, so clamorous is the cry for tickets. Fadiman sat at his table, stage right, looking over the questions. Facing him were the tables of the quizzes. The pianist in the rear was softly playing a Gilbert and Sullivan tune for F. P. A. Kiernan squatted downstage, talking to two pretty girls. "That's his daughter," somebody whispered. "The prettiest one."

Milland opened the stage door, his toes curled in panic. "I was going to stroll in, very nonchalant, with my hand in my pocket. And there were these three little steps, leading to the platform. Thinking how nonchalant I was going to be, I fell up the steps and entered on all fours."

This feat was hidden from the audience. To them he appeared upright—tall, dark, hatless, the collar of his topcoat turned up, his air faintly rakish as you've seen it in the movies, nonchalant as anything. He was introduced to Fadiman and the others. From a corner came the sound of Levant's distinctive bray, so you knew that all the experts were present and accounted for.

There's a fifteen-minute warm-up period preceding the broadcast. Fadiman is presented to the audience and

he in turn presents his quartet. "The relatively personable gentleman," he said, "seated between Mr. Kiernan and Mr. Adams—" A round of applause told him he need go no further. He beamed at the relatively personable gentleman who appeared to be blushing.

You'll have to take Milland's word for it that he was shaking and never quit shaking till five of nine. He gave no evidence of it. He seemed wholly relaxed. He was neither coy nor hasty in volunteering. He proved as conversational as the veterans and as little bowed down by lapses of memory. Asked for three current plays based on books, he supplied "Life With Father," then cheerfully confessed himself stuck. He mistook the name Plessy for Greycy, and offered Richard Coeur de Lion as the person associated with the place. His had been the only hand up. "You're way ahead of the others," Fadiman soothed him. "They didn't even know it wasn't Richard Coeur de Lion." He knew that "March on, march on" was part of "La Marseillaise," adding pleasantly, "I love my accent."

AN entente was promptly formed between him and Levant, who was in fine fettle, egged on, it seemed, by Milland's appreciation. The actor was fascinated by him, howled at each sally. "This Levant is very funny," he excused himself after one such outburst. They played into each other's hands, passed the buck to each other. "Who went from cavalry to cinema?" Fadiman asked. "This fellow Milland," yelled Oscar. Ray half rose and made him as courtly a bow of acknowledgement as his position, wedged between chair and table, permitted.

The platform fairly radiated good will

after the show, indicating that the Pleasers were as pleased with their guest as he with them. They wanted to hold him, but he had a ten-thirty plane to make. Between the excitement of the program and the prospect of getting back to his wife and child, his spirits ran high. All the way out to the airport, he chuckled over the antics of Levant, marveled at the learning of Adams and Kiernan and at Fadiman's smoothness. "Lord, how he lacerates 'em. And all the time soft as silk, so you have to think twice to get the sting. Looking forward, it was torture. Looking back, it was grand. Now that it's finished, I'd like to do it all over again."

Fadiman had offered to send him a record of his percentage. "Do that, will you?" Milland had urged. "I need it for my kid brother-in-law. He'll never believe I made more than zero minus, unless it comes with authority."

Mal's brother is thirteen, and a skeptic on principle. Ray approves of him. "He's the kind of kid that gets shy and embarrassed with people. These kids that say howdyado, I'm so glad to meet you, then sit on the edge of a chair, all smug and polite—I could hit 'em across the teeth, couldn't you? I've warned my wife that if ours ever says howdyado, she'll answer for it."

The car came to a halt. A redcap reached in for the luggage. "Go easy with that one," warned Milland. "It's my wife's present."

"How 'bout the big one?"

"I'll take that myself. It's for my boy."

The porter eyed the huge package. "Must be a powerful big boy," he grinned.

Milland was striding toward the plane. "That's right," he flung back over his shoulder. "Five weeks old today."



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## ICE CREAM—AND HOW!

(Continued from page 11)

Baked Alaskas always have been regarded as tops in party desserts, though said to be too difficult for amateur cooks to attempt. This one suggested by Gloria Jean's mother, however, is not one bit hard to make.

### JUNIOR ALASKAS

- 4 tablespoons cocoa
- 1/3 cup cold water
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 cup sifted cake flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/4 teaspoon baking soda
- a pinch of salt
- small servings of vanilla ice cream
- 16 campfire marshmallows

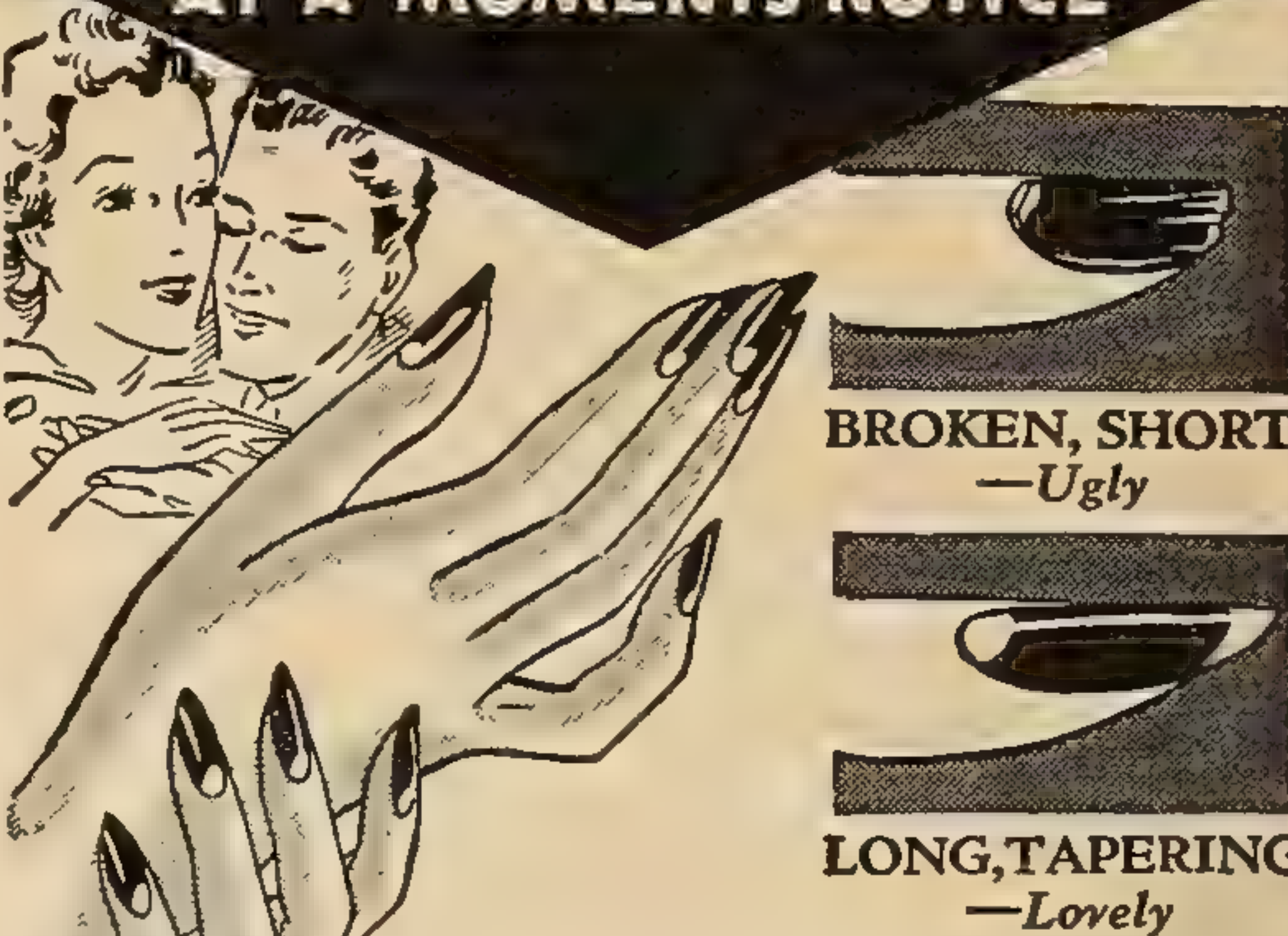
Place cocoa in saucepan, slowly add the cold water. Cook and stir over direct heat until smooth. Add butter and when butter has melted add sugar. Mix thoroughly, cool. Add sour cream and vanilla. Beat egg thoroughly, add to cocoa mixture. Sift flour, measure. Add baking powder, soda and salt; sift again. Add liquid ingredients to dry ingredients all at one time. Beat together thoroughly. Bake in large greased and floured muffin tins in moderate oven (375°F.) approximately 25 minutes, or until cake taster comes out clean. Cool on wire cake rack. Return to pans. Hollow out cake centers, using a grapefruit knife. Fill hollowed-out cakes with ice cream, level with tops of cakes. Cover ice cream completely with halved marshmallows, cut side down. Place under hot broiler flame for a bare half minute or so to brown and puff the marshmallows. Remove to individual serving plates, working quickly. Serve at once. The cake that was scooped out may be mixed with whipped cream, cut marshmallows, drained crushed pineapple and chopped nuts for dessert the following day.

### FROZEN FRUIT SHORTCAKE

- 2 cups orange juice
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- grated rind of 1/2 orange
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 1 tablespoon gelatin
- 1 tablespoon cold water
- 2 egg whites, beaten
- 3 tablespoons powdered sugar
- 1 cup whipping cream
- sliced sponge cake

Heat orange juice. Mix sugar, rind and cornstarch. Beat in the yolks. Very slowly add hot orange juice. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until smooth and creamy—approximately 3 minutes. Sprinkle gelatin on the cold water and when softened add to hot orange mixture. Stir until gelatin has dissolved. Cool until slightly thickened. Line refrigerator tray(s) with waxed paper. Cut an oblong sponge cake to fit tray, in a slice about 1/4 inch thick. Fit this tightly into bottom of tray. Beat egg whites until they begin to hold their shape. Beat in the powdered sugar, one tablespoon at a time. Whip cream, combine with beaten whites, fold into cooled and thickened orange custard. Pour orange mixture into prepared tray(s). Freeze quickly—with regulator set at coldest point—approximately 3 hours. When frozen, set regulator back to a less cold point, to store until serving time.

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# PAULETTE'S OUTSMARTING HER RIVALS

(Continued on page 51)

he had been testing all that morning.

He was not only surprised; he was startled. Involuntarily, he said, half to her, half to himself, "Who—who is it?"

The vixen smiled at the effect she had produced, stepped into the room and said, "Hal-lo. My name, she is Louvette. What you think, eh?"

De Mille smiled, in spite of himself. The girl, whoever she was, had contrived a clever ruse to get his attention. He relished her showmanship.

She was cleverly made up, too. He still didn't recognize her. He admitted it, asking, "Louvette who?"

"Louvette Goddard—no one else," she said.

"What!" he exclaimed, a man stunned with amazement. "Paulette?" He was both incredulous and delighted.

"Why, you little dickens. So you think you could play the wolf girl?"

"What do you think?" she said.

HE didn't answer immediately. He stood up, walked around her slowly, looked her over from every angle, as critically as a camera would. "Your fingernails are too red and too long," he said finally, "but we could do something about those. Otherwise, you look the part. I'd like to hear you read some lines." He reached for a script, ruffled through it to a certain scene.

"But I haven't read the script before," said Paulette. "To help me get the feeling of the scene, would you read the man's lines as I read the girl's?"

De Mille looked helplessly at Pine, who said, "I'm no actor. You'll have to do it."

So De Mille—who had completely forgotten about lunch—went through the scene, himself, with Paulette. But reading the man's lines kept him so busy and made him so self-conscious that he couldn't concentrate on her interpretation of the girl's lines. Finally, he admitted, "This isn't fair to you. Take the script home, study the scene, and then come back tomorrow at noon and read it for me. I'll have somebody here to read the man's part."

He implied, "You're a smart girl. You thought of a way to make me wonder if you couldn't be Louvette. Now, the rest is up to you."

That was all that Paulette needed—the chance to show what she could do. She proved that the next noon. In her own clothes and without benefit of appropriate make-up, she gave her idea of how a North Woods spitfire would talk and behave. De Mille was convinced. "I'm not giving you a screen test, Paulette. You don't need one. I know you can play the part."

This story has been carefully suppressed. The public has been led to believe that Paulette was the original and only actress considered for the role. But having had a tip-off that that was not the case, and that the real story revealed unsuspected things about the girl named Goddard, I went to her to do a little checking.

I found her on the set of "North West Mounted Police," stirring up trouble—for picture purposes—among some Indians. The Indians were genuine, but such is the magic of make-up, she looked as Indian as they did, except for those mischievous blue eyes. "The blue eyes aren't out of character," she said, smiling, her white teeth gleaming against the background of dark greasepaint. "I play a half-breed, you know."

She led the way to her portable dressing-room, a canvas coop rigged up on the sidelines of the set, and crowded with three chairs and a dressing-table. She sat down on the dressing-table bench, one bare—and shapely—leg curled under her, the other dangling, and waited for my first question.

I told her the story I had heard about how she had gone after the role, and asked her if it were true.

"Yes, it is. It didn't look as if I could get myself considered for the role any other way," she admitted frankly. "At least fifty actresses wanted it. It's that kind of role. But apparently none of them wanted it quite as badly as I did."

"As long as I've been movie-minded, I've dreamed of doing a picture for Mr. De Mille. Everyone he makes is important. He has never produced a flop. And no one in Hollywood is his equal for bringing out players, making them famous"—a statement that indicated, all by itself, that those blue eyes were observant and the brain behind them shrewd.

"I met him for the first time at the Academy dinner three years ago. We sat side by side. He teased me about looking like his idea of Delilah. I asked him jokingly why he didn't do the story of Samson and Delilah, and let me play Delilah? He joked back, 'Maybe I will! Shortly after that, I went on a six months' trip to the Orient. From every port, I sent him post cards. From Singapore I wrote: 'When are you going to have a part for me?—because I want to work for you.' From Hong Kong I sent: 'Don't forget—Paulette.' It was all in fun, but mixed in with the fun was a certain amount of wishful thinking. And that, as I say, was three years ago."

PAULETTE drew her leg up under her. "The first I heard of Mr. De Mille's search for Louvette," she continued, "was when I saw a drawing of her in the paper. Everybody saw it. The caption underneath the drawing was: 'Have you seen this girl?' The implication was that her living counterpart would be a dramatic sensation in 'North West Mounted Police.' I studied the picture, and I asked myself, 'Why couldn't I look like that—if I had the chance?' Not that I felt I'd ever get it. What I thought was that this so-called search was a big build-up to an announcement that So-and-So had been cast in the part—with So-and-So having been decided upon months in advance. Maybe that was what people thought when I was announced for it!"

"I was away from the Paramount lot for several weeks. When I got back, I had a lot of gossip to catch up on. One morning I said to Dot Ponedel, my studio hairdresser, who ought to know: 'Tell me—who's going to play Louvette?' To my infinite surprise, she answered, 'The part hasn't been cast yet. Mr. De Mille's lining up people for tests.' She showed me the drawing I had seen reproduced in the newspaper—which the hairdressing department was using as a guide in fixing the girls' hair for their tests. I said 'Hmmm!' and got in touch with my agent as soon as possible.

"If the part wasn't cast yet, I was going to try for it. I made up my mind on that point in a hurry. Here might be my chance at last to work with Mr. De Mille!"

"My agent tried to discourage me. 'I've already got three other clients out for it, Paulette. That means I'm due to have at least two disappointed clients. Maybe

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three. And I'm not going to risk having four.' In short, he wouldn't even mention my name to Mr. De Mille.

"That setback only made me all the more determined to get in the running. But how was I going to compete with girls who had agents talking up for them? I had to do something unusual—something to make Paulette Goddard stand out as an unexpected possibility for the part.

"I couldn't imagine myself walking into Mr. De Mille's office in my own clothes and saying, 'Why couldn't I play Louvette?' and trying to persuade him that I could. For one thing, I wouldn't look the part.

"That gave me an idea. I'd go in to see him—and I would look the part.

"That took a bit of conniving. I persuaded Dot Ponedel to fix my hair like Louvette's, got one of the Westmore boys to put on the make-up touches, and had a wardrobe woman snatch Louvette's dress off the other girl's back, as soon as her test was over, and rush it to my dressing-room. Meanwhile, I had begged Bill Pine to hold Mr. De Mille in his office for fifteen minutes that noon, because I had a surprise for him, and Bill promised not to tell I was coming.

"It took a lot of nerve, but I wanted that role desperately."

PEOPLE have underestimated Paulette. They considered her the girl in Charlie Chaplin's life. They haven't suspected her of a long and determined campaign to make a name for herself as an actress. They have suspected her, instead, of only toying with a career.

Paulette planned it that way. She wasn't taking any chances of being knifed by stars afraid of her. She smiled and let them think she wasn't serious about a career. She kept her ambition completely and shrewdly hidden until she sensed the psychological moment to turn it loose.

That moment arrived when the role of Louvette loomed on the horizon. She had just finished "The Ghost Breakers," written especially for Bob Hope and herself, which would be out in early summer. She had just played the girl in "The Great Dictator," Chaplin's long-awaited first talkie, another part especially written for her. Both pictures had hit possibilities. But both were comedies. Now, if she could only do a big dramatic picture like "North West Mounted Police,"—well, 1940 might be her year. Anyway, it was worth a gamble.

As she explained it, "My career is my whole life, not just a trinket to wear on my wrist. And it has been that ever since I first arrived in Hollywood, despite appearances sometimes to the contrary.

"I wasn't as lucky as some girls with screen ambitions. I had no acting background worth mentioning. I had done two small bits in two New York shows; that was all. I had to acquire an acting background by starting at the bottom.

"I arrived in Hollywood originally on a week-end party with some friends from Reno. I hadn't been here twenty-four hours when I received a movie offer—to be a chorine in Hal Roach Comedies. I took the offer, but I didn't have any illusions about being able to step from the chorine ranks to stardom, because I knew I didn't know how to act. On the other hand, I didn't have any intention of staying a chorine forever.

"What I did was to look around for the best dramatic coach in sight. I decided that Samuel Kayser was it. I think Howard Hughes brought him out from New York during 'Hell's Angels,' to coach Jean Harlow. He had also coached Janet Gaynor and countless other people, helped to make them famous. I started working with him, and I haven't stopped since,

except for short intervals—the longest one six months. I have always come back, started again. Every day at nine, when I'm not working, I have an hour's lesson. I don't have something new to do every day; far from it. Some of the work is so repetitious, and I become so bored, that I could scream. But I have always been able to make myself keep on, make myself have that much vitality and take that discipline."

In other words, she has been smart enough not to relax, not to underestimate for one moment the calibre of the competition. She hasn't waited for the breaks. She has worked for them.

"The long hours, months, years spent with Kayser were the only thing that gave me the courage to sign with Selznick two years ago," said Paulette. "I hoped I was ready to strike out and have a career—at last. The first thing I did was 'The Young in Heart,' followed almost immediately by 'Dramatic School.' Meanwhile, the Scarlett O'Hara business was going on, with endless tests and talk about my doing it. After such a build-up, the eventual letdown was cataclysmic. I lost all my belief in myself as an actress.

"George Cukor, who was originally to direct 'Gone with the Wind,' still believed in me. He talked me into doing the role of the show girl in 'The Women.' He said, 'it's a minor role, but it will do a lot for you. Especially the scrap with Rosalind Russell.' He was right; it did do a lot for me. The scrap was what impressed people.

"You hear that in Hollywood everybody tries to beat you down, if you're new. But everybody I've known has tried to help me. I don't understand it, but that's the way it has been."

The girl is too modest. It's easy enough to understand. She hasn't trampled other people, in her efforts to get somewhere, herself. She has been smart enough to take her time, to make friends all along the road.

I ASKED her about the Chaplin picture. Was it true she had the biggest part any girl had ever had in a Chaplin picture—and, if so, did she talk Chaplin into making the part so prominent?

She answered, "Yes" to the first question, "No" to the second. "The part looms up so well," she said, "because the story revolves around the girl. She typifies the Ghetto, the Common People. She is the only one willing to help the persecuted, and lives in hope of beating up the Storm Troopers. Being created especially for me, she is very much like me, except that our voices are different. In the picture I use what I call 'my little voice,' and I jabber constantly—so that Charlie never gets a chance to talk as the little tramp. He plays a dual role, you know, a dictator, and a little tramp who is a double for the dictator. I love the story. It should be a tonic to everybody who sees it. Only it's too bad that the dictator-ridden countries can't see it.

"What kind of roles do I want to do? Every kind. Amusing ones, tragic ones, dramatic ones, romantic ones. That's the fun of acting, it seems to me. There's no limit to the things you can try to do, the interesting people you can try to be. You can never reach the end."

Paulette Goddard has an animated face that you can't confuse with any other on the screen. She has a figure that was recently voted "the world's most beautiful." She has talent and ambition and a terrific willingness to work. But, most important of all, she has a smart head on her shapely shoulders.

Her rivals will have to think fast to keep up with her—because Paulette is going places in a hurry. Watch and see.



## ANNIE MEETS THE BOYS

(Continued from page 31)

stay up until four or five in the morning."

Ann Sheridan smiled. The smile was dazzling. And while we recovered from it, she sipped her iced tea, left some lipstick on the straws and told us she usually wears evening gowns to formal parties and big affairs. On the average date, she likes to be comfortable in slacks. Her shapely legs are always bare beneath her formal attire, but she wears stockings with slacks. There are two dozen gowns in her closet that she hasn't tried on yet. They're in her favorite colors of black and white—"And, of course, red. I'm daffy about red. But while I speak Spanish fluently, dance Spanish, like Spanish food, I can't wear that type of clothes because it's too colorful for my hair."

She admits that most of the beaux don't much care what she drapes on her body. They are satisfied if she is comfortable and happy in her clothes.

WITH a bit of Machiavellian urging, we managed to keep Ann on the subject of stepping out in Cinemaland. With candor she discussed her favorites—punctuating her conversation with the word "honey," and using it democratically in addressing the waitress, a scenario writer, a producer, two relatives of a director and us.

She mentioned Jean Negulescu, the mysterious author and painter, a fascinating man-about-town, witty with words and fortified with a French accent.

"Jean is great company. Entertaining. Never a flat moment. I sometimes go to Earl Carroll's huge restaurant with him . . . Jeff Lynn is a little different. Very reserved and New England, and delightfully serious about his work. You'd never believe this secret about him, but so help me, one of his favorite amusements is—jitterbugging!

"I've been out with Randy Scott. And I always look forward to a date with Franchot Tone when he's in town and nice enough to call me. Franchot has a brilliant mind, is so well-mannered and intriguing. I like to rib him. When he gets too serious I call him 'The Doctor.' I used to see David Niven a good deal before he returned to England and the war. I wonder if he's married, as they rumor? David was a terrific clown, gagging, joking and possessing the most lovable topsy-turvy charm.

"One thing I like about the men I've gone out with: None of them talks politics, thank God! And when they take me out, they're rarely serious, which I appreciate because it's relaxing, and they never talk shop, except to tell a story or get rid of a little gossip about themselves or someone else in the studios."

Ann Sheridan was frank enough to admit that she's had plenty of embarrassing moments on dates.

"There was Ouida Bergere Rathbone's last party. You've heard of Ouida, haven't you? She's the red-headed wife of Basil Rathbone. She was head of Paramount's scenario department for seven years before she married him. Her parties are the best in town, but once she had foul luck because it poured when she threw a big shindig. We've now nicknamed her 'The Rain Maker.'

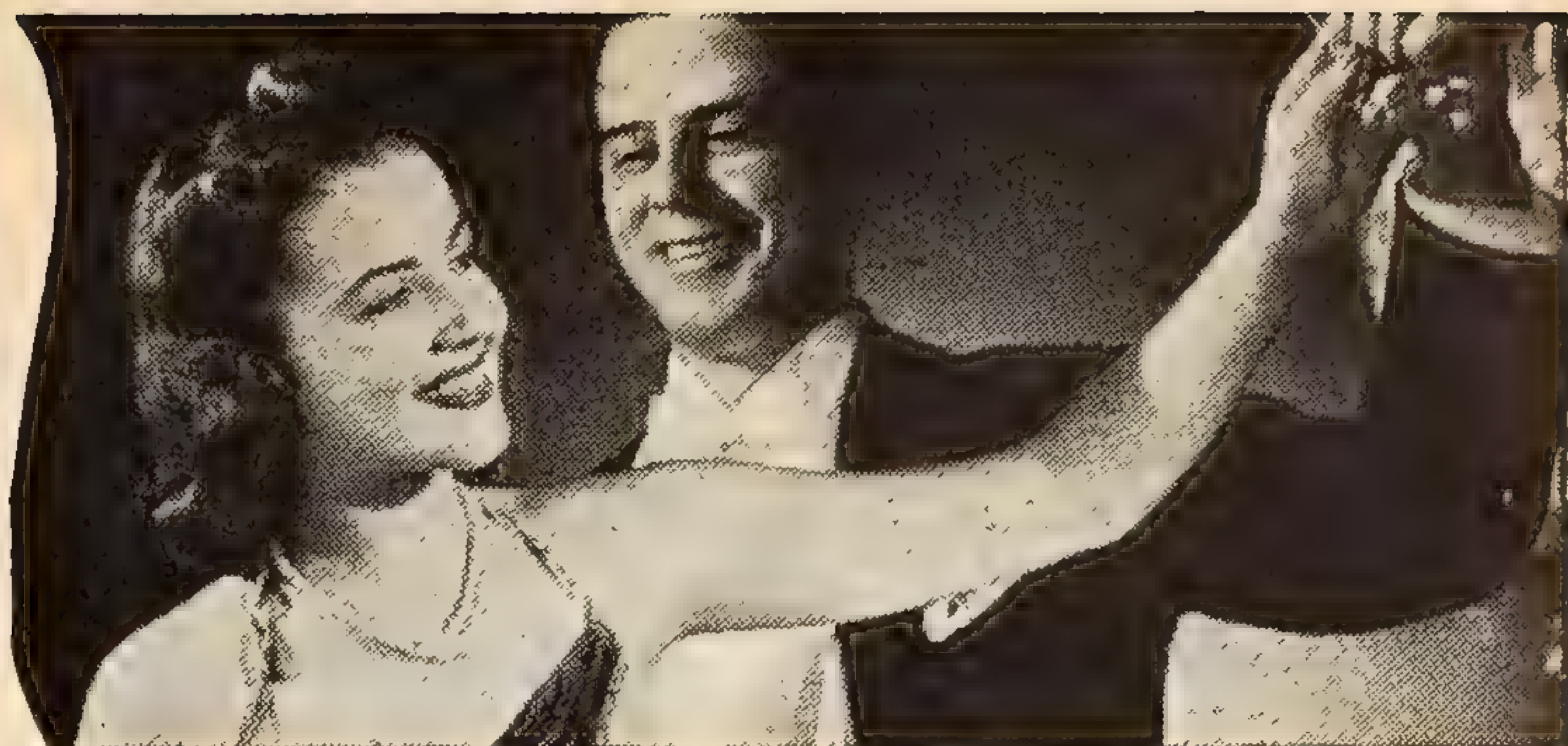
"Anyway, at her last get-together, the wooden dance floor was built out over the terrace, and at the extreme end there was a dip. Well, I was dancing with Cesar Romero, and he was feeling good, and he started a very fancy adagio. He

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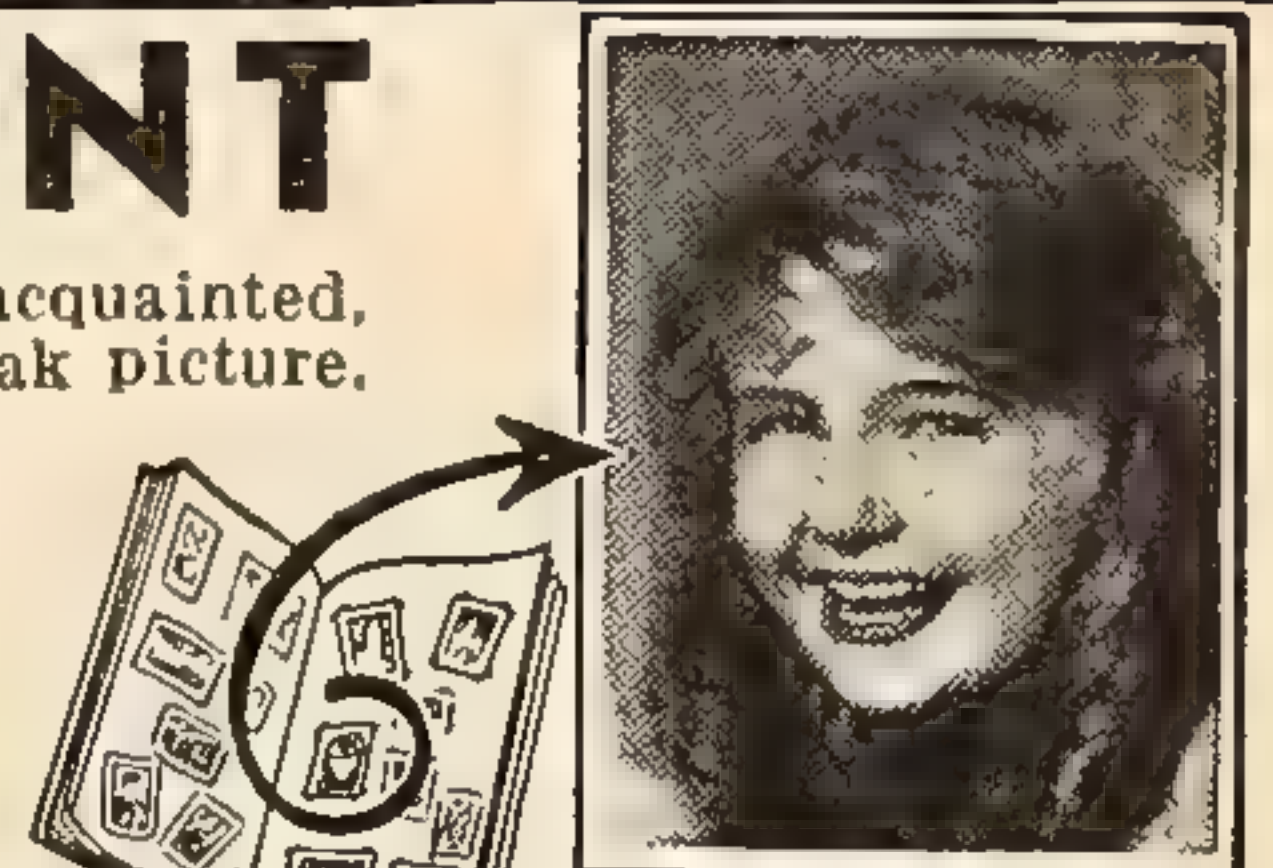
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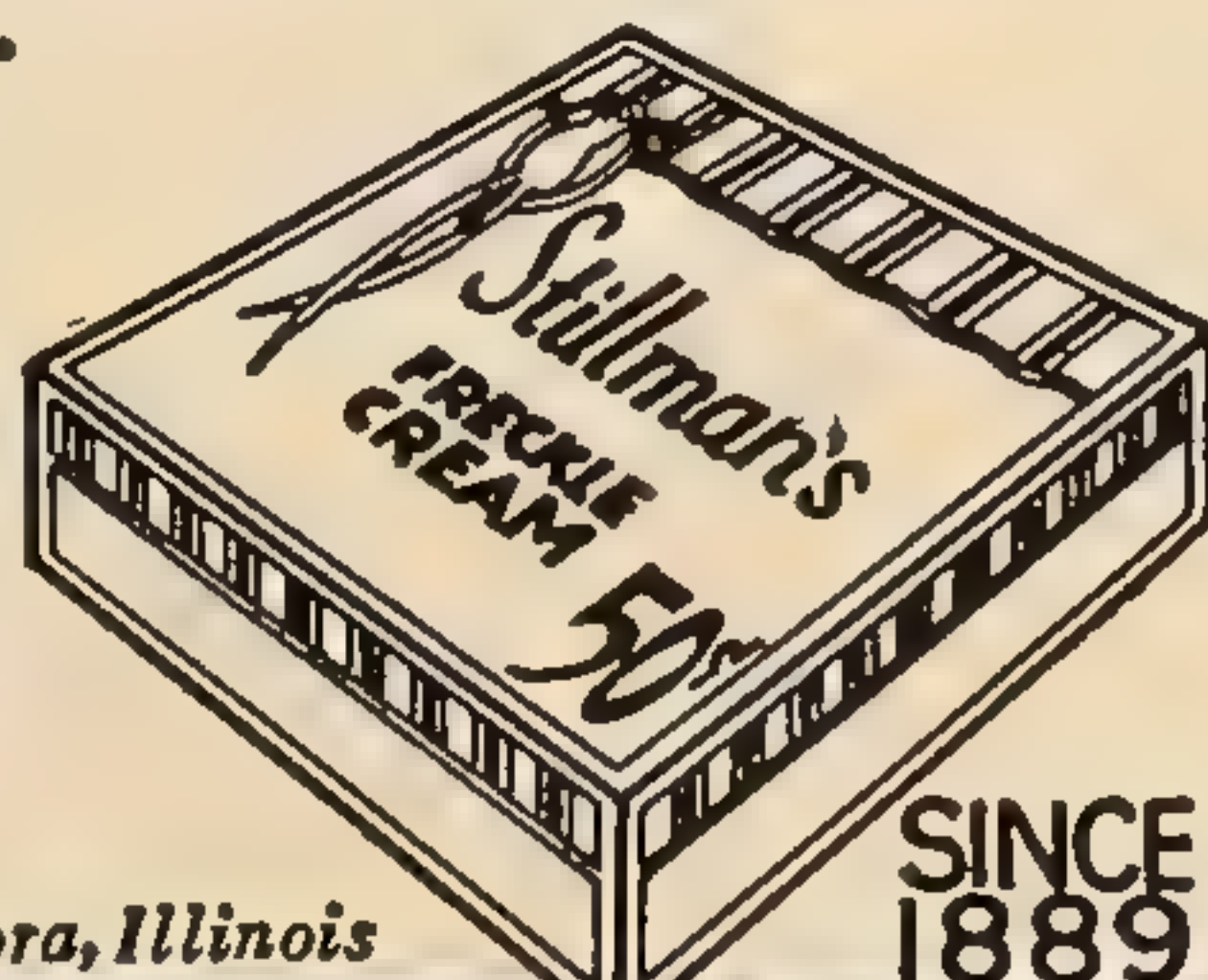
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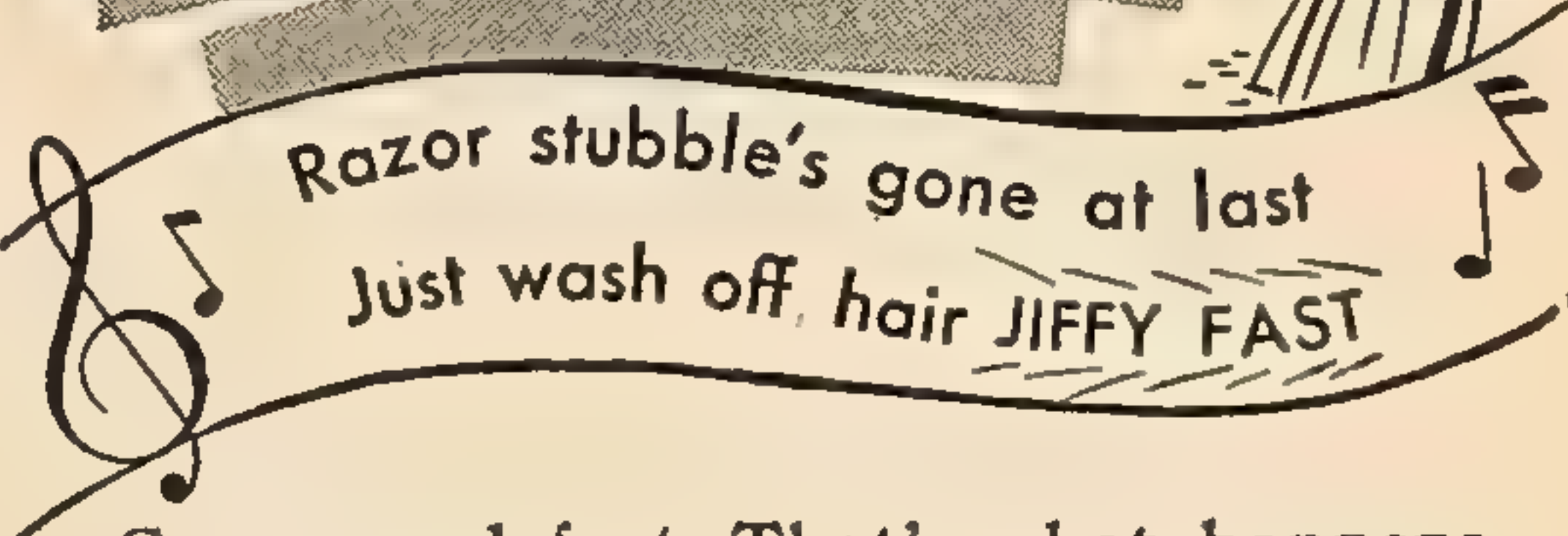
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worked me toward that dip in the floor, and as I landed on it, I slipped, my high-heel caught inside my dress—and rip!—whew!—a yard of the dress gone, right up the back. I was half nude, and all of Hollywood was staring at me. My face became redder than my hair. But I just stood there, learning a lesson in poise, while the Japanese maid came over, and right on the floor, sewed me decent.

"Another terrible occasion, which I shan't forget, took place at Orry-Kelly's party in honor of Judith Anderson. It was held at Victor Hugo's. After I came in, I wanted to pay my respects to Miss Anderson, whom I consider a top-notch actress. I walked over to her table where she was seated with Sally Eilers and Mrs. Warner. I reached out to shake her hand, and in my usual enthusiasm, knocked over a tall tumbler filled with scotch. It spilled right on Sally Eilers' gorgeous white formal! I wanted to drop through the floor!

"Back in Texas, such incidents would not have been so bad. But dating in fast company, among celebrities, it's awful."

ANN tilted her chair and stretched, revealing curves that will enrich her forthcoming picture, "Torrid Zone," and a figure that has already prostrated men from Ethiopia to Japan.

"But sometimes we get sick of night clubs," she said finally. "When that happens, I throw an impromptu party at my place, invite about a half dozen friends, hire two Mexican guitar-strummers, roll up the rugs and the fun starts. After a couple of hours, I wander into the kitchen and fry some chicken and eggs, and despite ensuing indigestion, it always turns out to be swell sport."

About this stage of the interview, under the influence of Ann's confidences and her Parisian perfume, we began to get a trifle chummy. Not forward enough to ask for a date ourselves, we mentioned a friend who wanted to meet her. Ann screwed up her face.

"No, thank you. No blind dates for little Annie! Listen, honey, I've never been on a blind date in Hollywood, and I don't intend to begin now. I just don't believe in them. You never know what you're running into. Rather than accept a blind date, I prefer to go out alone and often do... Sometimes hosts try to put something over on me. At the last minute they'll phone, ask me to drop around for a party and tell me some friend of theirs will pick me up. 'Keep your friends,' I always reply. 'I don't want to run into strangers that way. I'll come along alone.'"

Refusing to set herself up as some divine and infallible Juno sitting on some high Olympus, Ann didn't want to offer advice to other girls. She didn't think that, in the final analysis, she knew enough about men to give advice.

"But there's one obvious mistake I constantly notice in other women," stated Ann. "Sometimes they are just too, too feminine. You know, after one drink they start talking baby talk, becoming fluttery and coy. That gets under my skin. They begin requiring protection and so many attentions. You know how those girls get—they want the table changed, coat removed, clothes checked, food returned, until a fellow must think he's going insane. A lot of ladies ought to get wise to themselves. Most of the actors here dislike such traits in women."

Without conversational transition, we whispered one word—Matrimony.

Ann Sheridan emitted a sound similar to "Woof" and almost fell off her chair. "Not for Annie!" she exclaimed. "I'm not at all interested in getting married!"

And don't forget the exclamation marks!"

We wondered—though said nothing about it—if she was recalling her first and only marriage. That was four years ago. She was living in an apartment hotel. One morning she forgot to take with her a letter she intended to mail. Returning for it, she bumped into a handsome young actor, Eddie Norris. That was the start. On a blazing hot Sunday afternoon, August 26, 1936, she went to Ensenada, Mexico, with Eddie Norris. She was in a white slack suit. He was in a sport ensemble. The Mexican judge, near-sighted, mumbled the ceremony in Spanish. And Ann Sheridan was married. Two years and ten days later she was divorced.

"I'm not at all interested in getting married again!" she repeated. Was it a case of having touched fire once, and of being afraid to get burned again? We didn't press the point.

But Ann did say that if she ever were wed again, it would be in the same quick, strange, exciting way.

"I hate big elaborate ceremonies. If I marry again, it'll be on the spur of the moment, an elopement.

"The kind of fellow I'd like? He doesn't have to be handsome, but not ugly, either. An older man, preferably, maybe around thirty-five or forty, ambitious, interesting and with a sense of humor. Someone who would be a gentleman at all times, would be careful about his appearance and would not take me, or himself, too seriously!"

Of all the men in all the wide world, she said there were four she would go out of her way to meet; men she would like to spend time with, chat with, know very well. They are Nijinsky, the dancer; Oscar Levant, the wit; Noel Coward, the "Scoundrel"; John Steinbeck, the author.

According to Ann:

"I've always been fascinated by the man Nijinsky and his life. I know he is now aged and mentally unbalanced in a Swiss sanatorium, but I hear he is regaining his mind and, when that day comes, I'd love to meet him. As for Oscar Levant, after hearing him on the air and reading his 'Smattering of Ignorance,' I'm anxious to be introduced to him. I understand he is very biting, quick on the verbal trigger and professionally insulting.

"As for Noel Coward. Well, what girl wouldn't want the pleasure of his suavity, worldliness, cleverness? And after reading 'The Grapes of Wrath,' I just wonder what John Steinbeck looks like and what kind of person he is."

CONCERNING the red-headed lady who would like to meet these men, there isn't much more to tell. Most has already been told. That she was born and reared in Denton, Texas, a town which can be found in any handy seed catalogue, is ancient history. That she was born on Washington's birthday, that her name used to be Clara Lou, that she is five feet five, that she is part Indian, that her sister, Kitty, sent her photo to Paramount and that's how she broke into Hollywood, that she is ticklish under the ribs—all of that is also history.

Actually, Ann Sheridan's life can be dated from that singular afternoon, over a year ago, when the telephone rang at four o'clock and bespectacled Bop Taplinger, head of Warners' publicity, told her to get into a formal and show up at a dinner being given for male writers, actors, business men and socialites.

Ann showed up for the banquet, on which Taplinger spent \$160 for food. Ann was crowned the Queen of Oomph and given a bracelet. She then went home



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for rings. Send no money, just name, address and  
ring size. Wear on 10 days approval. Your package  
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Bridal  
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Wear  
On 10  
Days  
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ACQUIRED and DEVELOPED these heart capturing  
qualities. YOU can do as they have done! Learn "The  
Way to Glamour and Success". A SPECIALLY COM-  
PILED METHOD by Hollywood authorities, to guide you.  
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Film mailers FREE.

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tain your lashes and brows remain attrac-  
tively dark. Use "Dark-Eyes" instead of  
ordinary mascara. One application lasts 4  
to 5 weeks. Ends daily make-up bother.  
Never runs, smudges or harms  
lashes. Indelible. Try it! \$1 at dept. and  
drug stores.

"Dark-Eyes"  
INDELIBLE DARKENER

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trial package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.

Name..... Town.....  
Address..... State.....

and forgot about the whole thing. But  
America didn't forget. The Oomph tag  
caught on, and overnight Ann rocketed  
to stardom.

George Hurrell and other still-photog-  
raphers took over seven thousand por-  
traits of her in various sexy and sultry  
poses. A gasoline, a cigarette and ten  
orchestras were named after her. Her  
Oomph became a million dollar asset,  
was promptly copyrighted and insured  
for \$100,000.

A Chicago theatre owner, in Hollywood  
on a vacation, posed for a picture with  
her. He wanted to show it to his friends  
at the next poker session. The theatre  
owner's wife saw the photo, sued for  
divorce, presented the picture for evi-  
dence—and won. Joan Castle, an actress,  
claimed she was the original Oomph-girl  
and sued for \$5,000. A six-year-old child,  
in a crowded theatre lobby, tugged at his  
mother, pointed at Ann Sheridan, and  
screamed, "Mom, I don't see any Oomph!  
What does it look like?"

A hundred wits tried to explain what  
it looked like.

Gene Towne, zany writer, claimed,  
"Oomph is simply It—with a super-  
charger!" Busby Berkeley, dance direc-  
tor, thought, "Oomph is the quality that  
drives girls to stardom and men to  
distraction."

Ann Sheridan herself, typically frank,  
solved the enigma. "Oomph," she ex-  
claimed, "is what a fat man says when  
he leans over to tie his shoe lace in a  
telephone booth."

She told us she was very surprised at  
her sudden success. And to prove it,  
showed us a bright little bracelet which  
she gave to herself. On it were the  
words—

"From Clara Lou to Ann. You continue  
to amaze me, kid."

But cockiness hasn't even touched her.  
Not a single bit. The best antidote for  
an inflated ego, thought Ann, was to see  
herself on the screen.

"It's an ordeal, a torture. I go to a  
preview, and when I see myself flashed  
on the screen, I almost slide under my  
seat. I try to sit there, try to be brave,  
and proceed to pick the polish off my  
nails. I suffer a thousand hells, promise  
never to go again—and do. I see the bad  
angles, I see myself ham and mug. I see  
my fat face. My face makes me  
miserable."

She paused.

"Gee, I'd give anything to have a face  
like Marlene Dietrich! Then I'd never  
have a worry about getting dates and  
holding fellows!"

Dates and fellows? We remembered.  
That's exactly where we came in!

# Solution to Puzzle on Page 14

S	H	I	R	L	E	Y	T	E	M	P	L	E						
L	A	R	A	I	N	E	L	I	N	D	S	A	Y					
S	M	I	L	E	M	I	L	L	A	N	D	A	D	E	P	T		
T	I	M	N	I	P	L	O	Y	S	A	L	S	O	Y				
U	S	P	E	T	M	I	L	E	S	I	M	P	R	R				
A	C	R	E	S	C	E	N	A	R	I	O	S	A	L	T	O		
R	H	E	T	T	E	N	G	S	P	Y	B	R	E	E	N			
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S	T	I	L	T	E	D				A	S	T	R	I	D	E		
C	U	R	L	S		N	A	T	E	L	I	T	O	N	A	L		
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		Y	A	N	K	E	E			S	A	U	C	E	R	S		

# Hello STAR EYES!



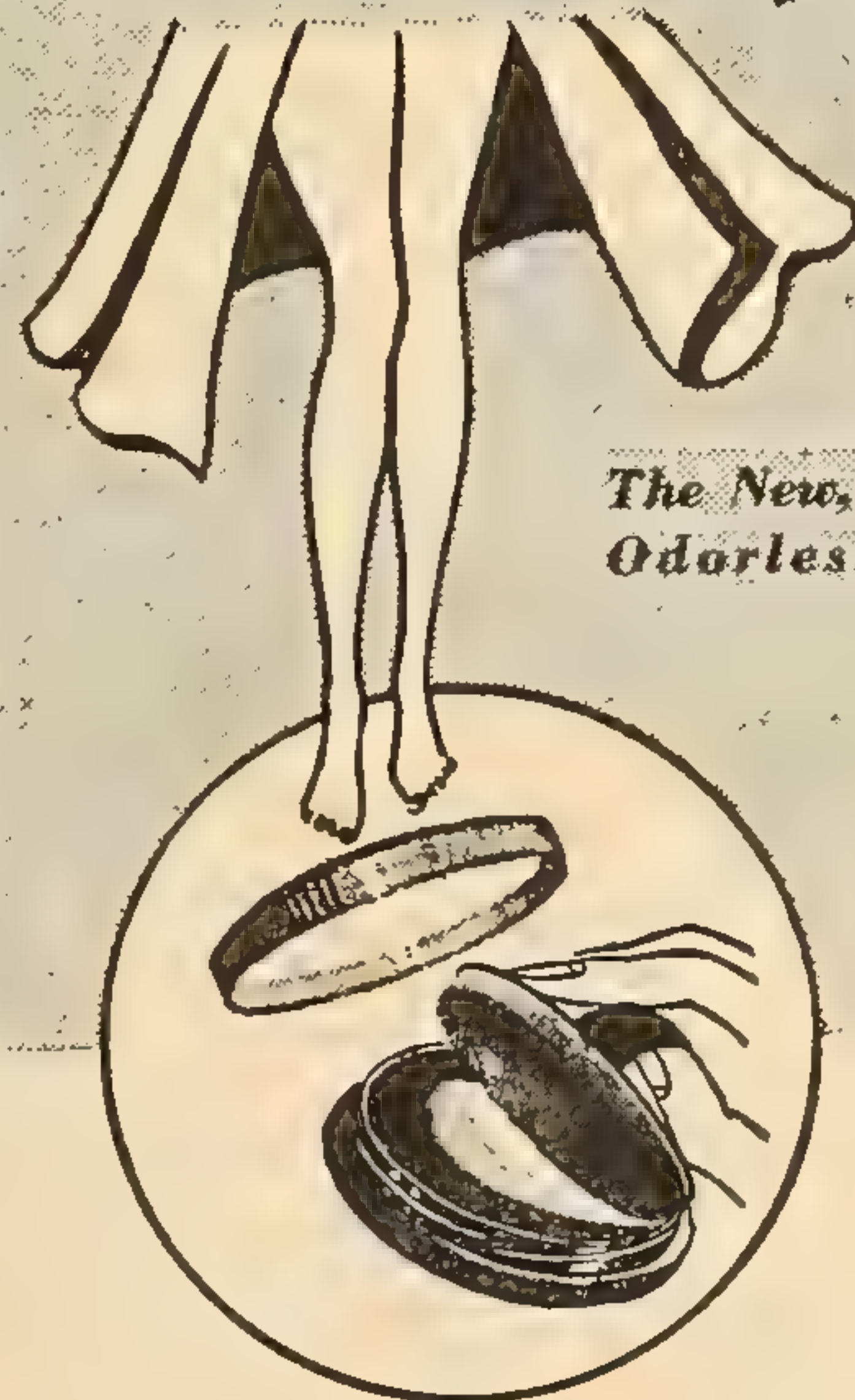
June Storey,  
lovely Republic  
Pictures star

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—makes your eyes bewitchingly lovely.  
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keeps your purse clean. Get Camille  
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jiffy, without any odor or muss. As easy to use  
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legs, chin, cheek and upper lip. In handy  
bakelite compact. Lasts many months.

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SOFT!**  
YET THEY COST  
NO MORE



**Betty Lou  
POWDER PUFFS**

AT ALL 5-AND-10¢ STORES

## ON THE SET

(Continued from page 35)

equipment, dumped him into a concentration camp. There he remained for forty days, existing on barley soup and dry bread—when he was fed—and grateful for the daily quart of water which he could use for either drinking or washing.

In September, by the grace of God and Louis B. Mayer, Rosson was released and is now Hollywood's foremost authority on concentration camps. However, while interred, he was too angry to think of doing research for the future edification of the boys back home, so there were many details he overlooked.

As a last resort in its round-up of realism, M-G-M turned to the refugees. Or rather, the refugees turned to M-G-M. Scores of them, learning of the studio's mammoth undertaking, phoned in their personal experiences and volunteered their services in any capacity whatsoever.

Accepting what it could, Metro set about building its own concentration camp. At the end of six weeks, at a cost of \$15,000, one of these modern-day torture chambers rose in Culver City. And into it goose-stepped over 400 extras, to shiver in synthetic rain and cower under Storm Troopers' lashings for \$11 an evening.

**ALMOST** as difficult as the concentration camp set was the creation of the Storm Troopers. To play the parts, the studio hired 200 ex-gridiron stars and then proceeded to have them Hitlerized. As the first step in their Nazification, the boys were trotted over to a neighborhood tonsorial parlor where a French barber gave them German haircuts. A lot of moss can grow on 200 scalps, and when the mass operation was over the floor of the shop was covered with enough hair to stuff a mattress!

The next step was getting them dressed for their roles. That meant putting each one into a \$75 uniform (figure it out yourself) and trimming him off with swastika-ed hats, armbands and buttons. Interesting is the fact that no manufacturer in town would agree to make these embellishments and the studio, unprepared for a moral sit-down, had to go to the great expense of making them and

the Nazi flags needed on their own lot!

Finally came the actual education of the "Troopers"—the business of teaching them the Nazi salute, the Nazi song, the Nazi carriage. "We don't know how we done it, but we did!" about sums up the attitude of the coaches. According to them, one of the toughest tasks they ever had was showing these easy-moving young Americans how to click their heels, stiffen their bodies and say "Heil!" as though they meant it. In fact, the perfection of this motion alone took three weeks!

Acquainting the boys with the Horst Wessel Song, the national anthem of Nazi Germany, was another painful process. Besides drilling them in daily voice classes, it was necessary to provide every "Trooper" with a recording of the song, which could be studied from a home victrola. When, at last, they all had it down pat, some one suddenly remembered that the "Horst Wessel" copyright was owned by a German firm and that any unauthorized usage of the song would constitute an infringement! But Germany had to have a national anthem. The inspired music department at Metro sat down promptly and wrote one—a similar melody entitled "The Adolf Hitler Song," which it is to be earnestly hoped will never reach the Hit Parade.

Undoubtedly the greatest spectacle in the entire picture is the book-burning scene, Hollywood's first presentation of the most loathsome incident in modern history. In this scene, several hundred university students set fire to a mass of books, supposedly those banned by the German government and ordered destroyed by Adolf Hitler. To secure the props for the sequence, a corps of men scurried from one second-hand bookshop to another, picking up all the literary junk they could find. Their search netted them 2,000 volumes which they purchased at an average cost of 25¢ apiece. Since they were mostly turn-of-the-century novels and outrageous dream books, their loss is hardly to be regretted.

Nor is it regrettable that snug-in-its-corner Hollywood has gone to such great lengths to take a whack at a dictatorship. The picture is bound to have a tremendous influence on its audiences.

## THE JOKE'S ON HOPE

(Continued from page 48)

He repeated the shortest jokes he knew. One was a poem that had to do with the genealogy of fleas. It went like this—

"Adam  
Had 'em."

Another short joke (reading time: 1½ seconds) was—

"Bill Rose sat on a tack,  
Bill rose."

And another—

"Boy, miss,  
Joy, kiss,  
Popper sees,  
Doctor, please."

Bob Hope insisted that the lowest form of humor was not the pun. "When people groan at a pun like, 'She wanted to be a school teacher but she had no class,' they're only groaning because they didn't think of it first."

Bob has been married five years. Her name is Dolores. She used to be a model

and a hooper. They have a four-month-old adopted daughter. Every summer Mr. and Mrs. Hope take a honeymoon—behind the footlights! Last summer they returned to vaudeville for seven weeks. This summer, they'll do it again. Very few fans know Bob Hope is married, but if you want to see his wife, watch for the gorgeous brunette who goes under the name of Dolores Reed in the billing.

Bob Hope admitted that the one person in Hollywood who could best him in a practical joke was Harry Lillis Crosby.

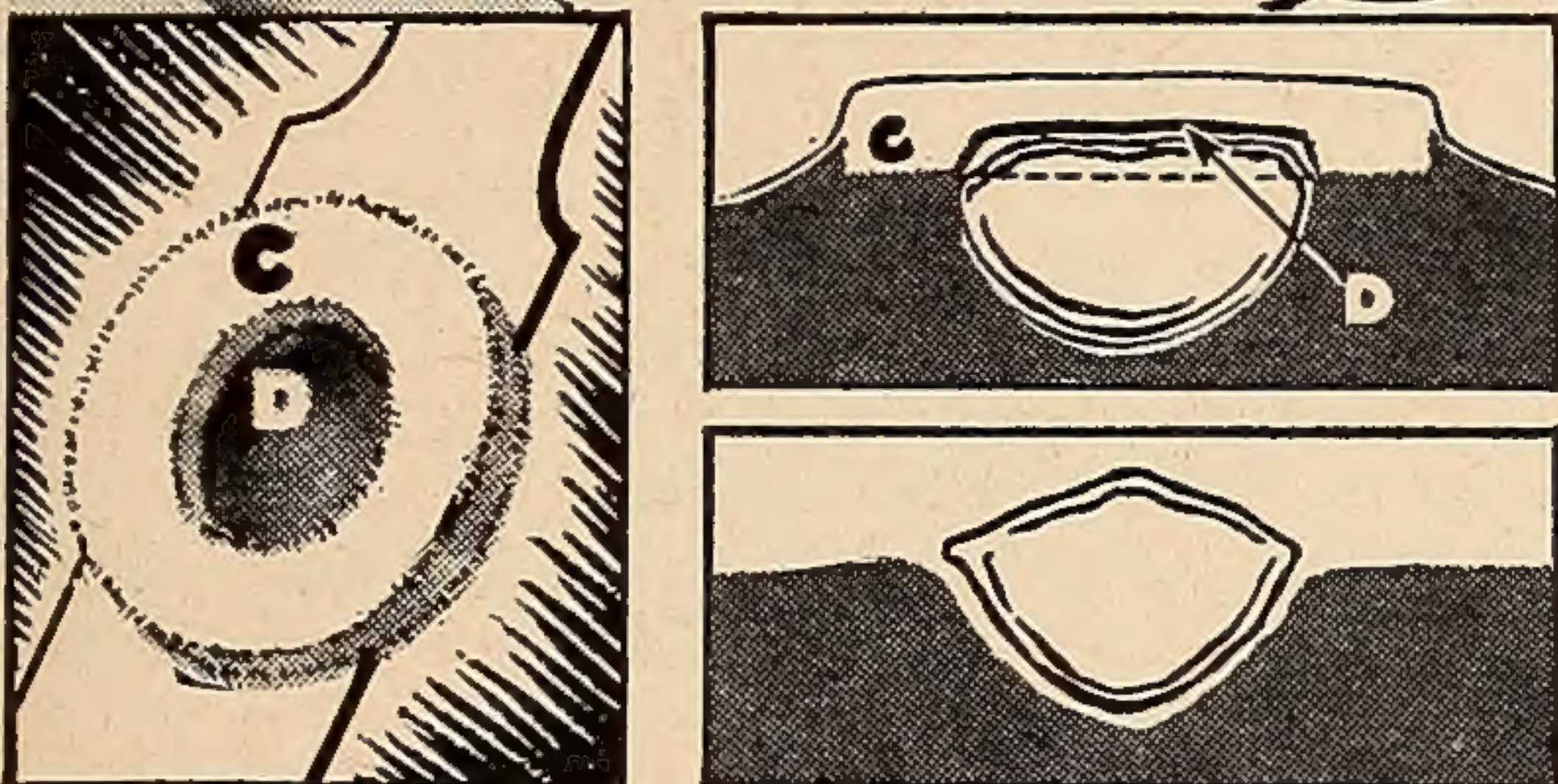
"Bing really has a sense of humor. He's funnier than his horses. Anything for a chuckle. Have you seen the sign on Bing's front lawn? It reads, 'Keep off the grass. Remember when you, too, were struggling for recognition.' And did Bing ever tell you about the practical joke he pulled in Boston? It was a honey! They were holding a contest.



# The truth about CORNS.



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Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



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**I SEE**

by the papers that **QUEST** (the Kotex deodorant powder) positively eliminates all body and sanitary napkin odors!



A singing contest. The idea was to find the best imitator of Bing Crosby. Well, Bing, himself, put on a disguise, entered the contest—and lost!

"It's almost impossible to match him on a stunt. You've seen those little stands on each corner, where fellows print any headline you want on a newspaper for two bits? Well, the other day Bing had one of the boys print a large black headline reading—**HOPE TO BECOME A STAR AT LAST; BUYS PARAMOUNT!** He passed that damned headline all over the studio. It almost drove me nuts!"

I asked Hope if he enjoyed working with Bing in their last picture, "The Road to Singapore." Did he enjoy it? Sa-ay! Hope's frame, huskier off-screen, shook with inward glee.

"What a riot! I'd rather work with Crosby than with any human alive. It's not work. It's play. Besides, Bing gives me something. Do you understand? He's easy, simple of style. Together, we're relaxed. We have a picnic, forget the script. Why, in 'The Road to Singapore,' we practically threw the scenario in the wastebasket, and made up half the dialogue, just horsing around. We didn't play a single scene twice the same way, or with the same words.

"Someday I'd like to work with W. C. Fields. I'd be a little afraid, though. He's my idea of the best comedian in the business. He leaves me limp. Fields has a curious manner. You know, just an old rogue. He kids everything. It's unbeatable.

"And another thing, I wouldn't mind doing more love scenes. Professionally, that is. (Now, now, Dolores, you heard me clearly, I said, professionally!) Of course, I've never had any serious passionate moments on celluloid, but I repeat, I wouldn't mind. Maybe I wouldn't be good, though. Maybe I'd cavort like an untrained chimpanzee. Because, up to now, with girls like Shirley Ross, Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour and Paulette Goddard, I've never embraced or kissed them for keeps. I've just burlesqued everything. I'd like to do sophisticated love scenes, the 'Thanks For the Memory' sort of stuff."

**W**HETHER or not he's ever converted into a Casanova, one thing sure, he will always sport the cap and bells because he has ridden to fame with laughing gas. And the entire story of Bob Hope's career, to date, can be summed up in the four familiar words: From gags to riches.

Born in the shadows of Westminster Abbey, Hope was transported, as a child, to Cleveland. There he attended high school, and his education consisted largely of learning to tap dance. There, also, he toiled for the Chandler Motor Car Company, and was befuddled when all the salesmen laughed at everything he said during staff meetings. He began to fancy himself as a simon-pure humorist, and one afternoon tried out some of his pet gags (most of them concerning his superiors) on the boss' dictaphone. This was fine practice and most educational, except that Hope neglected to remove the cylinder from the dictaphone—and the following morning, when the boss started the machine, he got an earful. As Hope's first professional audience, the boss was not receptive. His criticism took the form of a two weeks' notice.

For a brief period Hope considered becoming a prizefighter. Which proves that even in those days he had a sense of humor. He had been boxing previously, but only as an amateur. One of his sparring mates was a blubbery fellow

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named Johnny Risko, who eventually tangled with Max Schmelling and Jack Sharkey. Hope's pugilistic aspirations ended on that day when, in a gymnasium arena, Mr. Risko threw a right uppercut at him; Mr. Hope neglected to remove his chin, and the uppercut almost obliged.

About that time, Fatty Arbuckle was making a personal appearance. He needed supporting acts, and Bob Hope and a friend rehearsed a blackface tap routine and landed the job. Not only did Hope dance, but he was the voice off-stage, he sang in a quartet, played the sax in the pit orchestra and helped move the scenery.

That was the beginning. Some weeks later, scheduled to work in a night club, his partner fell ill with fever. Hope shuffled out to announce that the act was postponed. To make the announcement graceful, he began relating a few inoffensive Scotch jokes. He told his favorite about the Scotchman who sat up all night in order to watch his wife's vanishing cream. The patrons cackled with glee. Encouraged, Hope went on for an hour. The audience was prostrated with joy and—

A new funnyman was born.

**T**HEN there were the usual things. Alone, unarmed, he wandered into stag parties, cocktail lounges and out on the vaudeville stage, wise-cracking for experience and for the root of all evil. Sometimes things were tough.

"But it wasn't too bad," said Hope. "Oh, I starved a couple of weeks here and there. But that's not very original. It was the only real discouragement I ever faced. That lack of food. It's hard as hell on your timing, believe me!"

"At one period I was \$4,000 in debt, had holes in my shoes, and had forgotten whether you cut a steak with a knife or drink it out of a spoon. Then I cracked Western vaudeville."

Eventually he reached the entertainer's Babylon—a dizzy, dazzling, blinking place called Broadway. And on the gay-way, he got the worst press notice of his entire career.

He winced, remembering it.

"I opened in vaud at the old Palace. It was my debut in big time. My first show was great, terrific. But the critics didn't come until the second show. By that time a reaction had set in. I was tired, nervous, my timing was way off, and I misfired. The billboards outside the theatre advertised me as, 'The Mid-West Sensation,' but after that second show, Lew Strauss, a critic, wrote in the Graphic—'So this is the Mid-West sensation. Why did he ever come East?'"

"The payoff is this: Three years later, I hired a Strauss as my press agent, not knowing he was the same fellow who wrote that almost suicidal review!"

During that period, as his success grew, he took his first screen test for Pathe.

"That test was a classic," groaned Hope. "I started into the scene. My chin was on the screen for five minutes before I appeared!"

"They sent me into the projection room, by myself, to see the test. I learned, later, that was because nobody else could stand being exposed to it!"

"Some screen test! The projectionists who ran it off wore gas masks, and the Pathe rooster never crowed again, realizing that none of his hens could ever lay an egg like that one!"

"After it was over, Pathe officials wouldn't even give me street car fare home!"

Having somehow survived his first ill-fated bout with the camera, Hope scored

smash hits in such musicals as "Ballyhoo," "Roberta," "Ziegfeld Follies" and "Red, Hot and Blue." He even indulged in a feud, now a legend, with another comic, Milton Berle. It seemed that Bob Hope heard Milton Berle was lifting some of his best gags, and so Hope, instead of suing, merely said:

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, Berle."

That ended the alleged crimes.

While playing in the stage hit, "Roberta," Hope loaned a musician named Fred MacMurray his hat and cane for a screen test at Paramount's Manhattan studio.

"That's the only reason I ever came to Hollywood," said Hope. "I followed MacMurray. I had to get my hat and cane back."

In Movietown, Bob made his first appearance in "The Big Broadcast of 1938." He teamed with Shirley Ross—and soon had streets and infants named after him for his rapid-fire gags and his warbling of "Thanks For the Memory."



Something new in beach outfits is Zorina's lovely coat with its puffed shoulders and bustle bow.

He made eight shows in a row. "The Ghost Breakers" was the ninth.

"Ten years ago, I never dreamed I'd be sitting on a Hollywood set, talking about the most interesting subject in the world to me—myself." He sighed.

"I was surprised the first day I ever got to this town, and I've been in a state of suspended surprise ever since. The wrong things always happen to me. A short time ago I had a dressing-room right next to Carole Lombard. My first day in that dressing-room, I heard a knocking on the wall. Thrilled, I jumped out of my room and ran next door—but how was I to know Clark Gable smokes a pipe!"

Hope confessed to the following habits and hobbies:

He sleeps in a bed six by nine feet in size, a bed imported from New York. In it he does all of his reading. His principal diet consists of what he smilingly considers the most fascinating literature in America. "You know, the Daily Variety and the Hollywood Reporter!" He enjoys eating pickled herring, caviar,

garlic and gulps down a quart of milk a day. He swings a wicked game of golf, but Bing Crosby always licks him. He plays excellent billiards. He owns Leica and Graflex cameras, and also takes terrible outdoor movies with the 16 mm. He has a Great Dane, a Scottie and canaries that eat out of his hand. He sleeps six hours a night.

He believes in taking life as it comes to him. He is always willing to admit a mistake. He considers mother-in-law jokes stale. He has a single driving ambition, "And that ambition is to one day be able to stay home and present my weekly broadcast while reclining in bed!" There is no person in the world he would rather be than Bob Hope. "Ah, sir, if I couldn't be myself, I wouldn't want to live!"

Once, during the interview, when he left me to perform in a scene, I asked the people on the set about him. I learned one major thing. That Bob Hope, like most funny-men, was a rank sentimentalist. If there was a worthy charity, a benefit of any size, Hope was willing to contribute his talent gratis. He didn't want to hoard his humor, keep his best gags in hiding. For a cause, he was willing to give his all.

When he returned from his session with histrionics, I asked him about benefit performances. He was modestly silent for a moment. Then he confided:

"There was one benefit appearance I made that I'll never forget. It was the most embarrassing experience I've ever had. It took place a short time ago, at the Madison Square Garden, before 20,000 people. I was on the stage, trying to entertain the audience. I began a long story, building to a single climax, to a single punch line that would put them in the aisles. Then, just a split second before I reached that punch line, a side door opened and Governor Lehman of New York entered. Immediately, the 20,000 forgot about me, turned toward Lehman, sent up a giant whisper, 'There's the Governor!' I was left red-faced on the stage, with a funny punch line and no audience. Embarrassing? God! What did I do? Just stood there for about five minutes, and finally, when everyone settled down, I said simply, 'Remember me, folks?' And then everything was all right."

**H**OPe told me he used about 125 jokes on each radio broadcast. He told me, also, that he had on file at home about 50,000 jokes, almost half of them of Scotch origin.

This joke collection, plus Hope's ability and growing reputation, impressed me not half as much as a few comments he later made: They had nothing to do with the interview. I had accused him, off-the-record, of being soft-hearted, and Bob Hope shrugged and replied:

"Maybe. Maybe not. But the one thing that gets me down and makes me miserable is seeing old people in poverty. When I'm driving down the street, and I see a very old lady, you know, bent and weary and hungry-looking, waiting for a street car, well, geez, it gets under my skin. I want to stop my car, get out and give her a fin. People like that need more than laughs."

After he said that, he paused thoughtfully; someone nearby cracked a joke, and Hope grinned suddenly and topped it with a gag of his own. And soon everyone was guffawing. But I didn't pay attention. I had learned, from those last few words, all I wanted to know about Bob Hope, about what kind of a fellow he really was. I had learned that he possessed what every great man and every great comic must have—a heart!



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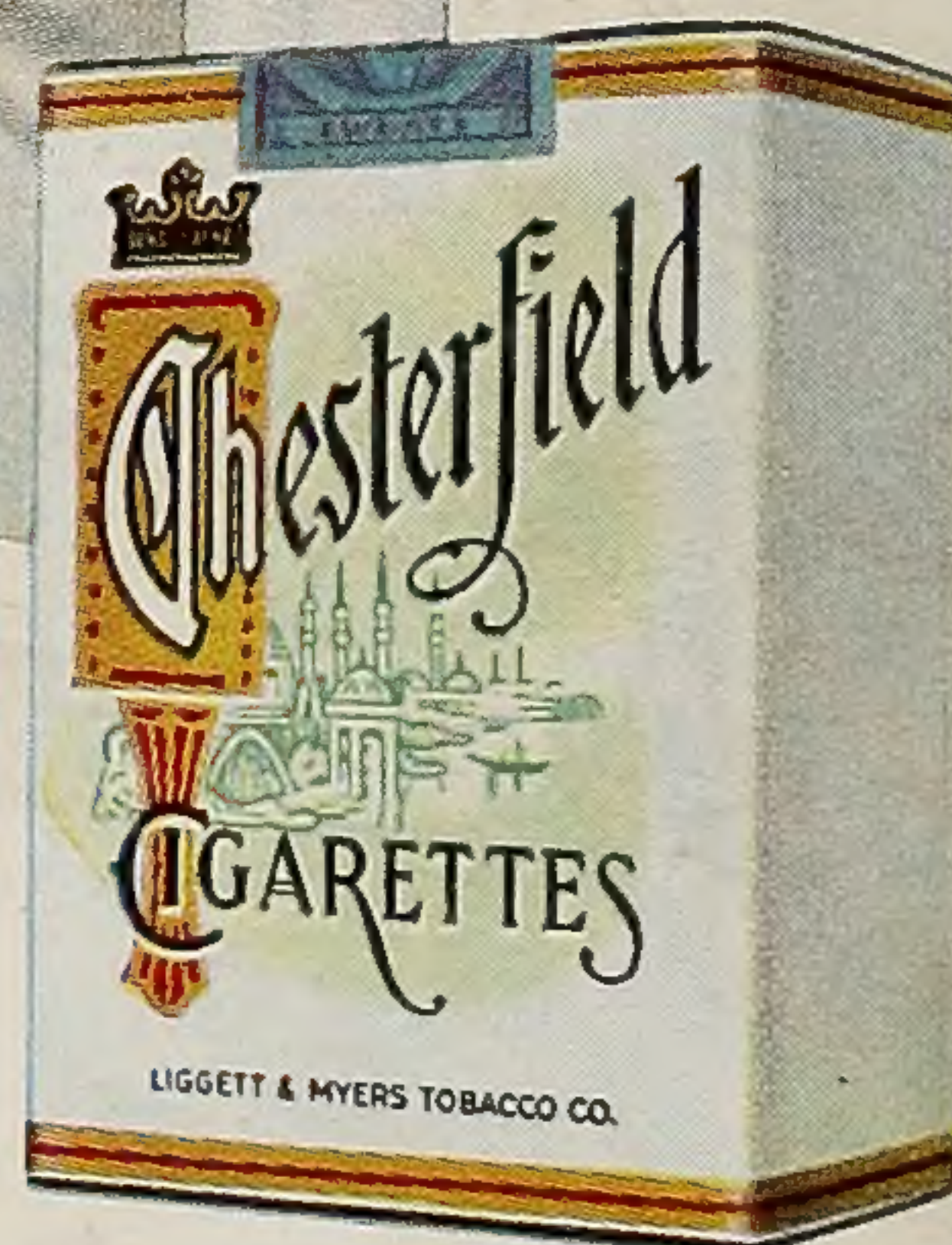
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